

VOL. 22 NO. 1

MAY
1907

PRICE 25 CTS.

THE SMART SET.

A
MAG-
A-
ZINE
OF

C
L
E
V
E
R
N
E
S
S

ISSUED
MONTHLY

ON THE 15TH

ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

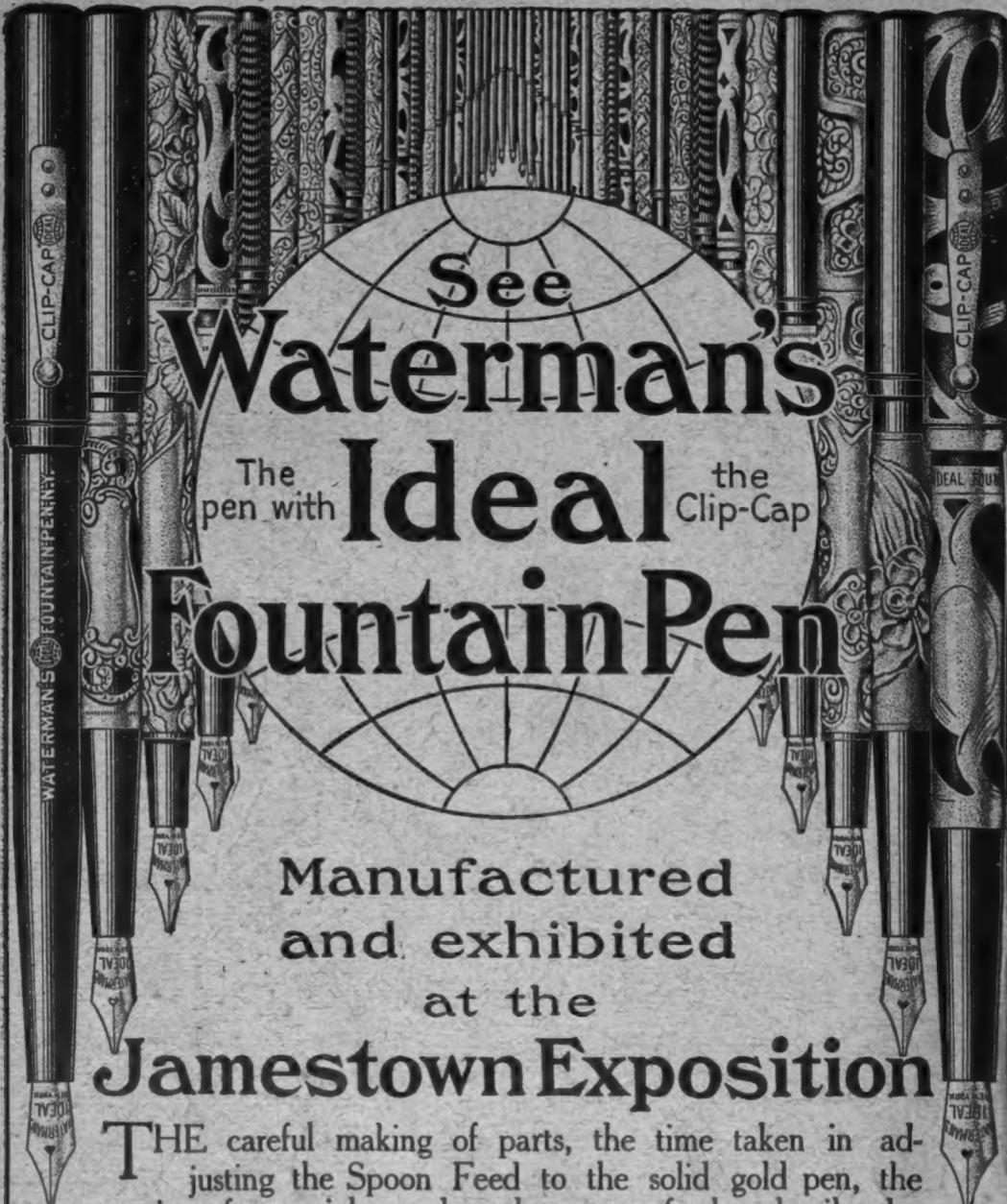
452 Fifth Ave.

LONDON

Digitized by Google

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

PARIS 1907



See
Waterman's
 The pen with **Ideal** the Clip-Cap
Fountain Pen

Manufactured
 and exhibited
 at the
Jamestown Exposition

THE careful making of parts, the time taken in adjusting the Spoon Feed to the solid gold pen, the purity of materials used and many of the details that enter into the manufacture of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen will be fully demonstrated in Booth No. 1, Interior Court of the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building.

Dainty Celluloid Souvenir Bookmark of "The Pen With the Clip-Cap"

L.E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.
 8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. 209 STATE ST., CHICAGO. 136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
 742 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO. 12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.



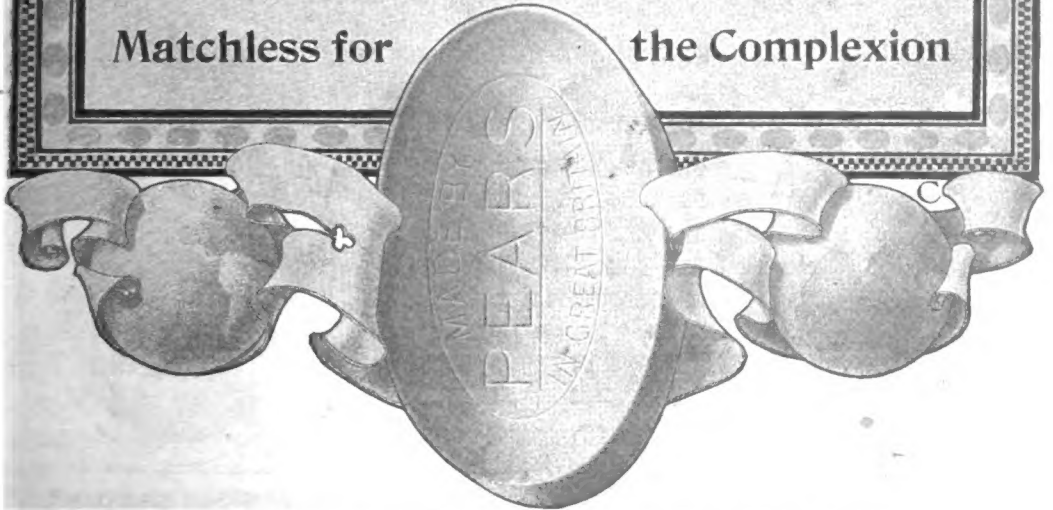
Man's Greatest Pleasure

His truest gratification, everywhere in the civilized world, is in the use of

PEARS' SOAP

Cleansing—soothing—invigorating, it gives a freshness and beauty to the skin, a glow of health to the body—satisfying beyond expression.

Matchless for the Complexion



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."



CHANNING POLLOCK

**Some
Contributors
To This
Issue**



VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

SEVERAL WRITERS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE IN THIS NUMBER OF THE SMART SET WHOSE NAMES DESERVE SPECIAL MENTION. AMONG THESE IS

CHANNING POLLOCK

THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND DRAMATIC CRITIC. HIS ESSAY IN THIS NUMBER, ENTITLED, "THE SMART SET ON THE STAGE," IS WRITTEN WITH HIS USUAL CLEVERNESS.

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD'S

NAME HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE BEST PROSE AND VERSE. MANY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM HER PEN WILL APPEAR IN FORTH-COMING ISSUES OF THIS MAGAZINE.

KATE MASTERSON

NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION TO OUR READERS. MUCH OF HER FINEST WORK HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN THE SMART SET, AND SHE WILL CONTINUE TO BE A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTOR.



KATE MASTERSON

SOME OF THE FIRST STORIES OF

JOHNSON MORTON

ORIGINALLY MADE THEIR APPEARANCE IN THESE PAGES AND MET WITH INSTANT FAVOR. FEW WRITERS HAVE HIS FUND OF DELECTABLE HUMOR, AND EVEN WITTIER STORIES THAN THE ONE IN THIS NUMBER ARE PROMISED FOR EARLY PUBLICATION.



JOHNSON MORTON



**MAURICE FRANCIS
EGAN**

HAS BEEN A FREQUENT WRITER OF ESSAYS, AND ANYTHING FROM HIS PEN IS CERTAIN TO ATTRACT WIDE ATTENTION. HE HAS WRITTEN NO BETTER PAPER THAN "THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT."



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

ROLAND F. ANDREWS

ROLAND FRANKLYN ANDREWS

IS A YOUNG WRITER WHOSE WORK IS ALWAYS WELCOME. HIS BRIEF SKETCH IN THIS ISSUE IS IN A NEW VEIN AND CONTAINS A NOTE OF PATHOS WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO MAKE A DIRECT APPEAL.

ONLY ONE STORY BY

PEARL WILKINS

A PROMISING YOUNG WESTERN WRITER, HAS BEEN PUBLISHED, BUT THE SUCCESS OF THAT SINGLE BIT OF FICTION WAS INSTANTANEOUS. "AN OASIS," WHICH CAME OUT IN OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER, CALLED FORTH LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY, AND IT GIVES US PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE MISS WILKINS AGAIN TO OUR READERS, THIS TIME WITH A STORY ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IN CHARACTER.

WE DOUBT IF ANY SHORT STORY IN THE CURRENT MAGAZINES WILL PROVE MORE AMUSING THAN

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON'S

"RHODA GAINES, M.A." IT EXPLOITS A TYPE OF HUMOR THAT IS ALL TOO RARE.



MARY FENOLLOSA

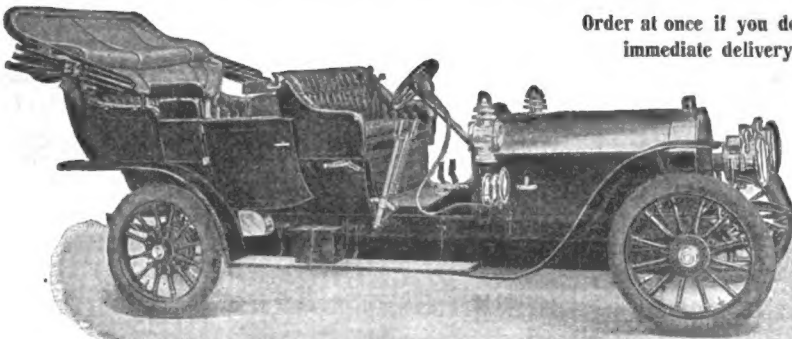
THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF "THE BREATH OF THE GODS" AND "TRUTH DEXTER," IS AT HER BEST IN THIS NUMBER WITH HER STORY OF JAPAN ENTITLED, "CUPID SAN." THERE IS NO WRITER WHO IS QUITE SO FAMILIAR WITH THIS PARTICULAR FIELD.



PEARL WILKINS

HENRY S. HARRISON

The Victorious *Darracq*



Order at once if you desire
immediate delivery

50 H. P. 6 CYLINDER DARRACQ TOURING CAR

Every record made by the Darracq has been made in open competition with the world's products and not in contests that might almost be called private. Thousands upon thousands have witnessed the blue ribbon events that the Darracq has won, but what we are most proud of is the satisfaction the Darracq has given purchasers. Every day letters come in from Darracq owners, saying that their cars are not only all they expected, but a great deal more.

Write to New York Office for Booklet explaining the Darracq System and list of events all over the world scoring Darracq victories. Whether you drive a Darracq or not this information will be interesting.

DARRACQ MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
1989 Broadway, New York, between 67th and 68th Streets
Licensed Under Selden Patent

When in England

LIVERPOOL
ADELPHI HOTEL

BRADFORD
MIDLAND HOTEL

LEEDS
QUEENS HOTEL

MANCHESTER
MIDLAND HOTEL

DERBY
MIDLAND HOTEL

LONDON
ST PANCRAS
WATERLOO
MIDLAND HOTEL LONDON

SOUTHAMPTON
G.M.E.

RESTAURANTS DE LUXE.
PRICES TO SUIT BOTH EPICURE AND ECONOMIST.

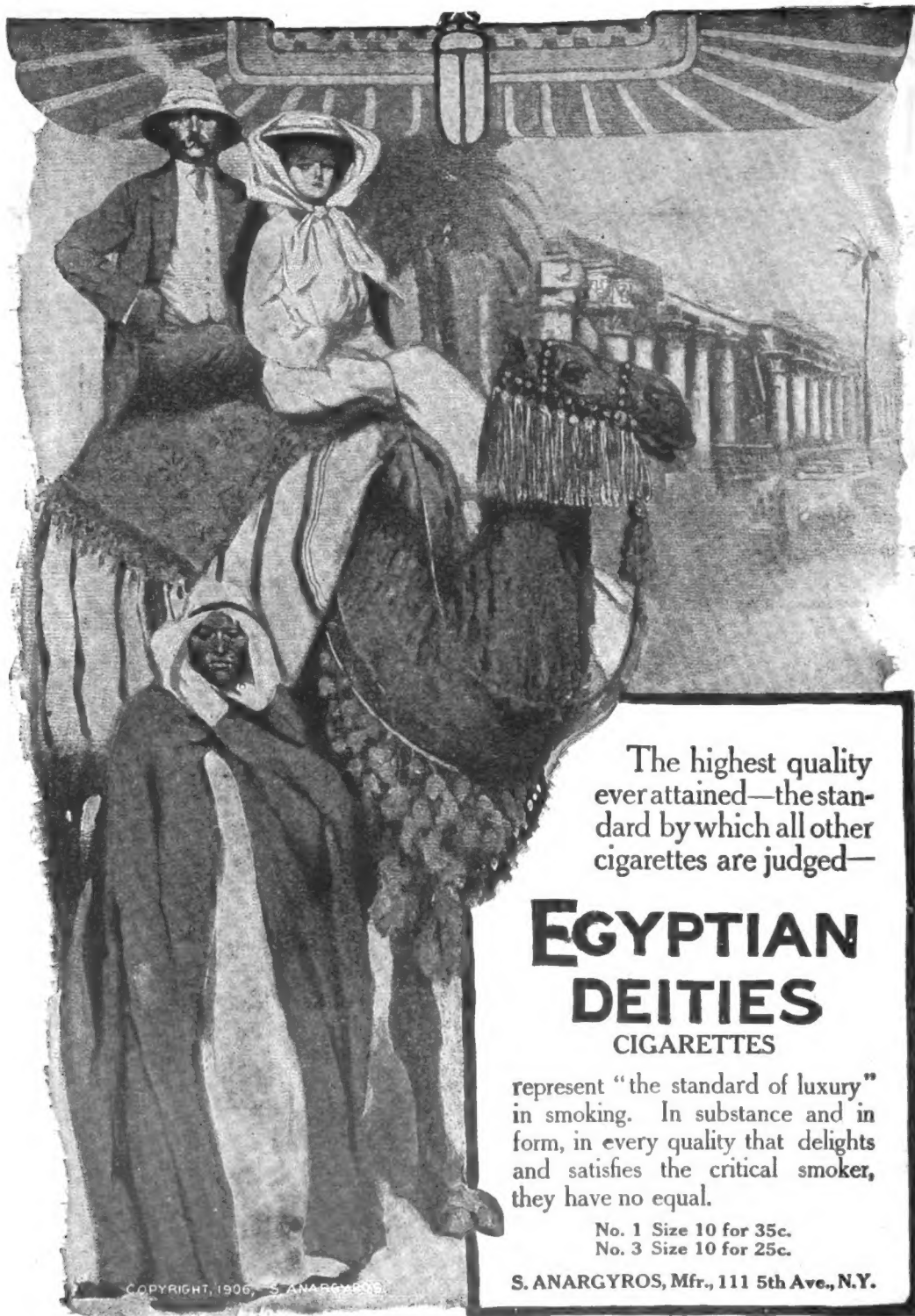
BAGGAGE CONVEYED FREE.

VISIT THESE HOTELS

JOINED BY LONDON'S NEWEST TUBES.

W. TOWLE - Manager

Tariffs and every information to be obtained on application to "TOWN AND COUNTRY" TRAVEL BUREAU, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York.



The highest quality
ever attained—the stan-
dard by which all other
cigarettes are judged—

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

CIGARETTES

represent "the standard of luxury"
in smoking. In substance and in
form, in every quality that delights
and satisfies the critical smoker,
they have no equal.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 5th Ave., N.Y.

Egyptian scenes. Colonnade. Temple of Isis. Philæ.

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

Vol. XXII

MAY, 1907

No. 1

CONTENTS

Cupid San	Mary Fenollosa	1
The Heart of the Hills	Clinton Scollard	12
Rhoda Gaines, M. A.	Henry Sydnor Harrison	13
"The Perfect Lady"	Elizabeth Jordan	24
Pan to His Pipe	Virginia Woodward Cloud	32
The Guide and the Guerdon	Beatrice Hanscom	33
Compressed Fiction	Clifford Howard	43
Renunciation	Gertrude Huntington McGiffert	44
The Smart Set on the Stage	Channing Pollock	45
The Loves that Wither	Edith Summers	50
The Doffing of an Aureole	Pearl Wilkins	51
The Garden Beautiful	Theodosia Garrison	61
The Lady of the Museum Steps	Charles Battell Loomis	62
The Artistic Temperament	Maurice Francis Egan	65
Knowledge	Archibald Sullivan	69
The Ultimate Hannah	Howard Markle Hoke	70
On the Club Veranda	Stillman Payne	85
The "Quid" and the "Quo"	Johnson Morton	89
The Alternative	Frederic Taber Cooper	94
The Bobolink	Edward Wilbur Mason	103
The End of Les Quatre	Roland Franklyn Andrews	104
The Oracle	John Vance Cheney	106
Psyche	Arthur Stanley Wheeler	107
The Thrushes	Arthur Stringer	112
The Charlatan	Bayard Boyesen	113
The Anniversary	Ethel M. Kelley	120
Placing a Play	Harry P. Mawson	121
Noces d'Or	Edouard Rod	125
Brothers	Aloysius Coll	129
The Atonement	Kate Masterson	130
The Moon at Midday	William H. Hayne	131
Titan-Woman	John G. Neihardt	132
The Biter Bit	John Kendrick Bangs	133
A Sentimental Story	Ludwig Lewisohn	137
Fables of the Future	Harold Eyre	141
The Soul of Beauty	Sara Hog	143
A Canine Conspirator	Elliott Flower	148
If the Song Be Sweet to Hear	Louise Dutton	155
The Dominant Strain	Montague Glass	156
Stars	Charles L. O'Donnell	159
His Present Position	Tom P. Morgan	160

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50

SINGLE COPIES 25 CENTS

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted

Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class mail matter

Issued monthly by Ess Ess Publishing Company, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

822568

Digitized by Google

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY (RECA)

THE JUNE "SMART SET"

A novel quite out of the beaten track will be found in the June number. It is primarily a love-story, but skilfully interwoven in the plot there is a thread of mystery and adventure. The title is

"ONE MAN'S HOUR," By J. H. Twells, Jr.

Short stories in abundance will likewise appear, and among the writers of these may be named Zona Gale, John G. Neihardt, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, W. J. Henderson and Gelett Burgess;

Arthur Symons, who is perhaps the most brilliant of living English essayists, will contribute a charming paper called "A London Contrast," and the verse will be of the highest order.

Copyright 1907 by

ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

WILLIAM GREEN Printer, New York

CUPID SAN

By Mary Fenollosa

IT was at the end of Bun's second term of special English study that the uncomfortable thing her grandmother had predicted came to pass. The maiden, now just eighteen, had been making excellent progress, at which her father was greatly pleased. The O Ba San, in that discouraging way she had, continued to look doubtful and to say, "Wait, you shall see!" O Ba San was always right, no matter how hard one tried to believe she was going to be wrong. A day came when they saw, and this was the way of it.

Bun San, having arrived from lesson hours in Tsujiki a little later than usual, went, contrary to custom, directly to her room where she was heard to fasten the *shoji*, and where she remained in perfect silence for some time.

The O Ba San and her son, Bun's father, seated together in the guest room, commented upon this strange behavior. To be more accurate, the son commented, while his mother shook ominously, in silence, her whitening head. Both felt that a crisis was at hand.

Bun finally entered to them, very weak as to knees and pale as to lips, announcing, in a small, childish whisper, that she had that day become a Christian.

Old Madame Wada gave a sort of grunt as she turned to her son. If she said to him, "I told you so!" it was only by a lifting of shaven eyebrows.

He did not see the look. He did not wish to see. His eyes and his slow-rising temper were bent upon the trembling culprit who bowed before him. "Christian! What foolish chatter is this?"

"No, honored f-a-a-ther, it is not foolish!" cried the girl, her very teeth rattling with nervousness. This was the first time in her life that she had ever opposed him.

"It is foolish! I warned you when I let you take lessons from that pale-eyed foreigner that you were to listen to no religious talk. The Christian doctrines are immoral as compared with ours. Let me hear no more talk of your being a Christian!"

He could not have found a better way to rush all little Bun's vicarious courage to the fore. She almost defied him, sitting small and upright on the mats. For once she did not fear even her grandmother. She thought only of her beloved new faith, and ejected texts as an excited young porcupine throws quills. Wada tried to answer, but being bare of texts, even Buddhist ones, could only vilify and threaten.

The old dame listened in tense silence. Now she leaned over and struck the matting sharply with her long, silver pipe. Bun started from force of habit, and met her grandmother's flashing eyes.

"Go to your room at once, immodest girl! Your voice sounds like the cry of an insect peddler, and your eyes are as snails! It sickens me. I wish to speak some words of sense to your father. Go!"

Bun went thankfully enough. In another moment she would have drenched her heroism in childish tears. The weight of a small Japanese Testament in her long sleeve, striking against her knee as she walked, brought a strange comfort. Already she knew just a little how the sacred martyrs

felt; already she, Bun, was suffering a little for the beautiful faith. The childish heart swelled with an exultation that was sweet and pure.

Meanwhile, Wada sat like a sullen school-boy before his mother. He was a rich man of the "self-made" type, already a financial power in modern Tokio, but he had never outgrown his sense of dependence upon this stronger will and character. Old Madame Wada ruled her household much as the Dowager Empress of China ruled a wider realm. Unkind gossip said that Bun's mother had died of no less a disease than protracted mother-in-law. At any rate, she was an unforgettable old dame with a compelling personality, and small, black eyes, almost superhuman in their power of expression. Wada, still anxiously avoiding the scornful regard of those eyes, pounded on the springy floor beside him and blustered out:

"This is not to be submitted to! I will visit the American who has done it. I will command or bribe her to retract her evil teaching. I'll——"

"These intentions would have done some good two years ago," remarked the other coolly. "Now they are about as serviceable as a feather duster to a cock."

"What, then, august parent, is to be done?"

"You should have listened to me when I warned you! It is seldom you oppose me, and when you do, you always regret it."

Wada scowled. After all, he was a male, the head of his race. "What's to be done now?" he asked again.

The Ba San began deliberately to stuff the bowl of her pipe. She lighted it by a red coal buried in the ashes of the *hibachi* near, and lifted it, still with maddening deliberation, to her lips. Suddenly she snatched it away. "Get her a husband!" she snapped.

"I thought you would say that. Yes, it is the only thing. I had hoped to keep her a child just a little longer, but alas! now——" He sighed, and drawing out his own pipe, duplicated his mother's performance.

"You can't be at it too soon," said she.

"This very day I'll seek a *nakodo*. He will find us a husband to blow from her mind these silly Christian fancies, as one blows rice-hulls from the hand. Ara!"

"Yes, and in forcing such a husband, arouse the sympathies of all the missionaries down in Tsujiki! The mischief is already done, and must be recognized. We will need now to find her a husband not hostile to the new creed."

"You are the wisest of women!" cried her companion in admiration. But immediately after, relapsing into discouragement, he grumbled, "I may lose face, publicly, if with all my wealth I need to seek a Christian son-in-law."

"I think not, son. I am told that in some high circles Christianity is even becoming fashionable. Have you any suggestions to make, at the moment, concerning a possible husband?"

"The late Count Aori left two sons, both poor, and one unmarried."

"We have no objection, of course, to the poverty, but neither do we desire tuberculosis in our blood. I have made inquiries into the Aori family."

"The banker Kobayashi has a son who is already a Christian. He is richer than we!"

"To double two such fortunes would be immoral, and lead to nothing good. Besides, his birth is not better than ours. I had not even considered him. Is there no better one?"

Wada ventured a third suggestion.

"Somewhere in Tokio or its outskirts is the son of the ruined *daimyo* of Shiro-ken. He must be very poor indeed. Perhaps he would consider our Bun."

Before this speech was finished the old dame was nodding with acquiescence.

"Now, indeed, you mention one in whom I can take an interest. I have been making inquiries. There is nothing at all against the youth but poverty, and an unaccountable liking for those very foreigners whose presence in our land caused the overthrow

of the *daimyos*. Your thought is excellent, my son. It may be that, if the afternoon prove favorable, I shall take a drive for my health's sake, and may happen to call upon his illustrious grandmother, the aged Lady Uta-ko."

Wada rose, much pleased with himself and the conversation. "And I shall bestir myself to find a middleman," he said. "He will need to be an adept in his profession. This is a matter to require much tact, as well as large gifts of money."

"Mat-tel! Mat-tel! He who runs too fast goes backward. Do not engage a *nakodo* until I have talked with members of the Shiro family. In the mean time, speak nothing to Bun against her new religion, nor, above all things, hint to her of these marriage preparations."

Because of the reticence thus enjoined, Bun's terror of persecution and family opposition died away. For this the little soul gave ardent thanks, kneeling in the bare oak pews of the Tsujiki church. If Miss Putnam, fired by the proselyte's zeal, experienced a pang of regret at so tame a victory, she kept it to herself. After all Bun was very childish for her age. Perhaps she could not have endured the heat and burden of the day.

As it was, the night after her announcement Bun had not slept at all, but shuddered and wept through the dark hours with remembered echoes of her own disrespectful words to the beings to whom she owed deepest veneration. In telling Miss Putnam of her sufferings next day, she said:

"Oh, teacher, I was tortured by morality, and kept awake with obligations!"

Miss Bertha Putnam, late of New England, and special missionary to Japan from the leading church of her native town, had been for four years a resident of Tsujiki, Tokio. She, like many another sincere and ardent worker, had given her life day by day, hour by hour, unquestioningly in the service of a great and shining Cause. Never, even in the midst of pangs of homesickness, had she regretted her

consecration to that service; and yet the first two years had been very, very hard. Japanese lessons, with verbs that entangled themselves like embroidery skeins in the wind, daily attendance at religious meetings where she could scarcely understand one word in ten, faltering adaptations to the ideals of a race utterly at variance with her own conventions—all these things forced reluctant thoughts of self-pity and a rigidly repressed sense of martyrdom.

With the third year came clearer vision, and—Bun. This shy, laughing child of sixteen, with the incessant stir and whisper of silken robes, strange, faint perfumes of sandalwood and myrrh; with upward glancing eyes as quick and bright and brown as those of a Japanese sparrow, was, even at the first glimpse, so attractive that Miss Putnam's conscience suggested she might be a snare. When, however, the missionary realized that a piece of living bric-à-brac was being offered her as special student in English language and customs, the lonely woman turned her back on conscience, and said "Yes."

The name "Bun" in its proper Japanese pronunciation of "boon" may be interpreted, freely, thus: "The Wide and Beneficent Influence of Literature throughout the World"; a connotation, on the face of it, absurd. To Miss Putnam, the homely English word "bun," warm and round and soft and sweet, was far more appropriate. She found the girl's mind quick with the rapid adaptation of childhood, and her nature so affectionate, responsive and utterly lovable that the old maid felt in herself the shiver and the slow outreaching of a tenderness she had thought long dead—yes, dead—blighted at the very dawn of hope, even the memory of which was stored deep in a certain grave upon New Hampshire hills.

Bun, when her English and Miss Putnam's Japanese had reached a stage of free intercourse, was eager to hear of all things concerning life in that great "A-mer-ri-ka" across the sea.

Miss Putnam spoke, at first, only those sententious phrases that seem to emanate from propriety itself. Little by little the personal note crept in, and soon—though this was one of the very things Miss Putnam had warned herself not to do—she was telling to a more than eager listener many things concerning foreign love and marriage, of her belief in the sacredness and beauty of them, and of the divine right of youth to choose for itself a lifelong companion. Old maids are the purest and often the most sentimental of beings. Miss Putnam could not guess the effects of these revelations on a girl brought up according to the old code, where love is a flashy and wanton thing lacking family sanction; where, indeed, any personal desire, pursued for its own sake, is a wrong to oneself and a whole ancestral line.

Yet Bun listened. It was her duty to learn all she could of foreign ways—her father had said so. At such times the girl's head was generally bent down. Sometimes the small ear and partly hidden cheek glowed with so sudden and so fierce a flame that Miss Putnam was astonished. For long hours the two thus talked, and what each understood was hidden, as yet, from the other.

Although Miss Putnam boarded with a Congregationalist minister and his wife, her apartments formed a small ground-floor wing, with its own entrance, sitting-room and bedchamber. This was quite as good as and far less troublesome than a separate establishment. In her small parlor, decorated with a queer medley of New England and Japanese engravings, texts, postal cards, photographs, and souvenirs, Miss Putnam received, each Thursday afternoon, her modest little circle of friends.

Here something formerly unknown to Japanese etiquette took place—the meeting, without restraint, of young Japanese men and women of good birth. The very novelty and boldness of this possibility attracted many, though it is safe to assume that it was not this aspect dwelt upon by the

young in the bosoms of old-fashioned families. Bun was always present, and could be counted on to pour tea. When everybody was served it was sometimes her part to draw from its nook a huge magenta-colored photograph-album, close-packed with eidolons of Miss Putnam's American friends, and by its aid dispel the embarrassment of some new, shrinking guest.

On a fair spring morning, when Bun had been special pupil just a year, when cherry-petals were sifting in at the windows and hurrying out again as if to say, "Come with us, you stupid living creatures that sit in a darkened cage!" Bun and the album were thus sent to the rescue of a tall, pale youth who had recently entered and was now standing in an attitude of hauteur, just within the door.

"Go quickly to him, Bun San," whispered Miss Putnam, in some excitement. "It is young Mr. Orita that I have talked about so much. I have been dying to get him here. Quick, before he leaves!"

But Bun, for once in her life, did not hasten to obey. Her face and neck grew scarlet, and she had begun a feeble protest with no reason in it when Miss Putnam, seizing her by the arm, almost dragged her in Orita's direction.

"This is my little pupil, Bun San, Mr. Orita. She wishes to show you some of my family photographs. Sit on the sofa there where you can both hold the album. I must run off to some other friends."

The two sat side by side. Bun did not open the album. It would be difficult to say which looked the more miserable or embarrassed. For these two were not altogether strangers. Across the little church aisle their glances had often met; and once, coming down the steps of the church, Bun San's sandal thong had snapped, and she would have fallen headlong, but this stranger, with the swiftness of light, had caught her. He had looked pale and angry then, as now; Bun had been as crimson. In a few moments, without having lowered

his eyes or spoken a word, the young man rose and left the room.

This, you will think, ended the incipient romance. By no means. He came the next Thursday, the next, and still the next, until his presence became a thing to be relied upon. Always was the album brought into requisition. The two had come to the point of exchanging, quite freely, opinions concerning the alien visages that smiled out so helplessly upon them. Bun still hurried breathlessly past the views of bridal couples, men seated in a carved wooden chair, and the bride standing, one hand lightly placed upon the conjugal left shoulder. It was well for Miss Putnam that she did not overhear their comments.

"How strange it is that creatures hideous as these should be possessed of so high an order of human intelligence," mused Orita one day when Bun had just told him that a certain lank effigy in black, with hooked nose, piercing eyes, and a ruffle of chin beard hooked apparently from ear to ear, was a noted congressman from a New England State.

"The foreigners seem to me no longer of hideous appearance, now that I am augustly acquainted with Miss Putnam-u," said loyal little Bun.

"Nothing is repellent after one accustoms himself to it," was Orita's doubtful rejoinder. His eyes were still on the angular congressman. He drew a deep breath. "The power and material progress of these Western races are almost supernatural," he said, as if to himself. "The register of all nations should be their religious fervor. For this reason I have come to believe that Christianity must be superior to Buddhism—even to the Confucian precepts."

"Your thought is honorably true, Orita San," cried his companion. She forgot shyness in her excitement, and let the bright eyes sparkle upon him. His stern, somewhat melancholy face, relaxed. The most beautiful of all smiles, that of the well-born Japanese, trembled on his lips. Embarrassment swept back upon the speaker. "Miss

Putnam-u has told me so," she faltered. "And all that Miss Putnam-u says must be truth, for she is very kind and good to everyone."

From the far side of the room Miss Putnam, engrossed apparently with a Japanese bishop, lifted her head to gaze through the long grasses of a hillside grave at the flushed faces opposite. Tears stung her lids, and she vowed, under her breath, that these two, at least, should be happy.

After this conversation came Bun's conversion—Orita had long since joined the church; then her announcement of it at home, a little period of precarious calm, and then—Oh, dreadful day!—the statement by the O Ba San (with a keen relish, too, the heartless old dame) that a husband was already selected for Bun, and that the ceremony of "*mi-ai*" (mutual seeing) might take place at any time.

Bun argued fiercely for a moment, knowing, even as she pleaded, the uselessness of her protest. At first chance she hurried off to Tsujiki, to hurl herself into Miss Putnam's sheltering arms.

"What is the matter—oh, what is it, Bun?" the missionary had cried aloud at sight of the red eyes and quivering lips. Bun tried to tell her, but the pent utterance refused to come.

"Speak more slowly. No, not Japanese; try to speak English. I can't remember Japanese when I'm agitated. Have they made you renounce the faith?"

"Oh, much worse!" wailed Bun. "They wish to make me marry with the husband I have never seen."

Grammar and syntax whirled about like dead leaves in a storm.

"Married! you?"

"Yes. I am to be give, Miss Putnam-u—give to the man I have never saw at all. When my Ba San tell me this, I ask exceedingly, with lamentation, but she answer me, 'Tut! I an' yo' Papa San know much mo' better to execute your hope.' I tell her, 'No, Ba San, such bad marriage I am not now never to make. It is wicked to Cupid San, who is the good Christian, like me.'"

"Oh, Bun, how often have I told you

that Cupid wasn't one of the early Christians!"

Bun paused for a series of sobs; then taking a new breath went on with her recital.

"She did not answer to that, only to show the wide teeth of laughing. An' then my father come in, an' try to persuade me in a several manner, and I felt unpleasantly and so sorrowed I no more ashamed my mourning, but make out loud cry." This feat she proceeded to duplicate.

"Had I been there!" cried the confidante, clasping thin hands in her eagerness. "That was just the place where you should have confessed your love for Orita, saying that you had plighted your troth to him, and that no matter what befell, you would be true."

"I did try hard to think of all those beautiful languages you taught me to say, but they flies in my po' head like bee-san, an' only buzz, buzz, buzz!"

"Well," said the other in a discouraged voice, "what then?"

"Nobody make any mo' talkings," said Bun. "Only my kine father begin to hang the head, an' sudden my Ba San say 'Ugh!' and look out at me with so fierce eyes that I stroke by fear and could no more oppose."

"You didn't give in!" cried Miss Putnam.

"No," said the little maiden meekly. "I only just gave out. I shamed and went away!"

Miss Putnam faced the future with a shrinking soul. She united physical cowardice with moral strength, and what she suffered in the performance of her duty can only be guessed at by those less timid. Evidently she was to play a part in this hazardous romance. Bun must not be sacrificed, and yet—

As if conscious of the treacherous pang of doubt, Bun here seized her teacher's hand, fondling it and pressing it repeatedly against her hot and tear-stained cheek.

"You is all my hope," said Bun. "You mus' be Cupid San for me. If you do not help I will be give to the

strange man, an' it is wrong for Christian girl to be give to any ole husband—you taught me that!"

"Yes. I taught you, and I have taught Orita, so was I taught," cried the agitated Cupid San. "But this is a different country, with its own ideals. Oh, if I only knew what was right!"

"But you will surely let Mr. Orita know about my anguishes?" said Bun San in fear.

Miss Putnam rose suddenly and began walking up and down. Bun followed her as a dazed kitten might.

"If I could only see clearly," whispered the pallid New England lips. "Lord, teach me aright, teach me aright!"

Bun's lips, too, were pale. She had never seen her friend look like this, never heard such tones in the low voice.

"Never min' me, teacher," she whispered, tugging at the gray sleeve. "I mus' not give you much troubles. I will go away. I do not fear death; I am prepare."

"Bun, Bun!" sobbed Miss Putnam, catching up the dainty bit of tragedy in her arms, "don't talk like that—you will break my heart. The only human being I have to love is you. I would myself gladly die if I could bring you happiness. You don't know what it means for a New England old maid to say such a thing, but it is true, it is true—"

"Then you will be my Cupid San?" asked the girl, reverting with the cunning of innocence to that one point.

Miss Putnam's sense of humor rose, threatening her with hysterics.

"Cupid San—I am no more Cupid than you are Alexander the Great. But I'll help you and Orita—yes, I'll help. Oh, if the Lord would only send a sign!"

"Ara!" said Bun, turning her head. "Somebody yo' gate has open. Maybe it is sign." She ran to the window. "It is Mr. Orita! The Lord, He send Mr. Orita!" she cried aloud.

Now she flew back to Cupid, gesticulating, laughing, weeping, until it is a wonder the poor missionary kept any wits at all.

"You mus' talk now—you mus' tell him everything, Miss Putnam-u. The Lord has sent sign. But I myself—Bun—I go into *nebeya*"—she pointed to the door of the little bedroom—"and lock up myself. I would die in the emotion of hope to listen to such a conversation. There he is at the front door. I am went!" In a little whirlwind of silken shirts and sleeves she flew into the chamber, slammed the door until the cheap house-frame shook, and turned the rusty key.

Her first glance into the newcomer's face revealed to Miss Putnam signs of excitement here also. Could he have heard, so soon, the rumor that Bun was to be given to a stranger? He did not speak at first, but took solemnly a proffered chair, motioning Miss Putnam to seat herself just opposite. His agitation gave to his words a crisp, almost spasmodic brevity. He spoke as though repeating aloud something just committed to memory.

"I have—intruded—upon you at such impolite hour, Miss Putnam, being in a strange trouble!"

Here he stopped and leaned back an instant as if to take a firmer grip on self-control. Yes, surely he had heard of Bun's betrothal!

"I am grieved to learn that you are in trouble," began Miss Putnam, conventionally.

Orita proceeded heavily with his monologue.

"Recently my relatives have been urging upon me marriage with a woman I have never seen. I do not desire to see her. This is custom of my land, but I think it to be the unfortunate custom. I have attempt to explain to my relations—most of them are females—that teachings of my new faith about love and marriage are very different. I have even tried—to those females—to impart some of great Truth, but they pretend horror, and call the most sacred marriage doctrine indecent."

"Indecent!" echoed Miss Putnam, flushing with anger. She would have risen, but Orita, waving her back, said soothingly: "It makes no matter.

They are all females. Kindly attend my speaking."

Miss Putnam was not soothed, but she attended.

"I have not impose on you before with this, my anxiety, though it has been like nest of ants without the clothes on. I thought to choke by myself, but my family do not harken. This very night they have arranged for the ceremonial *mi-ai*!"

"*Mi-ai*? What on earth—? Is it a sort of cat?"

"No. It is the first mutual viewing of the two victims that are to be forced on each other for the lifetime," said Orita bitterly.

"Still it must be better than nothing."

"Domo! The maiden is always too frightened to look, and the man, if he look and then refuse, has given deepest insult to entire family connection. Therefore it seems to me this custom to be called the joke."

"It is awful," assented the listener. "No more sentiment about it than in buying meat for dinner. Are you allowed to poke each other?"

Orita was in no mood for pleasantries. He shook his black head slowly.

"You, madame, who have done so much to show me the path of Christian enlightenment, can surely aid me now on accomplishing a Christian marriage. You must know that I refer to the maiden, Bun. I desire to marry only with Bun, and I entreat you to sustain our hearts, for without you our enterprise cannot success."

At this moment the thin wooden panels of the bedroom door began to shake and quiver as though attacked by a small, individual earthquake. Perhaps this demonstration stirred Miss Putnam into unusual boldness; perhaps she felt the wind in long, hillside grasses half a world away. At any rate, she sprang quite suddenly to her feet, her eyes glowing, her heart on fire.

"And I will help!" she cried, in a voice that challenged fate, and was plainly audible in the next room. "The attempt to marry you off, too,

Orita, is more than an ordinary coincidence. I can doubt no longer which way my duty leads. Listen to me. Here in this house, Orita San, behind that shivering door, is the very one whom you would make your bride."

"Here!" echoed Orita in wonder, and took a stride toward the door. Miss Putnam held him back.

"No, not in there; it is against Christian etiquette. She fled there when you entered, leaving me to tell you of her sad plight."

The boy folded his arms in sign of attention. His dark, expressive eyes fed on her face.

"It was not an hour ago she came, poor child, overcome with anguish because her relentless parents have ordered her to marry some broken-down nobleman who is doubtless after her money—the worthless vagabond!"

Orita nodded gravely.

"She should be the wife of some modern, civilized, Christian man like you. And she shall be—I say she shall! Bun is made for love and happiness. I will assist you to marry her this very night. You both are of age. Some fellow-student of our theological university will surely assist you. Personally, I shall go to our minister, Mr. Takahashi, and impress upon him that it is his duty to make you man and wife."

Orita agreed to everything, and the bedroom door stopped shaking. But, once the bold plans advanced, the conspirators were eager to begin. Little Bun was hurried home in a jinrikisha, with the instructions to say nothing and to show no excitement. Miss Putnam was to call for her just at twilight and, under the pretext of a special church meeting, carry Bun off.

The little maiden, reaching home, found that both the master and the O Ba San were absent. Wandering restlessly about the big, cool rooms, she fancied that the servants were staring curiously, and that the under-maids hung, giggling, upon her presence. Doubtless some gossip concerning her approaching betrothal and the "*mi-ai*" was abroad.

Old Madame Wada, returning, met Bun in a hallway. To the girl there seemed a strange light of excitement, a look of comprehension tinged with scorn, on the fine old face. Something abnormal was in the air. Bun began to feel that even if Miss Putnam did arrive, her errand would prove fruitless.

As the heavy moments passed and the strain increased, she began almost to wish that the teacher would not come at all. The sounds of approaching wheels tore, like claws, at the girl's heart. She hid in her little chamber, shivering. She could hear the visitor enter. Yes, it was Cupid San. The O Ba San swept down the hallway to the guest-room.

"Bun, Bun! Come here!" the old dame called.

So great a trembling seized the girl that she leaned against the wall, praying for strength, before she could proceed.

Miss Putnam, on her knees in the guest-room, lifted a face as ashen as Bun's own. She, too, had felt the threat in the air. A nameless chill even now emanated from the figure of old Madame Wada, regal and rigid in her stiff brocades. In spite of effort the foreign voice was scarcely more than a whisper as the visitor asked, in her most classic Japanese, that Bun be allowed to go with her.

"Do I understand that you are personally responsible for my granddaughter?" was the questioning reply.

"*Sayo de Gozaimasu*," faltered the missionary.

"Then certainly she can go—why not?"

There was a pause, filled only by the frightened breathing of Bun.

"Why not?" repeated the Ba San loudly, and rapped on the mats with her pipe. Bun and Miss Putnam started, as if pricked by a single pin.

"You don't seem in a great hurry to be off," laughed the mocking voice.

Suddenly the old lady collapsed within the gleaming folds of her robe, and from the heap came a succession of sounds, a sort of weird, cackling

chuckle that immediately possessed the room.

Miss Putnam never knew how she and Bun escaped from that chamber of horrors. Once within the safety of the double jinrikisha, with the wheels actually going round, they turned glassy eyes each to the face of the other.

"She's awful! She must suspect! what a terrible old woman!" gasped Miss Putnam with a frightened backward glance, half expecting to see the old dame follow on a broomstick.

"My honored grandmuzzer is wise and stern, but not to be call terrible ole lady," said Bun with a hint of indignation, though her own teeth still chattered.

"Th — th — that's what I meant. Forgive me, dear. I hardly knew what I was saying. I am glad you did not echo my words, for our religion, no less than yours, teaches obedience and respect to elders."

"Do you think that it really do?" Bun was beginning, when her ear was caught by a sound. "Oh, teacher, do you not hear the kuruma-wheels follow us?"

"I hear wheels on the hill above, but they might be anybody's. This is an open road."

"It sounded like wheels of grandmuzzer," persisted Bun.

"Nonsense! We are both under such a strain that everything looks and sounds abnormal. I'll be thankful to see the Christian streets of Tsujiki."

No further words were spoken until at Miss Putnam's gate, where they found Orita pacing up and down.

"Is everything all right?" asked Cupid San, leaning far out.

Orita nodded.

"Mat-te! Mat-te!" then called the speaker to her steed. "Stop still, man. Don't you hear? I want to get out."

"No, don't get down from kuruma," said Orita. "Mr. Takahashi at the church already waits. My witness is there, Mr. Uri. I will walk with you by side of kuruma to church. It is short distance."

Here was the place, Miss Putnam

told herself, where the excitement, the romance, the feeling of duty nobly done should come to her. In a few moments more, all the plans would have been carried out. Bun would forever be a Christian, be forever happy with the man of her choice. But why was everything so gloomy?

Suddenly, without warning, Bun began to cry. Miss Putnam, on the very brink of nervous collapse herself, gave a sound of despair, and began to shake her charge as one might a fractious child.

"Oh, Bun, don't spoil everything at the last moment. What on earth is the matter with you now?"

"Oh, oh!" wailed Bun. "My kine farzer, my respectful O Ba San! I am the deceitful one to them!"

Orita turned a pallid face. The smile on it was something that Miss Putnam did not understand.

"Don't make her tears to stop. It is better she have such grief. After all, we were Japanese before we were Christians, and it not good, in Japan, to marry without consent of family."

Miss Putnam gasped in the cool night air.

"Well, upon my word!" she cried. "And after all the trouble I have taken! Maybe you'd better back out now. It isn't too late."

"No," said Orita, with slow conviction, "we will not like to back out. I and Bun will marry. It is only way to prevent each other to be sold to other one. I have considered from every feature. It is necessary, but it is not well."

"Bun," said Miss Putnam, trying to be, in her turn, cold and judicial, "I begin to fear I am much mistaken in Mr. Orita. I advise you to return."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Bun. "I wants to keep on. I loves Mr. Orita more deeply for such conversations. It is Yamato Damashii!"

Before the puzzled and disheartened Miss Putnam could advance further argument, their vehicle had stopped, and Orita was announcing, "The door of church."

"You first, Bun—you're the bride,"

said Cupid San, with a sort of giggle. Her ideas now were a whirling mass of loose ends. She felt herself nearing hysteria.

Orita made no motion to assist. "Yes, get out, Bun," he said. "Miss Putnam can follow us."

As the shivering Bun touched earth he drew her little cold, chubby hand through his arm, foreign fashion, and without speech or any further ceremony led her up to the steps and into the dim church. At the far end of it, within the chancel, they could see the slim black form of the young Japanese minister, Takahashi, and near him, as if in duplication, the figure of Mr. Uri, who had been persuaded, much against his will, to act the part of "best man."

Orita, with chin in air and right hand at his hip, as if he could feel the ghosts of the two-handled swords that should be there, made of the cheap, green-carpeted aisle the corridor of a baronial castle.

Bun, clinging desperately to his left arm, had much ado to match her girl-ish steps to his long, swinging stride.

Miss Putnam, gray in face, in costume, and in heart, followed them like an automaton. None of them had eyes for a shadowy group of Japanese in native dress, very stiff and upright in a pew at the rear of the church.

The Reverend Takahashi cleared his throat. It is said that an unclad chief in Zululand, reading aloud his Zulu translation of the marriage ceremony, will, by instinct, begin with the clearing of his ebon throat. At any rate, Takahashi cleared his not once, but several times. Evidently he found some trouble in getting started. At last, with a plunge, he was in: "Dearly beloved brethren, we are met together—" It was, of course, in Japanese, and for a few sentences went glibly.

Then came the question, which begins, "Orita, do you take this woman for your wedded wife, to have and to hold," etc.

"*Sayo de Gozaimasu*," assented Orita loudly and cheerfully, at the end.

A sound, midway between a chuckle

and a sniff, came from the Japanese group in the rear. Orita and Miss Putnam glanced around. The minister dropped his prayer book, then slowly stooped for it.

At the time of Bun's response a hush came over the church. Even the cherry-boughs outside stopped waving to hear.

"*Sayo de Gozaimasu*," faltered Bun, on a higher key. There was a little childish flute-note in the voice that made it carry well.

The ceremony would soon be over. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," exhorted the young minister. Was there relief in his voice? Had he really cast a glance, half-frightened, half-triumphant, toward the shadows in the corner? Certainly he started more nervously than ever as a second sniff was heard. He uttered the blessing swiftly, leaned over to congratulate the pair, and then withdrew, as one glad to have finished an unpleasant task.

"Was there ever before," Miss Putnam thought, "so cheerless, so funereal a marriage hour as this?" Even the minister was furtive; and as for the best man, Uri, he had stood without like a corpse with a photographer's apparatus behind its head. Then the crowd of unbidden guests in that far corner—swart silhouettes in a row, like so many Japanese fates sitting in judgment! It was all a nightmare.

The bridal pair had faced about. Now the group of shadows stirred, and rose, and began to file out sidewise into the middle aisle. Evidently they intended to intercept the happy pair. A sudden apprehension made Miss Putnam clench her hands. Was something going to happen, after all?

"Good evening, granddaughter," said a loud, mocking voice. Nowhere in the world does a harsh voice gain such jeering echoes as in an empty church.

"It is O Ba San!" shrieked the bride, and sagged upon her husband's arm.

"Good evening, Orita San, son of the late Daimyo of Shiro-ken," the

speaker went on, her small glittering eyes set higher to feast upon the consternation of a manlier face. "Orita San, son of the Daimyo of Shiro-ken," she repeated, her malicious enjoyment flaunting itself before them all. "You look embarrassed. So the daughter of the merchant Wada was not acceptable to your aristocratic tastes, and, to avoid her, to defy your family, you persuaded a certain maiden, Bun by name, pupil of a brainless missionary, to marry you by stealth. You did not even know her father's name or occupation; yet you would do so low, so cowardly a thing as this!" Her contemptuous gesture seemed to include the church, its occupants, and the whole of Christendom besides.

"It was not my desire, madame, to marry Bun's father," said Orita, stung to some sort of reply.

"Nor would he desire it," assented the old dame, with a more normal laugh. "See, he is just behind you, Orita San. Next to him is your grandmother, the Lady Uta-ko, and your mother, with various other relatives. Many noble friends and relatives wait outside to congratulate you on doing exactly what we all had wished you to do, and which you refused!"

Orita's high breeding stood him in good stead. "Madame," said he, with a low and courtly bow, "it is only a fool who wishes to escape his destiny."

The old dame was not to be appeased so soon. "You thought, I suppose, that you were very young and clever, that you and the frozen eel yonder"—here she threw a flagellating glance toward the thin, gray form of Cupid San—"could outwit, trick, circumvent, such a man as Wada Kubara, not to mention me! Why, foolish sir, before the ink was fairly dry upon your marriage certificate, I possessed a copy. The minister that married you—the little Uri, now leaning there against the church wall—those two did what you wished only because I allowed it!"

"May Bun inherit her grandmother's wisdom as well as her virtues!"

The old lips twitched. Madame Wada knew a man when she met him.

Bun, seeing the softened gleam of eyes, tried to fling herself into the old lady's arms.

"Bah! Keep off! Don't empty yourself upon me like a pot of *midzu ame*! There's your father—get into the double kuruma with him. We are to go, all of us, to the Inn of the Willow's Brightness, where a banquet worthy of the great occasion is being prepared. There, before members of your family, you will be given a decent marriage with *sake*—three cups on three——"

"*Banzai*!" cheered a youthful member.

Little Bun hurried to her foreign friend. "Miss Putnam-u, you will come, *ne*? You are bes' friend—you are Cupid San. O Ba San, we will make Miss Putnam-u accompany us?"

Ba San gave a contemptuous gesture. "Bring her if you wish. We'll put a *hibachi* on each side to keep the chill off!"

Miss Putnam could understand the import, if not the words. She faced the old lady, her pale eyes flashing, and began, excitedly:

"Certainly I won't come when——"

"Remember she not understand the English," whispered Bun.

"Mr. Orita, will you interpret exactly as I say it, my answer to this insulting invitation?"

"Speak," said Orita.

"Tell her that I believe in temperance, in sobriety, and in decency, especially in connection with a thing that should be as sacred as marriage. And tell her that even did I wish to make one of a heathen debauch, I have Christian duties to attend to."

"What is it that the bean-curd wishes me to hear?" asked Madame Wada, scenting enjoyment.

Again Orita bestowed his courtliest bow upon his new-made relative.

"She desired me to tell you, august madame, that while appreciating your extraordinary magnanimity in including her among your illustrious guests, that her many engagements here in Tsukiji forbid her acceptance of your hospitality."

"That hasn't the least sound of mine," said Miss Putnam doubtfully.

"Good-bye, dear Cupid San, until the tomorrow," called out Bun, as she climbed, unassisted, into a double kuruma where her father already sat. He did not speak to her, or hold out his arm, but she nestled close against him, and each drew a deep, deep breath of new content.

Miss Putnam turned away in the darkness. No one cared to see which way she went. Madame Wada's eyes had been searching the face of the

youth, who since his labored interpretation had been standing in an attitude of humility before her.

"Orita," she said at length, "you are an excellent liar, an artist among liars. We shall be friends."

"Yoritomo was himself once driven to fight with a fish-knife," said he, with a gesture that repudiated too much praise.

"Better and better!" cried the other. "Come, enter with me the double kuruma. Perhaps you may convert me before we reach the inn!"



THE HEART OF THE HILLS

By Clinton Scollard

IN the lyric tide of April, in the month of daffodils,
 In the gush of the gold of morning I came to the heart of the hills—
 Came by a virgin pathway that the venal goddess trod
 On her singing way from the southland over the sleeping sod.
 And a chorus of choiring voices ever anigh me spake,
 The tawny throat by the rillside, the red-breast out of the brake,
 The pipers hid in the rushes, with their clear "Chee-weep! chee-weep!"
 And the fleet wind-children chanting their runes of the upper deep.
 A flush of rose and of amber, of sapphire and beryl shade—
 These were the woven glories that the waking morn displayed;
 Beauty above and about me! Fluctuant? fading? Nay!
 Glowing, flowing, and growing in the rising flood of the day!
 The soul within me was buoyant, and the spirit in me was one
 With the throb of the great earth-passion, with the thrill of the vital sun.
 I felt in my veins the pulsing, I knew in my thews the power
 That stirred in the root of the grasses, that breathed through the lips of the flower.
 If but for the span of a moment I swam in the aura of flame;
 I caught the rapt secret of being clothed by the Ineffable Name.
 And chastened with wonder and strengthened to meet life's beleaguering ills
 I went, like a bondman unfettered, adown from the heart of the hills.



"IT was very kind in you to send me word of Aunt Maria's death."
 "Don't mention it! I was only too glad to do it."

RHODA GAINES, M.A.

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

SPRAWLED at length and at great ease, we lay side by side on the island, and let our feet loll indolently into the Atlantic Ocean. In my whole life—and I say this in simple seriousness—I have known no larger feet than Michael's. The sea seemed to rise when he put them in, but that, doubtless, was only my fancy. He has his boots made to order, but almost without exception they pinch his instep. He is six feet six, without them—which is whenever possible—and outside the museums he is, beyond a doubt, the most muscular man in America. But a lot of store he sets by muscles!

Lying now on his great back, he was singing in his splendid, careless baritone the song I have long held to be the most beautiful in the world: the second chorus from the *Antigone* set to poor Tom Canoso's music. He was singing like that the first time I saw him; except that then, instead of being prone under the sky, he stood upon a chair in a smoky room and the song he rolled out was much less classic in ancestry. That was ten years ago, at a freshwater college. Even then he knew more Greek than the professor, and wrote hexameters behind a book-stack in the library, while an expensive coach beat the campus for him with an eye to football. He found me there one day collecting instances to show that the prevailing system of scanning the choruses is all wrong; and we became fast friends on the spot. Till yesterday I had not seen him in seven years. He was famous now, and wore a beard.

Struck by a sudden thought he broke off his song and said:

"Guests, *guests*, *guests*, GUESTS!"

"What about them?"

"The intolerable and insufferable nuisance of them—that is all."

I said, by way of reminder: "I am a guest."

"You!" roared Michael in a voice which annihilated the idea; and added, more quietly: "I shall write a paper on guests some day."

"But I gathered from the press that bugs were your specialty."

"Bugs or guests," answered Michael, listlessly.

For it was a bug that had first sent Michael's name ringing through Europe—the giant Tu-tu bug, a creature the size of a crow, with eyes as big as a man's, and a sting sharper than a thankless daughter. Among the German authorities it had been an axiom for years that the Tu-tu was extinct. They were a little nettled when Michael went to Africa and found it. That was just at first, however; later, they elected him to their entomological societies and considered a point clinched when they cited his opinion.

I have never fully understood the merits of Michael's discovery. There are even reasons why, in my opinion, it would be better for us all if the Tu-tu *had been* extinct, as Germany feared. To resuscitate a creature which "can kill a tapir with one jab of its gimlet sting," to quote from Michael's report, seems to me a service of dubious value to the general public.

However, as I know, I have no mind for science. I was a school-teacher until I found that the bricklayer whom I had in to mend my garden wall, a strong union man of rudimentary let-

ters, earned a higher wage than I; whereupon I quit pedagogy in a pique, and started lecturing and writing for the reviews. As yet the brick-man's income, I regret to say, maintains its lead.

"However," continued Michael, "my father likes them."

"Your father likes bugs!" I cried, startled.

"Guests. No, no. No one likes bugs—not for themselves, they don't. Look at me. Since the world began, who was ever so beholden to an insect? I am known from Archangel to Sydney as the Tu-tu man. People nudge one another and point me out in every café in London. In Berlin a mob broke in the window of a restaurant where I was dining, fighting like mad to get a peep at me. One man, I heard afterward, the sole support of a family of fourteen, was killed. Fallières never knew why ten thousand people rushed away from his procession one morning in Paris, and left him to drive three blocks without a spectator. It was simply that they had received word that I was passing down a side street. It is the same thing everywhere. But what do I care for that? You know what my ambition is."

"To restore the drama," I replied at once, "to the high place it reached in ancient Hellas."

"Precisely," said Michael.

"To replace Clyde Fitch with a man who can write *Medea* and substitute a Sophocles for Mr. George Ade."

"Precisely," said Michael again.

"And what have you done to accomplish that ambition?"

"Not one earthly thing," he answered pleasantly. "Hand me a sardine, will you?"

They were his one weakness. He took the tin now, sat up and fell to eating absently, pulling them out by the tails one after another, and throwing the tails into the Atlantic.

"And you have never married," he said presently, twitching his great bathrobe more closely about him.

"Ladies are not made," I said, shaking my head, "for gentlemen so particular as I."

"What kind do you want, then, little man?"

"Well—suppose I put it this way: I want one who can speak seven languages, but can't scold in any. I want one who has a reasonable allotment of brains, but no money; who has read all the books ever written, but can't be coaxed to talk of them; who can sing like a nightingale, but won't; who hates conventions, but hasn't enough sense of humor to be queer—who has, in short, no sense of humor whatever; who has an education complete but unobtrusive, and a disposition kind but firm; and who does not think that merely because I give her a pleasant smile now and then I am the nicest man in the world."

"What about her face?" asked Michael, heaving the concluding tail into the ocean.

"That," I said, "is as God wills."

He laid the tin down on the beach and stared at me.

"There is only one woman in the world like that—for I know them all—and that woman is Rhoda Gaines, M.A."

"Rhoda Gaines, M.A.!" I echoed, charmed with the name.

"And by all that's oddest in country life in America," went on Michael, "she came a day since to the house of the old man, my father."

"Rhoda Gaines, M.A.," I repeated dreamily.

"If your conversation is as monotonous as that," he frowned, "she will never look at you."

"On the contrary, provided that she is all that you say, she will never look at anyone else. For I shall shortly marry her."

"H'm! All things are with Allah. However, you shall have your chance. Tonight you shall take her in to dinner."

"Take in Rhoda Gaines, M.A.!" Well, I won't, again. But tell me—tell me who she is."

"Vassar and Harvard. Twenty-four. Her father wrote the grammar. She may have money, though. Get your clothes on. I am an hour late for that ass, Dr. Wiley. I promised to show him my Tu-tu at noon. He calls him-

self a scientist, but he is merely the assiest of asses. Mind the sardine-tin."

We dressed slowly in Michael's little bath-house on the island. He was somewhat out of humor, and all the way to shore, rowing to the leaping of his palpable biceps, he would check the charming chorus to murmur beneath his breath: "Ass, ass! The assiest of asses."

II

MICHAEL's father started life as a trackman at \$1.45 per day and no overtime. But he was the kind that it is no use trying to keep down. In ten years he was division superintendent, and drove to the office in a rubber-tired runabout, with a man beside him to take it back home. In twenty years he was president of the road, and did not go at all when another pastime better suited his whim. Two years later he resigned because his time was then worth so much a minute that any road which paid it would have to go at once into bankruptcy. Now he occasionally bought a road for the fun of it, as he used to buy a cigar, but no one knew what he really did with his money.

The house on the Sound was always an eyecore to Michael, who got his taste from his mother. Michael's idea had been for a small house along severely classical lines. His father, however, held out for "something more like the Waldorf-Astoria, only gray." As the old gentleman was financing the proposition, his opinion carried a certain amount of weight; and the order was so given to the celebrated architects, who accepted it obsequiously and were careful not to smile till their client had shut the door. When the plans came in, Michael glanced at the top one, and picking up his hat in stony silence went to Africa.

Now as we drew near the house he groaned aloud, not so much, however, at its granite hideousness as because he saw Dr. Wiley heading alertly toward us through the trees.

"Run," he said hoarsely. "There's

no need for two of us to share this cross."

For an hour I rambled alone about the terraced grounds. Concessions to Michael's partiality for antiquity, which must have offended him terribly, were evident in the Pallas Athenes, Apollos Belvidere and Venuses Milo and Medici sprinkled among the trees with a plentifulness which almost constituted an organized society. There were also brownstone lions, marble bears, bronze deer and a fourth species which I determined, after some deliberation, to be zinc armadillos. I was not certain of this, however. Lacking much of Michael's close familiarity with the animal kingdom, I freely admitted the possibility that they might be sea-lions or sloths, and that maybe they were not zinc at all.

An army of men in white linen coats were pushing lawn-mowers over the smooth green turf. Another army, more scattered, were carrying tennis-racquets, golf clubs, fishing-tackle, card-tables or iced drinks for guests. A great many of the latter were scattered all about. I met them in dozens everywhere. Dodging here and there among the trees, I eluded them all, and made my way, finally, to a little lake in a remote corner of the grounds. It was a thoroughly pleasing little pond, except that right in the middle of it rose one of the zinc armadillos—if indeed that is what they were—quadruple life-size and mounted upon a pedestal. However, one need not look at it, of course. Turning my back toward the water, I produced a pocket Jebb's Sophocles, and made ready for an hour's quiet enjoyment beneath a tree.

And just then my eye was arrested by an object lying close beside me—a lady's hat.

It seemed an odd place for a lady's hat, but where there were so many ladies about, their hats, of course, might be anywhere.

I picked this one up, curiously, for I had never before held one in my hand; and there, under it, lay a veil and a book. The book was a Greek anthol-

ogy, and in it, marking a place, was a square envelope, addressed, as I live, to "Rhoda Gaines, M.A.," and forwarded from Lenox, Mass.

From the lake there came at that moment a slight splash, and turning swiftly I saw a lady in a rowboat just emerging from behind the armadillo—if, as I have said, the creatures were not really sloths. She had a face like an angel, but as an oarswoman she was abominable. It was absurdly evident that she was gathering pond-lilies: no great feat, for the lake was so thick with them that the water seemed merely casual, and the surface gave the effect of solid lily.

I stepped to the water's edge, and, raising the hand with her letter in it, called sternly:

"Come here!"

She had not seen me till then; she looked up, startled at my voice and serious manner; and I saw the fear dawn on her face that I was the bearer of bad tidings.

"Come here!" I said again, sharply.

She began heading toward me, rowing awkwardly over the pond-lilies. When she had come quite near, I called out suddenly:

"Let us first talk of languages. How many can you speak?"

She stopped rowing at that and stared, and stared on till her open-eyed silence irritated me.

"Seven?" I demanded fiercely.

She still said nothing.

"Or," said I, with bitter sarcasm, "can you speak any at all?"

"Beyond a doubt," she then observed in the silverest voice imaginable, and more to herself than to me, "no odder gentleman lives than this."

And she rowed on until the nose of her ridiculous sky-blue bateau rubbed the bank a foot away from me.

"I speak many languages," she said; then, "but not the language of Castle Haggerty. Money alone talks here, and did you ever hear such a hubbub? The shouting forced me to rowing, though I am not good at it. Possibly you noticed. One thousand guests surrounded me and drove me down a

steep place into the lake. It makes one wonder what Xenophon meant by his absurd talk of guest-friendship, doesn't it? How *could* one feel friendly toward a *guest*? You are the first I have seen all morning that I have not instantly hated. You read Jebb, for I see it sticking out of your pocket, but I don't mind that. Get into the boat, Man. Something in the odd wistfulness of you rather draws me."

I got into the boat without a word, and, taking the oars firmly from the hands of Rhoda Gaines, M.A., began to push back toward the metal animal.

"I know you," she prattled on in her voice of chimes. "You are the man who lives on Greek roots. We were making a great deal of fun of you at luncheon yesterday, before you came. Michael told us all about you. Michael is splendid, is he not? I was engaged to him when I was seventeen, but he wrote from Africa breaking it off. I have been disengaged ever since. Yesterday, after hearing of you, I was quite busy for an hour. I went to Michael's library and read Xenophon in a translation, so that I should have something to talk to you about. That was where I learned about guest-friendship. Who could have dreamed that it would come in so pat—so patly. Would you say 'pat' or 'patly' in a case like that? What are you doing with my letter, Man?"

She was a small lady, exquisitely formed, not weighing, I thought, above seven stone, and wearing an air of great, but it may be deceptive, childlikeness. I thought, too, that she was joyous and glad of life beyond any woman I had ever seen, and I do not know that I have had cause since to modify that opinion.

"It lay beneath the tree," I said, "accomplishing no purpose, and I took it to identify you the better. An hour since, Michael and I, prostrate on Snoggs' Island, talked of you. I see now that in several important respects he has misled me."

"Oh," she said slowly, "oh!" And, after a minute, "So that was why you inquired about my languages?"

"I don't follow your reasoning, I fear. But there are many things I wish to ask you. You spoke just now of reading Xenophon in translation, but I know that you said that only to annoy. You can speak seven languages, but will not. Vassar and Harvard: twenty-four. I know much about you already, you see."

"Vassar and Harvard: twenty-four," she repeated wonderingly. "What is that? Careful, Man. You are bumping us into the armadillo."

I pulled hard on the right, dexterously shaving the zinc pedestal.

"So," I cried, immensely gratified, "they *are* armadillos, then!"

"The man-eating armadillo of Uruguay. Surely you knew Michael found them immediately after the Tu-tu?"

"I had never heard. But I must waste no time on that. At any minute guests may come. Is it true that you have read every book ever written, excluding, to be sure, the works of Hall Caine?"

"Books!" she repeated, staring. "Why, I have never read any. A cook-book, if you will; a copy-book, perhaps; very rarely a bank-book—but virtually nothing. Books make one's head ache so. I hate them."

I was convinced that she was trying to make game of me, and was therefore pleased to see her so stumble into a pit-fall.

"Why, then," I asked, with the faint smile of cunning, "do you take an anthology with you when you would ramble about the grounds?"

"I don't."

"But, madam, I saw it there under your hat."

"That is not my hat," she said sweetly.

I looked at her then and noted for the first time that there was a hat upon her head—one so large and so white that it was astonishing I could hitherto have missed seeing it. For a full minute I stared at her, in still horror.

"Then," I cried bitterly, "you are not Rhoda Gaines, M.A., at all?"

"Did I ever pretend to be? But you

are delicious. You are so primitive, so ingenuous. I deny title to a certain hat, and you immediately explode with a 'You are not this person,' or 'You are not that!' What do you know about the ownership of hats at Castle Haggerty? Who owns this hat that I have on? It is pretty, is it not? You don't know, you see. Then let us have no more of such silliness. You wanted to ask me many things, I believe. Well, I am listening."

In a kind of daze, I said dully:

"I was to ask you, for one thing, whether you were a lady of humorous turn, but I know already that you are not. I was to inquire regarding your disposition, but I am afraid I know about that now. I was also to ask whether your education was complete, yet unobtrusive. But what is the use of such queries now? I thought, you see, that you were Rhoda Gaines, M.A."

"Rhoda Gaines, Rhoda Gaines, Rhoda Gaines!" she cried hotly, stamping the boat with her tiny foot. "What is Rhoda Gaines to you?"

"She is the girl I am going to marry," I answered a little sadly. "Further than that she is nothing to me."

"Ah, then—you really know her, after all!"

"I have never seen her in my life. But my course is perfectly plain. Michael has told me her qualifications."

"Why," she asked in her pretty, passionate way, "do scholars always think they must marry by logarithms?" And suddenly—for, in eluding the armadillo, I had carelessly pulled too far around and we touched the bank just then—she stepped past me and sprang ashore.

Of course there was nothing to do but follow. We stood a minute looking at each other in silence.

"Michael seems to have told you a vast deal about Rhoda Gaines's attributes," she said after a little. "Did he say nothing, then, of her face?"

"Regarding that," I answered soberly, "the impression I gathered was in some way unfavorable. That was

what made me first suspect that you were not she."

She came quite close to me. "That, I suppose, is a sort of Greek compliment. I like them much simpler. Do you mean that you care very much for my looks, Man?"

I did care for them greatly, but I would not say so; for it was evident to me that she was vain enough of them already. So I stood silent, looking with a strange pleasure into her remarkably blue eyes.

And then suddenly her face was so close to mine that I felt her breath touch my cheek like a fragrant flower.

"Do-you-care-for-my-looks-very-very-much?" she asked again; and at every word she nodded her head perhaps an inch closer, in a way which, odd as it was, I confess that I found most engaging. At the same moment I was conscious of a temptation, incredibly wild and new, which, had I yielded to it, would have made it forever impossible for me to address a class of young ladies with that perfect dignity and self-respect which have always been my chiefest pride.

Locking my hands behind me, I took a step backward, murmuring, "I am crowding you, I fear." And then I suddenly added, with no intention whatever of making any such remark, "So much, Lady, that there is sadness in my heart at the thought that I am, in a manner of speaking, betrothed to Rhoda Gaines, M.A."

"Rhoda Gaines again!" she cried, stamping her foot once more. "Well—listen. She is near here somewhere. That is her book beneath the tree. Wait for her. She has not beauty, as many ladies have it, but she can be kind to a man, however queer he might be, who really wanted to marry her. None of them have hitherto. I think that she might learn not to dislike you. Vale."

"Stop!" I cried eagerly. "You must not go yet. Oh, I have a strange feeling, Lady; I do not know how to account for it at all. For the first time in my life I feel irresolute, undecided, vacillating. But something in-

side me seems to whisper that I may determine to break my engagement to Rhoda Gaines."

"But suppose she will not release you?" she asked, with an indescribable intonation, and left me, threading her way gracefully among the lions and Belvideres.

I waited two hours for Rhoda Gaines, with little heart and without results. She never appeared, and for all I know to my certain knowledge her hat may rest beneath the ilex-tree to this very moment.

III

As for that other Lady, with the eyes like blue sky and stars, I held no more converse with her that day. Luncheon was a detached meal at Castle Haggerty, disorganized and divers. Besides the great main dining-hall, in which they served a simple but nourishing menu of nine courses between 1.30 and 3.30, there were many small private rooms where an *à la carte* service could be had at all hours. One collected one's special little party, secured a room, and ordered whatever best suited one's fancy.

It was the boast of Michael's father that Castle Haggerty was the most satisfactory hotel in America; and this was true, except that the prices there were the highest I have ever known. By prices I mean, of course, the tips. The scale had been elevated to so dizzy a height that unless one gave a week's salary at a time the servants made it a point to spill soup over one.

The Lady, I take it, lunched in a private room. Certainly she was not in the main saloon. Afterward I searched the grounds for her for many hours, having put everything else quite out of my mind; for was there not time enough for Rhoda Gaines when I sat beside her at dinner?

Late in the afternoon, as dusk was falling, I thought that I glimpsed her some distance away. She seemed to be playing at quoits with a parson of great age and small dexterity.

I started toward her in my long, swift stride of a Greek runner; but a crowd of guests surged just then between and pushed me far, far away, and when I again drew near the place she was not there. In a passion of disgust, I retired to Michael's library, and producing from my pocket the rough draft of a paper on the ancient scholiasts, was soon engrossed in work.

Every scholar knows how the hours fly when one is engaged at such a recreation. Lost to the passage of time, I wrote on and on, demolishing one by one the arguments of the most highly rated Horshmann as easily as an urchin's pebble breaks a plate-glass window. After, I do not know how long, I suddenly heard a low, chime-like booming; it was the dinner-gong. I sprang up and glancing at my watch saw with horror that it was eight o'clock. And I was still in my morning suit of olive tweed and knickerbockers!

The great hall was dense with people in evening attire who looked at me in mild surprise as I tore past them toward the stairway, absently murmuring a favorite bit from the *Œdipus Rex* as I ran. On the steps were dozens of ladies, descending, who blocked my way and made my progress slow. Also, one of them must needs drop a bonbonnière at my very feet—a plain, dark little thing, with large eyes and a purple dress, cut remarkably high, and I was compelled to stop and pick it up for her. She took it without a word, and then, to my great amazement, she raised her other hand, which held a large plumed fan, and boxed my ears with it.

"Madame," I asked, prompted by a curiosity not, I trust, unreasonable, "what is that for?"

"To teach you," she said gravely—but I do not think that she was really angry with me—"to mumble no *pater-nosters* in dead languages when you pick up my jujubes." And smiling faintly, she went on down the stairs.

Something in her manner of speaking caught my ear. I looked after her with dawning suspicion.

I was, of course, horribly late. They were all seated when I came in, and a very inspiring sight it was—quite like a public dinner to some great general, say, and his lady. The doorkeeper checked me off with a sigh of relief; he had become anxious about me, he said, and had just despatched messengers, strong men and true, to scour the grounds for me. The rumor was gaining headway, it seemed, that I had fallen into the lake and drowned beneath the pond-lilies. He cried aloud my name, in simple pride, and something like a cheer arose from the eating guests.

There was but one empty seat in the whole, vast crowded room. I made for it directly and sat down, bowing my thanks for the kind applause. And I saw at once that Michael had been as good as his word. For there on my left sat the lady in the high purple dress, whose fan, a half-hour since, had so whimsically slapped me. And to make assurance doubly sure, her dinner-card lay before my very eyes, publishing, for the runner to read, the painted legend, "Rhoda Gaines."

"It appears," I said, as I unfolded a snowy napkin, "that they have, after all, left off the M.A."

Rhoda Gaines said nothing; she merely went on toying with her Little Necks.

"Men say," I continued sadly, for my heart was gone out of the quest, "that you speak seven languages—is it true? Tell me this, or I eat nothing."

"Seven!" she cried in her soft, slow voice. "I speak them all, but I'll tell you this for your comfort: I do not know one scolding word in any of them."

I started a little at this, so oddly had she hit upon the very language I had used to Michael.

"If I did," she went on quietly, "I think I should use them all on you. Listen. This morning while you mooned for two hours beneath the ilex-tree, I was up it. As the moments passed, and you still mooned on and on, I could have cried. You compelled

me to break three engagements, and this afternoon two of the gentlemen cut me. But as I say, with all my command of the world's dialects, I do not know how to scold at all."

I felt the net closing round me. "I am sorry—so sorry. I never dreamed that you were up that tree."

"If your wits were not forever wool-gathering in ancient Hellas, you would have guessed. However, I have had my lesson; I shall never climb again. What did you do with the letter you took from beneath my hat?"

"I have it here in my pocket. I knew that I should see you tonight. But there is no time to talk of that now. There are many things I must ask you first."

Something just then tapped my shirt-front and bounded off into my soup-plate. The soup was clear consommé, and the object could readily be distinguished lying at the bottom of it. It was a salted almond. I glanced up, and there directly opposite sat the Lady of the pond-lilies, looking straight at me and smiling most joyously. And if I had thought her fair in her dress of the morning——!

"Man, Man!" she cried when she caught my eye, "it is really you! And I thought that you ate nothing but Greek roots!"

I stared at her, frowning.

"And don't, don't, don't look glum! No one saw me throw it. And no one heard it but you. One hears nothing in this refectory."

The din was indeed indescribable. One hundred spoons clashed into one hundred plates, and one hundred voices were going at top speed.

"You can say anything you like to me," she shouted blithely, "and no one else shall hear a word of it but me."

But I am not the man to let go the settled purpose of a lifetime to chase a golden butterfly. Dismissing her with a gesture, I turned again to Rhoda Gaines, M.A., who all this while was patiently finishing her soup. And, seeing the great difference between them, there was suddenly a dull pain in my heart, so that to still it . . .

"All my life," I cried hastily, "I have sworn that when I met the lady of my stipulated specifications I would straightway take her to wife. And the specifications are these: She must have all knowledge, all science and all art, and must not value them at a fig. She must be capable of breaking every convention ever, framed, but too far from whimsical ever to break one. She must be without humor and without consciousness. And, lastly, she must know to her heart's core that the man who smiles upon her most kindly is not, therefore, the bravest gentleman that treads the earth."

"I," said Rhoda Gaines, M.A., soberly, "am each and all of these things."

"And your disposition?" I demanded, with faint hope. "Is it by any chance firm, but kind?"

"Very firm," answered Rhoda Gaines immediately; "but very, very kind."

And she turned and looked at me then, and I saw that her dark eyes were beautiful.

"Then," I cried in despair, "I must marry you." And I added beneath my breath and without intending to, "God help me!"

"And me," said Rhoda Gaines.

"I must explain," I continued wearily.

But her ear was caught just then by another speaker, and she did not notice me. A fuzzy-haired foreigner up the table was doing his best to make himself ridiculous and succeeding beyond dispute.

"I guess ze relationsheeps," he had cried suddenly; and waiting for no special invitation, fell straightway to pointing out what he conceived to be the blood connection between various persons present, most of whom had never before seen one another. His absurd mistakes threw the table into roars.

"Oh, no, count," said Michael presently. "That elderly gentleman is not my first cousin by marriage. He is my father."

"I mak' no meestake," replied the count, a little irritably. "I have ze

geeft of ze relationsheep." And he went on resolutely with the dreary game.

"Oh, count," suddenly cried that other Lady, "you are too clever, too droll. Now do please gratify my curiosity by telling us the relationship between this lady and gentleman just across the table."

Two hundred eyes were instantly turned upon Rhoda Gaines and me—and this when we were in the very act of becoming engaged! The situation was unbearable.

"Michael," I shouted desperately, "I have not yet congratulated you upon your latest and most valuable contribution to science. I learned of it by accident only today. I refer, of course, to your notable discovery of the man-eating armadillo of Uruguay."

"The man-eating armadillo of Uruguay," repeated Michael in great amazement, "I have made no such discovery."

"Your modesty disclaims the credit, of course, my dear fellow. But I know the facts, I assure you. I was greatly interested by the statues of the creatures which I observed about the grounds this morning, and particularly by the large one set in the middle of the little lake."

"They are deer," said Michael, shortly.

"Deer!" I cried, amidst a chorus of stupid guffaws.

"So, at least, the order was placed. My father, I believe, wired for a gross of them, assorted sizes. The sculptor went to the Bronx Zoological Gardens for his model, and I have since heard the view advanced that, through some mistake in reading the label, he got the wrong cage."

"Maybe they are armadillos after all, then," said a silvery voice across the table.

Everybody was laughing then, but none more merrily than the lady who, far more than I, was the author of those roars. I tried to squelch her with a look, but I am not sure that I altogether did it. She merely threw a

rose at me, and went off into another of those wonderfully musical peals.

"Never mind her," said Rhoda Gaines kindly (had she not herself told me that she was very, very kind?). "Mind me a little while. Where is that letter you embezzled this morning?"

I pulled it out and laid it on the table.

"Read it," said Rhoda Gaines.

Taking this for some foolish jest, I merely stared at her glassily.

"Read it," said Rhoda Gaines again.

So I removed the letter from its somewhat worn envelope and unfolded a large sheet of paper bearing the crest of the greatest University in America. And, as I live, it was a letter in the famous president's own handwriting, informing Rhoda Gaines, M.A., that the University sued the privilege of conferring upon her, at its next Commencement, the honorary doctor's degree.

"That," she said, as I handed it back in stupefied silence, "is why they omitted M.A. from the dinner-card. If one has many, many degrees, it is evident that one small card cannot hold them all."

"Rhoda Gaines, Ph.D.," I said, "I congratulate you with all my heart. I have long wanted a doctor's degree more than anything else on earth, but I would not have one that is earned at so many hours a week and an essay out of the encyclopedia. They have given you yours without that. Yet you are only twenty-four. I," I said, and to save my soul I could not keep the bitterness from my voice, "am two years older."

"They do not go by age," said Rhoda Gaines, her finger on her coffee-cup; and upon my word, I liked her the better for saying it.

The graver matter was now to be settled between us. "Listen," I said dully. "I am a man of reason, of logic, of settled convictions. Long ago, after much meditation, I perceived that there was one sort of lady only who could suffice my needs. I have estimated carefully that, to make me happy, she must be just thus and so,

and there is no possibility that I could make a mistake. You understand me, Rhoda Gaines? And now I have found that lady in you. Yet something else is suddenly tugging, tugging at my heartstrings. I am all candor, you see. This morning by the lake I met a lady who bewitched me—an odd, laughing fairy who threw over me her spell of a Midsummer madness. But it will pass, Rhoda Gaines, it will pass. I am not one to turn traitor to a lifetime's principles. Never fear but I shall root this out of my heart. And oh, I shall be happy with you, if I die of it!"

Far down the room, a lady gave a fluttering, inclusive laugh around the table and rose, and in a minute we were all standing. Rhoda Gaines wore lilies-of-the-valley at her breast. She plucked out a fragrant spray from the heart of them, and put it in my button-hole. And as she did this I met her eye; and though I can see now, in looking back, that I had used more frankness with her than some ladies, perhaps, would have cared for, she gave me the kindest look that I had ever seen on a woman's face. I have always been glad to remember that look.

"I like you—oh—a very great deal," she said, and she let her hand fall softly for a moment into mine; "and I think somehow that this night is one we shall both be glad to think of all our lives."

Turning then, she went out quickly with the others. And looking after her I thought: "If it only were not for that other Lady—ah, well; ah, well!"

A liveried lackey brought me the longest and blackest cigar known to tobacconists, and I lit it abstractedly. At the other end of the immense table they gathered about Michael and made him tell for the one hundredth time the story of his capture of the Tu-tu bug. I watched the look of fatigue settle about his fine eyes when he found that there was no escaping them. After that I forgot him entirely. Pushing back glasses and coffee-cup, and so clearing a little place for myself, I produced my fountain-pen and half-finished monograph on the Scholiasts,

and, ignoring the curious glances of male guests across the table, fell eagerly to the absorbing work.

In time a hand fell heavily upon my shoulder, and I started as one waked suddenly from sleep. It was Michael, and we were alone in the room.

"Come, little man," he said, and there was a light of something like radiance in his eyes, "put away your learning and let us rejoin the ladies."

At the phrase the memory of everything rushed back to me. "Through the long years that remain to me of life," I cried bitterly, "I shall be doing nothing but that! Congratulate me, Michael—congratulate me! Tonight at dinner I became engaged to Rhoda Gaines."

He looked at me with an eye full of admiration. "God bless us, little man! And bravo! But how *did* you contrive it! It should have been a little awkward, shouting such matters across our charming table."

"You are confused," I said drearily. "Rhoda Gaines was not across the table. She sat at my left in high purple and lilies-of-the-valley."

"That," said Michael in his abrupt way, "was not Rhoda Gaines."

The room whirled, and, very slowly, righted again.

"You are mistaken," I said again colorlessly. "I saw it on her dinner-card."

"Of course. We forgot to change them. I meant to tell you, but you were so devilish late. Rhoda Gaines was to go in with you, as agreed, but she came to me at the last moment and asked me to send you in with Eglaisa Thornton. She, too, is Vassar and Harvard, twenty-four, and Rhoda's best friend. Nice girl, don't you think! I am going to look her up now."

I spread my arms upon the table and sunk my head upon them.

"But the dinner-card," I moaned, "said that she was Rhoda Gaines."

"It lied," said Michael cheerfully. "Did you happen to notice a girl just across the table from you—small, fair,

very beautiful, with odd, merry ways? That was Rhoda Gaines. I'll introduce you when we go in."

Rising then in terrible emotion, I flung my splendid monograph upon the floor and ground my heel upon it. And I would have done just the same if the president of the greatest University—Rhoda Gaines's University—had stood by, thirsting to hand me a doctor's certificate if I would but let him peep at my arguments. And then I walked the floor, wringing my hands and groaning, "Oh, this is too horrible—too frightfully horrible!"

"You are ill," said Michael kindly, but in some surprise. "I kick myself for not remembering that you are not used to those black cigars."

"Cigars!" I cried. "Oh, don't you understand *at all*? There has been a dreadful, terrible mistake. Thinking all the while that she was Rhoda Gaines, I have gone and engaged myself to the high purple girl whose name is something else."

"What!" roared Michael, and his expression changed terribly.

"Could anything be more awful? I told her plainly that my heart was elsewhere, but that I would marry her for all that, since I knew from you that she filled all my specifications. And indirectly she accepted me. She said, little divining what is in my heart at this moment, that she thought we would both remember this even-

ing as one of the happiest of our lives."

"Oh," said Michael slowly; and then again, "Oh," with much more confidence. "Oh, that was what she said, was it?" And, the color returning to his tanned cheek, he threw out his great chest with an elation I was very far from understanding.

"In the sight of heaven," I said, out of an illimitable despair, "I stand here her fiancé."

"Tut, tut, man," said Michael, slipping his arm through mine, "don't take on so! It is easy to explain these little slips to the ladies. They fully understand that even the best men have their careless moments. Besides, they all think here that you are the quicrest man in America. Nothing you did could surprise them one bit. Come, I will go with you, and between us I feel sure that we can adjust the little difficulty."

Strangely reassured by these words, I grasped his hand and stared earnestly into those honest eyes.

"Do you think, then, there is a chance that Eglia will release me from my promise?"

"Upon my word, I hope so," said Michael, tugging at his great mustaches. "For, strictly between the two of us, I have some thought of marrying her myself."

So we made for the drawing-rooms, arm in arm, and rejoined the ladies.



FREQUENTLY THE CASE

BOWLES—Surely no one questions that charity covers a multitude of sins.

THOMAS—I think not; and one might truthfully add that it not infrequently exposes a great number of sinners.



CONVERSATION is born, not made.

"THE PERFECT LADY"

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE episode I am about to relate is, as I might put it professionally to the young women privileged to enjoy my class instruction, one of those rare episodes which lure the confirmed lover of fiction into an occasional flash of interest in life itself. This thing happened, and it happened primarily because Jessica was stricken with a sudden desire to give a dove dinner—a function singularly remote from human interest, as I hastened to point out to her, and certainly the last supposable source of anything resembling excitement. Jessica admitted the strength of my position and the truth of my premises, but as she was carefully making out a list of her guests at the moment, and did not even interrupt the task, the concession aroused no false hopes in me. She merely murmured, as she reflectively chewed her pencil and gazed into space, that the dinner would be "different, anyhow," and asked if we could not stretch the capacity of our small dining-room to eight guests instead of six, as she desired to include Doctor Rebecca Chester and the Reverend Hannah Murray in the happy band assembled around our board.

At the risk of seeming disloyalty to the sex I myself adorn, I do not hesitate to admit that a dinner for women only has never appealed to my gregarious instincts. For one thing, the planning of our simple festivities falls to me, and I am accustomed to give to this work on these occasions the efficient combination of an uncommon intellect and a deep-seated knowledge of good food. My efforts have won for me some small renown in our circle, and I have ob-

served with pleasure the deference of our men friends, their eager readiness to dine with us in our feminine establishment, and the gratifying faith they show in new dishes I set before them. It was therefore almost painful for me to contemplate ordering and even in part preparing a dinner for guests who in all probability were not able to distinguish sauce Cardinal from an oyster cocktail, and whose lukewarm appreciation of Hedwig's salad would be obscured by enthusiastic interest in the china whose artistic merit it enhanced. However being of New England extraction and therefore incurably conscientious by nature, I did my duty and wrote out a menu for the dove dinner, carefully though without ardor. So languid was my interest in the whole affair, indeed, that Jessica enwrapped herself in a grieved silence and even omitted to tell me the names of our guests until the morning of the day set for the function.

"There are six beside ourselves," she then said casually, "and you've met them all but one—Alice Cockerell, Flora Van Zandt, Mrs. Gifford, the Reverend Hannah, Dr. Chester and Mrs. Sidney Chittenden. It's not a bad group, that," mused Jessica in a satisfied tone: "four spinsters, four widows, two professors, one doctor, one minister, two writers, one singer, and 'a Perfect Lady.' You don't know the 'Perfect Lady'? Of course you don't, dear love. How could you, despising social life as you do and lacking appreciation of even the gifts and graces which are daily before you in my humble person? A 'Perfect Lady' is one who has wealth, breeding, social

position, and nothing to do—which she does exhaustively. This 'Perfect Lady' comes from Chicago. She's a friend of Dr. Chester's, and I've invited her because she's the doctor's guest and the doctor can't come without her. So I cut Kitty Hatfield off the list, though my heart bled, and Mrs. Sidney Chittenden will honor us, kindly waiving the formality of a preliminary call from me."

"But," I objected feebly, "if she's a stranger to everyone she may not 'fit in' the least little bit."

"Of course she may not," conceded Jessica with jaunty cheerfulness. "That's what makes her coming so fraught with interest—and interest, as you yourself have pointed out, is too often lacking in these feminine affairs. However, it will be all right, for if 'the Perfect Lady' proves too depressing, it will be your charitable duty to take her by the hand after dinner and lead her to that dim recess in our happy home which is farthest from the rest of us."

The mental process by which Jessica reached the conclusion that this was my duty was hidden from me, as her mental processes usually were; but I had lived with my friend long enough to know that if, indeed, Mrs. Chittenden proved a bore, she and I would certainly spend the evening in soulful communication in some spot remote from the happy throng of which Jessica would be the animated centre. I therefore devoted apprehensive thought to "the Perfect Lady," and when, that evening, she and Dr. Chester were ushered together into our drawing-room, I turned on her a closer scrutiny than I should otherwise have felt privileged to indulge in. The result was reassuring. Personally, Mrs. Chittenden was exceedingly attractive. An absorption in what I am pleased to consider higher things has weakened my interest in and limited my knowledge of the subject of clothes, but even I saw at once that Mrs. Chittenden's gown was beautiful and that its effect on its wearer was singularly pleasing. My knowledge of technical dressmaking de-

tails is not great, so I will merely say that it was a green gown of some soft, thin, shimmering material, and that there were gleams of gold among its folds. From it Mrs. Chittenden's bare shoulders and blond head arose, like the head of a mermaid, I suddenly reflected, from a moonlit wave. When she spoke it was with a really charming cordiality and friendliness, which seemed as sincere as it was thoroughbred. Before she had been in the room five minutes she and Jessica were tossing about the airy bubbles of persiflage which Jessica blows toward strangers as a test, and which they must return if they hope to remain the happy possessors of her continued interest. "The Perfect Lady" was "all right." I saw that at once, so clearly that I was able to remove my attention from her and devote much disturbed thought to Hedwig's mayonnaise, which had been threatening to curdle when last I visited the kitchen.

The dinner moved on uneventfully, as, of course, such dinners do. There was a ripple of conversation and laughter, an exchange of stories we had all heard before, the usual agreement that the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists was painfully depressing this year, the usual disagreement over the latest novel. Mrs. Chittenden more than held her own. She had been everywhere, seen everything, read every book. She knew music and art, and her conversation concerning them was gratifyingly free from obligation to catalogues and press notices. With it all, though she had her own opinions and expressed them frankly and originally, she never dropped her lightness of touch, her airy assumption that life was all a huge joke, and that one's sole requisite was a sense of humor. Within half an hour she had not only "fitted in," but she had become the centre of interest at the table, wholly obscuring even Jessica, with whose views all these intimate friends were familiar, and who accepted her own temporary eclipse in a spirit of hospitable resignation, touchingly mingled with surprise.

Mrs. Chittenden turned first to this guest, then to that one, drawing them all within her circle, bringing them out, so to speak, and making each feel that this stranger felt in her a personal and abiding interest. She had read all Flora Van Zandt's novels; she had, so to speak, sat at the feet of the Reverend Hannah during divine service; she had loved Alice Cockerell's beautiful voice ever since the never-to-be-forgotten occasion when she heard it first; her young sister had been inspired to the higher intellectual life by a perusal of Jessica's text-books.

From my seat opposite Jessica I watched the others responding and going through their social paces for the benefit of the fascinating stranger; and I admit that the picture filled me with a soulful glee. The mayonnaise had finally emerged successfully after our protracted struggle over it, but even my triumph in it and my disgust over the indifference with which it was absorbed faded into the background of my mind as I watched the slow and sure melting of the Reverend but icy Hannah, while the last flicker of my smouldering grievance against the diners went out when Mrs. Chittenden apologetically asked for a second helping of a certain sauce.

It was not until after dinner, however, when we were all grouped around the open fire in the drawing-room, that Mrs. Chittenden deliberately took the centre of the stage, and rested consciously in the limelight of our attention. We had been chatting in more or less desultory fashion, and one or two questions had come up which the Reverend Hannah strongly advocated that we discuss "without reserve"—to quote her most frequent expression. Following her own advice, she gave us in some detail the case of one of her parishioners who had recently gone insane and whose husband was confronted by the problem of caring for her at home or in a sanatorium. The topic was not a cheerful one, and there was an obvious desire to drop it. Mrs. Chittenden suddenly rose from her chair and girlishly seated herself on the floor at the Reverend Hannah's feet.

"I'm going to tell you something," she said, "and absolutely 'without reserve,' too. I wish you to hear it before you advise that husband what to do."

I noticed that as she spoke she did not look at any one of us, but at the leaping flames of the hickory logs, and her face was very serious—strikingly so when one recalled her animation of an hour before. Before she could say more Dr. Chester spoke up from the little circle around her, rather hurriedly, I thought, though her words were light enough.

"I wouldn't, my dear," she said. "I fancy I know what you have in mind, and—don't you think it's too depressing for a pleasant little party?" She smiled as she spoke, and I remember recognizing it as the professional smile with which she always looked down my throat when I indulged in my recurrent attacks of tonsillitis. Her tone, too, was the professional tone—suave, indulgent, cajolingly coercive. Mrs. Chittenden turned her head and glanced at her, but before she could speak there was a prompt protesting murmur from the others. They desired Mrs. Chittenden to say whatever she had in mind, and would like nothing better, even if it was depressing. Nothing could be really depressing in such delightful surroundings, they maintained; while above the other voices the sonorous tones of the Reverend Hannah rose, pointing out that Mrs. Chittenden's views might be of great value to her in the case now under her observation. During all this I saw the eyes of Dr. Chester and Mrs. Chittenden meet and hold each other for what seemed a long minute. In the doctor's glance there lay a warning and she shook her head; in her friend's blue eyes sparkled a wicked little gleam of defiance. Mrs. Chittenden turned back to the fire with the pout and a shrug like a sulky child. "I will tell it," she said, almost pettishly. "I'm going to, I feel like it."

Dr. Chester relaxed into the big chair she occupied and said no more. I saw, however, that she kept her eyes fastened on the crouching figure of her

friend, and that her hands, resting in her lap, opened and shut nervously as Mrs. Chittenden plunged into her narrative.

"It's rather long," she said, "and it's about myself. I apologize for that, but not for the story, for I don't think it will bore you. I am going to describe to you one night of my life, the first night I spent in an insane asylum."

It was deeply interesting to me to see the effect of those simple words on that peaceful group. The rooms were lit only by candles and the firelight, and the atmosphere had been singularly soothing. Everyone had been lounging in various comfortable attitudes induced by the warmth, the quiet, and the well-being born of a good dinner. They did not know that was why they lounged, but I did, and it comforted me. Now, however, every figure came up with an automatic jerk, as if each had been attached to strings which Mrs. Chittenden pulled. Every pair of eyes in the room turned first on her, then on Dr. Chester, then on one another in a swift sweep of the entire circle. None of these things influenced the cause of the excitement, however, for she still sat on the floor with her back against the Reverend Hannah's knees and her eyes fixed on the flame. If she was conscious of any sudden yielding in the bony structure that supported her, she made no sign. She had paused for a moment, but evidently it was only for thought, to marshal her ideas in orderly array before she continued. I glanced at Dr. Chester. She met none of the eyes that looked at her, but sat quite still in her big chair, looking at the blond puffs and coils on her friend's head. No one spoke, and Mrs. Chittenden went on:

"I had a great deal of trouble, culminating in my husband's death, and it caused insomnia and finally melancholia. I was perfectly sane; I knew everything that was said and done, and a great many things that were thought, I assure you. But I had no self-control, so I cried and cried

and still cried morning, noon and night. The doctors came and went, and suggested change, change, always change. I was hustled about from one place to another, and from one specialist to another. Only one thing remained unchanged. Whatever they did and wherever they took me, I continued to cry. Finally they decided to put me into an asylum."

She paused again, and in the silence which followed the sudden stopping of her voice I seemed to hear the heartbeats of the others. A log, burnt midway and falling charred and broken between the andirons, made a noise that sounded like an explosion in the quiet room. Then Dr. Chester made another effort to stem the tide of the recital. She leaned forward and touched her friend on the shoulder.

"My dear," she said quietly, "don't do it. I'd rather you wouldn't. Why harrow up your soul—and ours?"

She deliberately emphasized the last word and for a moment Mrs. Chittenden hesitated. A flicker of irresolution crossed her face. Then it hardened a little and her eyes narrowed as she turned them toward the doctor.

"I've said too much to stop now," she replied incisively. "I've begun and I shall finish."

Dr. Chester smiled, but the smile was not her usual comforting work of art. Mrs. Chittenden went on without giving her an opportunity to say more.

"It had to be done tactfully, of course," she continued, taking up her story exactly where she had dropped it. "They knew I would not go willingly. So they told me they had taken a house for me in the country, and that I was to live in the open air for a few months to see what it would do for me. 'The open air'—think of the hideous irony of that!"

She stopped again and stared into the fire, as if she saw there the reflection of the fresh air resort so warmly advocated. This time no one spoke. She went on in a queerly level, monotonous voice. All life had gone out of it and out of her face. It seemed im-

possible that this was the brilliant, charming woman of an hour ago.

"I went willingly enough," she at last went on. "It didn't matter much what they did, and I believed they were trying to help me. I was singularly trusting in those days. I've left some of that faith behind me—in the asylum. My lawyer and my maid went with me and we traveled for weeks, as it seemed, though it was only a day.

"At last we reached a little country station and got out of the train and entered a carriage which was waiting; and we drove for miles and miles through the dreariest country I have ever seen in my life. It was a gray day in November, and night was falling, and as far as I could see there seemed to be nothing but brooding skies and desolate stretches of empty fields. I was not thinking much or reasoning much at that time. For a long while the surroundings seemed merely a part of the general horror of life, but finally it occurred to me that we had traveled a long distance, and I began to wonder why my maid, who was in the carriage with us, was crying so much. She sat opposite me in the corner, with her veil down, and I was annoyed by her gulping and gurgling an hour or more before I really realized what it was. At last I said that this was a strange neighborhood for a country home, or something of that sort, and then my maid began to cry aloud. She slipped down from her seat to the floor of the carriage and clasped my knees in her arms and buried her face in my lap, and it came to me with a sudden cold, sick sensation, that something was all wrong. The lawyer jumped up and tried to pull her away from me and called her a fool. Just at that instant the carriage stopped before an enormous double iron gate, which a man behind it was unbaring. I looked out at it and through the palings of the high iron fence to right and left, and I could see far in the background a great, red brick building like a prison. Then, in one awful flash of compre-

hension, I knew why we had traveled so far and why my maid was crying, and what the place was, and why I was there."

She stopped again, her voice breaking on the last words. At the little, pathetic, feminine gulp Jessica slipped from her chair in one of her sudden impulses and dropped by our guest's side and put her strong, capable arm around our guest's shoulder, as if to shield her even from the horrors of the past.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried. "How awful! How *could* you endure it?"

The other woman looked at her and slowly shook her head. "I couldn't," she said lifelessly, "I couldn't endure it."

The human touch, the sympathy given and accepted, broke the constraint in the circle of women around the two. The unprecedented situation of the telling of such a story on such an occasion by an entire stranger was forgotten. To us all, I think, she had suddenly become a friend, giving to each of us a confidence with which she knew we could be trusted. Almost unconsciously the others drew their chairs closer, with little inarticulate murmurs of understanding. For an instant the Reverend Hannah laid her bony hand on the fair head at her knees. Dr. Chester drew a deep breath, as if some tension had relaxed. Mrs. Chittenden, seemingly unconscious of all these things, dully went on with her story.

"They carried me in," she continued in the same lifeless tone, "for of course I struggled and of course I shrieked. One's dignity gives way before such peril as that, and I fought hard for my liberty. They dragged me into a big reception-room and ordered my maid away. That was the last I ever saw of her or of my lawyer. Their work was done. They had taken me there and got me safely inside; they were free to depart and they went fast enough, and very gladly, I am sure."

She leaned forward now, her slender hands, sparkling with diamonds,

clasped around one knee, her eyes still fastened on the fire, which seemed to hold a strange fascination for her.

"I was left there," she went on, "and when I finally grew quiet from sheer exhaustion, a thin, austere-looking doctor, who had been pouring things down my throat, began to make notes in a little book, and two Irish attendants, a man and a woman, stood waiting in front of me. The doctor bent over me with what he probably thought was an agreeable smile. It showed every tooth in his head, but his eyes above it were the eyes of the cat on the mouse.

"Now, you'll go upstairs quietly," he purred. 'It's much better for you and for us if you will go nicely to your room. Don't touch her, Michael. Give her a chance to go if she is willing.'

"Michael stood back and I looked at the doctor. I had some wild idea of appealing to him, of begging him to send me home, but I dropped it in the instant I looked into those eyes. I said I would go, wherever it was, and the doctor nodded and went back to his notes and the Irish pair led the way out of the room and into a big bare hall dimly lighted. We went up a flight of wide, polished stairs, with no carpet. The two attendants tramped with noise enough for a regiment, and the echoes of their heavy footsteps were flung back by the long, empty halls and the small corridors opening off them. Twice we heard shrieks from some distant room, and once we passed a nurse in the upper hall. Aside from that the place might have been a tomb, from its silence and desolation. They took me into an empty bedroom, with two barred windows looking out over those bare fields. The Irish pair had a little whispered conversation and then the man left.

"I can manage her," the woman told him. 'Don't ye worry; I'll manage her.'

"She began to manage me the instant the door closed. She locked it, slipped the key into her pocket, and lit a candle on the mantel. Then she put her hands on her hips and stood

with her head bent forward and her lower jaw dropped, staring at me. I suppose her plan was to cow me at once, and it succeeded. She looked so cold-bloodedly brutal, so equal to any cruelty, that the last atom of my courage left me.

"I threw myself on the floor and began to cry. She seized me under the arms and dragged me to my feet again. Then she held me by the shoulders and thrust her face into mine, emphasizing every word she spoke by shaking me hard.

"Now, I want ye to understand," she said, 'that I don't want no trouble with ye and I ain't going to stand none. You git off those clothes and git into bed.'

"It seems a trivial thing compared to all the rest, but the fact is I hadn't dressed or undressed myself for years, and of course since my illness even the smallest things had been done for me. It sounds absurd, but I didn't know how to get those clothes off—I didn't know how or where they were fastened. So, of course, I sobbed and whimpered and cried, and the attendant shoved and pushed and tore, and between us somehow, anyhow, I was parted from my clothes and ordered into bed.

"I crept in like a beaten hound. I was thoroughly conquered by that time. When I got between the cold cotton sheets I drew them over my head and turned to the wall, to shut out the sight of her and that awful room and those barred windows; but on the instant they were torn from me and I was dragged back to the front of the bed. She was standing there white with anger.

"No, ye don't!" she said. 'Ye don't play no tricks on me. Ye'll lie here where I can see ye, and ye'll keep yer head above the clothes and yer hands out on the covers where I can see them. An' I'll tell ye one thing—if I have any more trouble with ye, I'll put ye into a strait-jacket.'

"I lay still, looking at her, and I said I wanted my nightdress—crying, of course—always crying. She snorted

as she walked away from the bed and went to a drawer and took some garment out of it. It was a coarse cotton nightrobe, made in one piece.

"'Ye'll wear that or nothing,' she said. 'We'll wash none of yer embroideries or laces here, me fine lady.'

"I let it lie untouched. For a moment she looked as if she meant to put me into it, but she thought better of that, and began to make her preparations for the night. She lit another candle and put them both on the little washstand at the head of my bed. Then she drew a chair close to me and sat down facing me, with a paper-covered novel in her hand, her feet on the bed, and a bag of pecans in her lap.

"'Now,' she said, 'me orders is to stay here and watch ye till I'm relieved at six o'clock, and I've got to do it. But I ain't got to stand no nonsense, so if ye got any sense left at all, at all, ye'll behave yerself an' keep mighty quiet. We ain't encouragin' no suicides here.'

"Then she cracked her pecans with her teeth and picked the meat out of them with one of her hairpins, and read, and yawned, and so by minutes that seemed hours, and hours that seemed centuries, that awful night wore away. Through it all I was forced to lie there and look at her, and watch the candles sputtering, and hear the nuts cracking under her big teeth, and watch her pick and pick and pick with that hairpin until I thought I should go mad. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that that hairpin was the turn of the screw. It was the thing no civilized human being should be asked to endure.

"At last the dawn crept into the room and there were faint stirrings around the house, and finally the doctor came and asked me if I had 'rested comfortably.'

"I suppose it all seems endurable enough," she went on after a moment's pause, "but picture yourself in it, any one of you, and it may seem different. I have described it to you in such detail because I afterward learned that I was on that occasion treated with very

unusual consideration by the authorities. Mary Mahoney, I was told by one of the patients, was by far the most humane of the attendants. She threatened like the rest; but unlike them, she never struck patients. As evidence of the thoughtful care of those in charge, she was sometimes chosen to spend the first night with women especially delicate, refined and high-strung!"

There was a moment's silence while we shudderingly took this in.

"I was there two years," added Mrs. Chittenden reflectively, "and that first night as I look back on it shows up in quite a sentimental light as compared with the less agreeable features that followed. I'm not going to tell you of the times our attendants herded us together when the doctor was away, and put us through our paces for one another's amusement. I was quite a popular attraction at these sessions because I resisted tormenting longer than most of the other women patients, and then screamed louder when I did give in. I learned to long for my room and for Mary Mahoney and her bag of nuts, and almost for her hairpin!"

Dr. Chester's voice cut the sudden silence which followed her friend's last words.

"Doesn't it occur to you, Agnes," she inquired succinctly, "that you have monopolized the conversation long enough?"

Mrs. Chittenden's expression, intensely reminiscent and self-absorbed until now, changed abruptly. A deep flush stained her blond skin. She looked contritely around the circle, her eyes lingering longest on Jessica and the Reverend Hannah.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with deep embarrassment. "I won't say another word. Only this"—she turned abruptly to the Reverend Hannah—"you will advise your friend's relatives to care for her at home, won't you? I can't, I can't let another woman go through such horrors if she can be saved from them."

The Reverend Hannah shut her thin lips with grim determination.

"I shall certainly use all my influence," she said ponderously, "to prevent so lamentable a mistake. I thank you for speaking so frankly, my dear friend, such reminiscences must be intensely painful."

Mrs. Chittenden made no reply. Instead she turned to Jessica with some trifling remark, and Jessica, promptly grasping her opportunity, directed the conversation into impersonal channels. For the remainder of the evening Mrs. Chittenden continued somewhat *distraite* and roamed about our apartment, glancing at the titles of our books, selecting things we were proudest of for pleasant comment, or studying our pictures with an oddly excited look in her gray-green eyes. But she seemed to be enjoying herself in her own way, and though we were all acutely conscious of her movements, everyone refrained from encouraging in her another conversational flow.

Our guests left early, which was not to be marveled at in the circumstances, and almost together. Jessica and I informally went with them to the dressing-room where they had left their wraps.

As we helped them into these and searched for the usual missing gloves and fans, I observed that Mrs. Chittenden had returned to the drawing-room for some reason, and that Dr. Chester, subsequently discovering this, had abruptly followed. I strolled in after them, meeting Mrs. Chittenden on the threshold on her way back to the dressing-room, and surprising Dr. Chester in a recumbent position on the floor. She was apparently making a protracted search for something under the furniture.

"What have you lost, doctor?" I asked her, with concern. "Let me help you."

She rose to her feet at once and came toward me, her sallow face flushing.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing," she answered with an obvious effort at ease, "but—er—I am glad of this opportunity to apologize to you and Jessica, my dear Helen, for bringing my friend here. Of course I couldn't know she

would be so depressing, but anyway I shouldn't have taken the risk of it. She has been so bright lately, however, and you're such old friends of mine, that I am afraid I imposed on you. I thought the change and the talk of such clever women would do her good."

"Then she is your patient?" I asked quietly.

"Yes, and my friend as well. I've known her for years."

She spoke absently now and her eyes were moving restlessly around the room, evidently in anxious search for something.

"What are you looking for?" I asked with impatience, I fear, but with still more curiosity.

Dr. Chester flushed again, and then, with sudden resolution in the movement, laid both hands on my shoulders.

"Well," she said desperately, "she was in this room alone for several moments before I noticed, and—and, candidly, Helen, I'm dreadfully afraid she's started a little fire somewhere!"

I stepped back and looked at her, my head spinning as I realized the meaning of her words.

"A little fire!" I gasped. "Do you mean that she's still insane?"

"Are you ready, my dear?" asked "the Perfect Lady" at the doorway. She had put on her wraps and come in search of her friend. She evidently suspected that we were talking of her, for her brilliant gray-green eyes moved quickly from the doctor's face to mine and back. Then she laughed, a delicious laugh, and one not to be forgotten.

"Oh, Rebecca," she exclaimed, still laughing, "I know what you're afraid of, but I didn't do it this time. There was enough without my help—the beautiful, beautiful flames!" Her voice fell on the last words and she crept toward the open fire, her eyes widening as they dwelt on it.

Dr. Chester seized her by the arm.

"All right, then, we're off!" she said hastily. "Good night, Helen, and thank you for a delightful time. Make our adieux to Jessica."

She went out like an impetuous whirlwind, and I heard the hall door click

as it closed after her. Mingled with the sound came the gurgle of Mrs. Chittenden's laugh, teasing, tantalizing. I turned back to the drawing-room and drew a long breath as I saw the familiar gleam of our old mahogany unchanged

in the soft firelight. It seemed incredible that this quiet spot should have been even for an evening the asylum of that restless spirit whose sole suggestion now was in the little wave of perfume she had left behind her.



PAN TO HIS PIPE

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

THUS do I ponder, my head on a stone,
While hushed in the grass we lie—
That under the sun there is none so lone
As thou, my pipe, and I.

That men, though they weep, and men though they laugh,
Learn not this simpler thing—
We lead to the brink of the life they quaff,
And the tune that we pipe, they sing;

That men, though they wander till ways divide,
Back, back to earth's breast they come,
But know not, after the song has died,
'Twas a song that led them home;

Then, break thou not till my breath is done,
And the brook of my heart runs dry;
For under the sun, there is none so lone
As thou, my pipe, and I!



TOO MUCH LIKE WORK

BIBBS—Why is it so few men reach the top of the ladder?
GIBB—I attribute it largely to an unwillingness on the part of each aspirant to carry a hod of bricks.



SO HE THOUGHT

SHE—Allen married before he had completed his education.
HE—The same could be said of any man that married.

THE GUIDE AND THE GUERDON

By Beatrice Hanscom

THROUGHOUT the dinner at the club Torrance had been desperately nervous—that same unreasoning nervousness that had grown to be second-nature of late. Cross-conversations irritated him, food was tasteless, and the lights curiously bright.

It did not strike him as unusual that Harmsworth suggested their going home together, nor that he had, with cordial insistence, prevailed upon him to come into his rooms for a final cigar. Harmsworth was to him a man who had been a royally good friend to his father. It hardly occurred to him that Harmsworth was as well a famous specialist.

It was only when he found himself dexterously drawn into describing the curious tension of his nerves of late that it struck him that Harmsworth's interest had assumed a professional phase.

"You mustn't let me bother you with all this rot," he said irritably. "It's of no consequence; and if it was, there's no help for it."

Harmsworth looked at him as though he were a piece of machinery to be mended.

"You will start on a vacation next week," he said with cool authority.

Torrance laughed sarcastically.

"For which particular planet?" he inquired.

"For the woods," said Harmsworth serenely. "For a month," he added.

Torrance shrugged his shoulders.

"Impossible," he said.

When he had told Harmsworth with great precision and detail several reasons why it was utterly impossible the doctor's smile was quite as serene.

"Throwing out mere flub-dub," he said coolly. "You have a quixotic idea that you must finish paying off your father's indebtedness this Summer because the seven years will be up this Autumn and someone might entertain a suspicion that you meant to take advantage of the time limit. Therefore you've no money to spend. And second, you feel Ryerson wouldn't give you a vacation. That's about it, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Torrance doggedly.

"A good reporter takes the assignments given him," said Harmsworth tersely. "I can manage your managing editor at present, so I'm your superior officer."

He took down his desk 'phone and called up Ryerson at the club.

"No use," said Torrance. "We're short two men now."

"People ran papers before you were born," commented Harmsworth, unperturbed.

He began talking to Ryerson. Torrance marveled at the way he laid down the law. But then there were a good many things Torrance did not know.

"If he's too valuable to lose, he's too valuable to kill," Harmsworth stated finally.

He chuckled at Ryerson's reply.

"It's a bargain," he said; and shook a warning finger at Torrance as he hung up the telephone.

"I'm to be interviewed to pay for you!" he said. Harmsworth, who never was interviewed!

"Now I'll lend you the money you need and take your note for a year," he announced. "That disposes of everything, I believe?"

But it didn't. Torrance flatly re-

fused to borrow. Freedom from indebtedness had become a fetish to him. In three months more it would be a reality.

"But, man alive, you can't go off without a cent!" expostulated Harmsworth.

"My idea all along," said Torrance grimly.

"You ought to go up in the woods with a guide, live out of doors, fish, tramp, and all that sort of thing," said Harmsworth.

Torrance shook his head.

"Can't afford it, and quiet and isolation would drive me frantic. I'd take the first train back to Things if I wasn't tied there. Better die in harness," he finished.

Harmsworth was silent. Torrance supposed he had discouraged him. Torrance was young. There *were* several things he didn't know.

"Look here, you young mule!" said the doctor suddenly, "I've got it. You won't go with a guide. You'll go as a guide—my guide. Yes, you will," he thundered. "I don't care if you *don't* know a thing about the North Woods. *I do*. But every year I have to take a guide along because my wife is afraid I'll get drowned in a child's-size creek, or assaulted by a savage chipmunk or a ravenous woodpecker. I usually take a French-Canadian who permits me to do all the work, and is an indefatigable sleeper. You and I will go together. I'll be the philosopher, and you shall be the guide and friend. Remember, Torrance," he said, and his voice grew gravely sweet, "I have no son. But if I had died leaving one, do you think *your* father would let him ruin his life with sick nerves that only needed rest? Wouldn't it be a happiness to him to make the boy see reason?"

He put out his hands. After a second Torrance put his own in them and gripped them hard.

"If you put it that way," he said, and his voice showed how much he was moved, "I'll go."

But it was as guide that he insisted on going.

When everything was settled, and

the doctor was left alone, he nodded satisfiedly.

"He was right about needing to be tied up there," he said, "and I have him tied fast now."

II

TORRANCE trudged along the road through the woods feeling that there was a certain restfulness in mere physical fatigue. He had left town with the idea that he left everything of interest in life behind him. The work on which he had spent himself tirelessly would go on without him. There would be chances, and other men would get them. When he descended at the little flag-station, he looked like the melancholy Dane—if one can imagine a Hamlet in corduroys.

The little French half-breed farmer who kept an eye out for wayfarers promptly offered him the services of his "vair" good team" to take him and his luggage to the club for "tree dollaire."

During the process of piling on the hand luggage which Torrance had deemed necessary impedimenta, he dilated on how "vair' cheap" was "tree dollaire" until Torrance impatiently pulled the money from his pocket-book.

"Take it, for heaven's sake, and stop talking about it," he said nervously. And injured silence ensued.

The road was rough. The wagon jolted horribly. Twice Torrance was thrown off the seat, as one of the horses narrowly escaped breaking his leg in a mud-hole that seemed bottomless. The second time, his hat disappeared, and the soggy lump that reappeared did not awaken the desire of possession.

He jumped out of the wagon, however. "Go on," he said to the now sulky driver. "I'd rather walk than be torn limb from limb."

It was almost the last of the bad road, but the half-breed did not vouchsafe the information. "One less for my two ol' horse," he thought; and drove at a good pace to deposit the

luggage at the club, and went home by another, though equally bad road.

Torrance, left to solitude, began to feel better. The woods were beautiful, and the sunlight filtered through the leafage with a soothing, healing light. Squirrels told one another the latest news as he passed, and chipmunks scurried across the road to security. It was all simple and sane and restful. He began to whistle little snatches of things. He took off his coat and swung it over his shoulder. He was almost sorry when he saw the long row of cottages and the clubhouse.

This was the club, was it, where Harmsworth came every Summer, and about which he talked so enthusiastically? Well, he wished Harmsworth were with him, that he had not been detained at the last moment, and insisted on Torrance's coming on a week in advance.

"Just lie around and loaf till I get there. You need every day of your month," he persisted. "I'll give you a letter and they'll treat you royally."

He wondered which cottage was Harmsworth's.

As he started up the clubhouse steps, he felt for his pocket-book in which he had carefully deposited the letter. The pocket-book was gone—gone as he had swung his coat carelessly in walking, or in some of the many jolts when he had been thrown about in the wagon. Somewhere back in that ten miles that seemed a hundred as he thought of them—probably at the bottom of some mud-hole—was lying not only the letter, but every cent of money he had brought with him!

His luggage lay in a heap on the club veranda. A man coming out of the door looked him over rather superciliously.

"Are you looking for anyone?" he asked. "This is a private club, you know."

It is quite enough to know yourself tired and extremely muddy and practically penniless; being patronized was the last straw.

"I am looking for someone to direct me to Harmsworth's cottage," he said

stiffly. "I am here as—his guide," he finished, with a sudden desire to set things in their worst light. When he had repeated this statement, and mentioned the loss of his letter, and the fact of Harmsworth's arrival a week later, to the club steward, and incidentally to a group of men who happened to be within hearing, it would have been plainly apparent to a much duller intelligence than Torrance's that there was a strong tendency to incredulity, combined with an equally strong tendency to shift responsibility.

"You will find that all the fishing-tackle with my luggage there, belongs to Dr. Harmsworth; and this key on my key-ring is supposed to open his cottage door, if there is any doubt," he began with some asperity.

"Oh, not in the least," they assured him with an irritating lack of conviction.

He felt their eyes were upon him when he actually unlocked the cottage door with his key, and later when he carried over his luggage in instalments. When he had shut the door behind him, and when smoke appeared in the chimney, the general verdict was that probably he really was Harmsworth's guide; but then a man in Harmsworth's profession, and of his quixotic generosity knew everybody, and there was no telling whom he had picked up and spirited off into the woods as a guide, when he plainly belonged by birth to an upper social class.

"Of course, if he couldn't send him here as his guest," the phrase ran. H-m-m! It looked queer.

It was about an hour later when Torrance, having investigated the larder and made a frugal supper on last year's left-overs—canned beans, canned bacon, canned condensed milk, and ground coffee which no amount of boiling could restore to flavor, was meditating on the possibilities of existence for a week, since buy he could not, go to the clubhouse he would not, nor would he ask for credit—that a determined thumping at the front door made him open it to admit a very short, very rotund, very fussy old gentleman

who began to talk before he was fairly across the threshold.

"You're Harmsworth's guide, they tell me, and he won't be here for a week. Well, now, I want to get off for a five days' camping trip tomorrow morning, and I want you to go. Harmsworth would tell you to, in a minute, if he knew, for I lent him my guide last year, and he was very grateful, very grateful. His man came down with measles. Trip would have been spoiled if it hadn't been for me. You'll go, won't you?"

"I'm very sorry," Torrance began; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"Now, see here," he said, "I don't believe all this hullabaloo at the club. If you're here as Harmsworth's guide, that's all I want to know. He's an old friend of mine and I'll trust any man he trusts."

Which was indeed pleasant!

"It would be a real favor to Harmsworth," urged the old gentleman, "and of course, if double pay is any object——"

Torrance's face had been getting crimson. Now it flamed.

"I am not a proficient guide," he said steadily, "but I shall be glad to do anything that would oblige the doctor. There could be no pecuniary arrangement of any kind. If I go, that must be understood."

"Better to be out in the woods with an old friend of the doctor's than lie around here," he thought.

That hint of disparaging gossip at the club rankled.

"Very creditable! Very creditable!" said the fussy gentleman. Then, "I wonder what he's done," he meditated. "Talks like a gentleman, looks like a gentleman. Oh, well, it's no affair of mine." He was delighted to gain his point, for he counted days spent at the club as days lost.

"We'll be ready to start at eight sharp in the morning. My name is Mildmay. Three cottages to your left. You'll be there?"

"I'll be there," said Torrance briefly.

But left to himself, he meditated on his course of conduct from the incip-

ency of the present scheme, and decided that no one could have been more consistently idiotic. However, in a week, Harmsworth would be there, and things would be all right. What was a week, after all? And he slept marvelously well that night.

He woke so refreshed that he began to see the whole thing as a gigantic joke.

"Farewell, Rising Journalist!" he said, waving to himself in the glass. "You are for a brief time a mere hireling! You will have a lovely opportunity to study character-types from a new point of view. If your French were a little more fluent you could call yourself Jean Batiste or 'Polean. Aha! Here is a hat that evidently belonged to the last 'Polean," he exulted. "Let us dress in keeping!" he announced, as he picked it up, and perched it rakishly on his head. He ruffled up his black locks with the zest of a masquerader. "I fear it spoils the effect to cling to the luxury of white shirts," he murmured regretfully, "but, beneath a scarlet sweater such as this, they can but be suspected."

He swung his camping-kit lightly over his shoulder, locked the cottage door, and marched down to the third cottage in gay good humor.

The door was open; and as he looked inside, he gave a gasp which was like the recoil from a blow. For within the cottage was not only Mr. Mildmay fussily tying up a capacious telescope, and an elderly and attenuated lady sitting in a chair with an expression of present and future martyrdom, but a Girl! Powers above, why hadn't he thought there might be women! And this girl was—oh, well, she was indescribable! She was the kind of girl who once in a long, long time was introduced to you as just about to be married to someone else—someone whom you knew instinctively wasn't really a bit the kind of man she ought to have married.

She was—well, Torrance groaned at the irony of fate. He resisted the desire to trample on the hat of the last 'Polean. Go with her in that garb and guise he would *not*! Escape he must!

"Oh, here you are," said Mr. Mildmay. "That's good! Just help me with this strap, will you?"

It is astonishing how hard it is to put down a camping-kit, take off a battered hat, help a nervous old party to make an insufficiently long strap finally suffice, and explain gracefully and convincingly betimes that the expedition has become suddenly impossible.

"Can't go! nonsense!" said Mr. Mildmay, magenta between tugging at the strap and sudden choler. "What do you mean by coming at the last minute, when we're all ready to start! You agreed to go, didn't you?"

"Well, I'm sure if he doesn't want to go, Joshua, I'm perfectly willing to wait," said Mrs. Mildmay, with the air of one who sees respite in sight.

"Doesn't *want* to go!" exploded Mr. Mildmay, when She created a diversion.

"It will be a great disappointment to us all," she said, and there was a balm and heavenly sweetness in her tone. She looked at him with eyes that were so velvety, so wonderful, that it took his breath away.

"Couldn't you try to manage it?" she said simply.

Try! He wanted to climb the highest mountain-peak—to find the North Pole—to pluck a star out of the sky and hand it to her for a shoe-buckle!

"I think—I can," he stammered. "In fact, I will," he finished suddenly. A fearful terror overwhelmed him that Mr. Mildmay might say now that he needn't—couldn't go.

"Well, stick to it, now," said that gentleman fussily. "If there's anything I hate——"

There was a sudden scurrying across the veranda.

"Oh, I say, Ethel," said an excited voice, the voice of a schoolgirl. "June says if we're going to have the Man with the Guide's Mask, she won't go. She wouldn't feel safe. Mercy!" she gasped as the group in the room confronted her. She sat suddenly and heavily on the floor, while her blond pigtail swung out excitedly at right angles.

Torrance, furious as he was, couldn't help seeing the funny side of it.

"Well, if June doesn't go, I can bear up," said Mr. Mildmay crossly. "It will cut down the luggage. Two saratogas and a portable bath represents her idea of roughing it. Let's start," he said briskly. "You're ready, aren't you, Maria?"

Mrs. Mildmay arose meekly. "I'm prepared," she said with mild melancholy. ("For the worst," her tone implied.)

"Forward, my braves!" said Miss Ethel cheerily, apparently unconscious that there had been any recent conversational awkwardness. She turned to her sister, "Are you coming, Katherine, or do you prefer to be buried here?" she demanded mischievously.

Torrance wheeled toward the younger girl.

"Is it permitted?" he said pleasantly, holding out both his hands to assist her; and as he swung her lightly to her feet and noted the confusion that still overcame her, he smiled so gaily, and so companionably that he made in that brief second a warm friend.

The procession was under way, and Torrance was hopefully feeling that a tithe at least of the multitudinous parcels he was carrying belonged to a young woman called Ethel, when he encountered the supercilious glance of a languidly correct young woman standing at the gate of one of the cottages.

"'Morning, June!" said Mr. Mildmay briefly. "You're not coming, eh?"

"I think not, thanks," she answered coolly, with the suspicion of a drawl. "I really can't get off."

Torrance ostensibly fixed his eyes on Mr. Mildmay's broad back as he trotted along carrying a complicated tangle of fishing-tackle too precious to be entrusted to anyone; but he saw two girls standing at a cottage gate, and "June's" clear soprano floated out to him clearly.

"It might be something it would be very awkward to be mixed up in."

There was a little pause. Then:

"Well, why should he be practically hiding?"

He heard a defiant little "Oh!" beside him, and turned to see Katherine with blazing cheeks.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said with a frankness almost boyish, "but June is such a snob! You won't mind?"

"I shan't mind her not coming along," said Torrance confidentially, soothed by the genuineness of this little schoolgirl's attitude.

It was a pity that he could not have heard Miss Ethel's reply to her friend's question.

"In my opinion," she had said mysteriously, "he's been at a Summer resort and is hiding from the pursuing girls. He's quite handsome enough," she said lightly.

"Don't be so quixotic as to make an equal of him," said Miss June with asperity.

"My dear June," said Ethel gravely, though her eyes danced, "you won't enjoy heaven at all. It's going to be horribly mixed."

III

TORRANCE had entertained a wild hope that he might row the fair Ethel up the river, but a gasoline launch was waiting, and the rowboats swinging back of it were piled with luggage kaleidoscopically varied.

Mrs. Mildmay installed herself with a sigh. "Of course, it smells like a cleaner's," she said.

"For pity's sake, Maria! Why can't you enjoy it?" demanded Mr. Mildmay exasperatedly.

"Because I can't, Joshua," she said mildly, "any more than you could enjoy housecleaning, but when you come I have to come. We have such a pleasant home," she added to Torrance, "and the servants are perfectly devoted to me. But then, if the boat doesn't tip over or blow up, and I don't get shot in the woods, or struck by lightning in a little, flappy, uncomfortable, spidery tent, of course I shall be back in it again some time."

He gave her such pleasant, deferential attention that she was moved to continue about the house and the cook and the gardener and what Mr. Mildmay thought, and how her brother's wife had died and she had tried to be a mother to her two nieces, but she thought Katherine ate too much candy, and Ethel was very imprudent about going about with light wraps, and she expected some day, she would catch her death of cold—a hideous possibility which made Torrance writhe.

It was not hard to listen with an appearance of attention, at least when the most stunning young woman it has ever been your good fortune to see is sitting in the other end of the boat with her arm around her sister and that sister's blond head resting cozily on her shoulder. The two girls sometimes talked in undertones, sometimes to Mr. Mildmay, when he was not telling the engineer the best way to run the boat. Mr. Mildmay had a mania for imparting information.

The sun was straight overhead when the boat headed in for a little rustic dock; a sandy beach sloped invitingly, a row of empty tents had their flaps open in welcome; and the forest stretched backward and upward to the hills that the mist turned purple.

"There's one thing about the fellow," Mr. Mildmay murmured to his niece Ethel as they disembarked, "he made your aunt forget that gasoline always makes her deadly ill. That's worth bringing him along for!"

IV

OH, the things Torrance didn't know about guiding—about woodcraft!

It was providential that Mr. Mildmay and the girls were long used to the woods, and adept in their lore. Torrance got lost on the slightest provocation. The second day, when he was gone so long that they were really frightened and had started in pursuit, hallooing vigorously, it was an exhausted old gentleman who sat oppo-

site Torrance when they were again back in camp.

Poor Torrance was genuinely humiliated. He would have traded all his journalistic laurels for the ability to follow a trail.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Mr. Mildmay," he said frankly. "I'm a flat failure in the woods. There is such a strong family resemblance between trees," he complained whimsically, but his tone was honestly rueful.

"So it seems," said Mr. Mildmay drily, but his face relaxed. Queer, how you get to liking the fellow!

"He'll feel better after dinner," said Mrs. Mildmay soothingly, to Torrance.

"He'll feel better *at* dinner," said Torrance, leaping to his feet determinedly, and disappearing into the provision-tent. For Torrance cooked like a genius. And how he blessed the happy chafing-dish suppers of his college days that had gained him his skill. He whistled blithely as he thought of his preparations for their first lunch. He had been in gay good humor, thinking how delicious it was to have Ethel slipping in and out as she set the table, when a hideous thought occurred to him: *When would he eat? What was left, afterward?*

The zest went out of life. Torrance was proud as Lucifer. But explain he would not. If it wasn't self-evident, then he would suffer—for a week; after which he contemplated a Polar expedition which he trusted might prove fatal.

The same question had occurred to the Mildmays.

"If we didn't have the girls with us——" Mr. Mildmay began.

"If he waits, I shall," declared Katherine fiercely.

Ethel remained serene until there was a lull in the discussion. Then, "I've set a place for him," she announced, and disappeared.

What balm it was to Torrance when he saw it! He thought with disproportionate gratitude that he must do something phenomenal for the Mildmays. Mrs. Mildmay admitted that she liked to be read to. It isn't easy

to read Jane Austen, whose soothing quality Mrs. Mildmay admired, when you look off the page every other moment to see where a certain young woman is. He did very well, after all.

He *could* paddle! And he had the divine felicity of taking the fair Ethel up the river to gather wild roses for the dinner-table. They talked about all sorts of things. He forgot his masque, and was in the midst of some European anecdotes when she interrupted him naively.

"You have had a wide experience as a guide," she said. Her eyes danced and her lips curved mutinously.

"I hope it inspires you with confidence," he went on, with a delicious sense of camaraderie, and when they had laughed together it was a brave, good world.

That second night when Mr. Mildmay looked at the platter where the omelette had been with its delicate sauce he had an expression of gastronomic peace.

"You're worth hunting for, Torrance," he said, with conviction.

"That's the omelette that made Harvard famous," said Torrance cheerfully.

Mr. Mildmay wondered if he had worked his way through college. But when Torrance casually mentioned his fraternity he abandoned that hypothesis.

Oh, the joy of piling up a blazing campfire at night; of sitting around it, and watching—watching Ethel principally. He forgot his nerves. The world slipped out of sight. The forest gave him back his strength, as only the forest knows how to do. And the third day, when Mr. Mildmay took Katherine fishing, and left Torrance with Mrs. Mildmay and Ethel, that was Elysium, for Mrs. Mildmay always took a long nap after luncheon. It was on the next day when an upgoing launch stopped and a group of girls called excitedly to Ethel that they had a letter for her, "masculine hand," Torrance heard one of them say, as she ran down to get the missive in question, that the temperature changed.

Whatever it contained—and Torrance could imagine nothing that a letter from any man could contain, save a proposal—it transformed her into a young woman of such capricious temper that it left Torrance exhausted but adoring.

Katherine and Mr. Mildmay were off together again, Mrs. Mildmay was napping. Ethel began to write letters with distracting absorption. Torrance felt cast into outer darkness; and retired to sit sulkily on a log and meditate on the unevenness of fate.

She finally strolled down to him, demurely innocent.

"I should like to go for a walk," she said sweetly, "and auntie is a little nervous about my going alone."

He wavered between delight at the prospect and annoyance at being considered merely a mastiff; but he went with alacrity.

And she had never been so irritating! She was monosyllabic, then patronizing—she who had been kindness itself until this wretched day! He relapsed finally into silence. It seemed to afford her some inward amusement. They had turned and twisted for some time on queer little paths that he was never quite sure *were* paths, when she looked him straight in the eyes, and smiled divinely.

"Suppose we turn about now," she said, and suited the action to the words. "I do so like a cozy, sociable walk," and his grievances took wing as she dimpled. "When I asked you, too." Her laughing reproach was delightfully soothing.

"Merely for protection," he murmured, striving not to be placated too easily. The process was so alluring.

"As a guide," she said, with demure impertinence.

"That idiotic farce is about over," said Torrance abruptly. "I want to tell you how the thing happened in the first place."

"You mustn't tell me," she said hurriedly, seriously. "I quite forbid you to. If you want me to think well of you."

"That settles it," said Torrance grimly; "but why?"

"Whatever you may have done," she began, and waved him to silence as he started to protest. "No," she said firmly, "I mean it. But you may tell me anything else you like." She smiled tantalizingly at him.

He shook his head. "There's only one thing in the world I want to tell you, and the other must come first," he stated.

She walked on. Then she turned slightly.

"If you're sure you have no other conversational resources," she said demurely, "and long silences are so awkward, couldn't you reverse the order of the telling? It's interesting to read backward sometimes."

There was a wicked little glint in her eyes.

"So long as I am merely your guide," he began, to show her the hopelessness of things.

"And that reminds me," she said suddenly: "where are we? Do you remember this?"

He looked, panic-stricken.

"No-o," he answered hesitantly, "I can't say I do."

"I thought—a little while ago—I was afraid—and yet I wasn't sure——" she murmured. She sat down on a fallen tree with an air of discouragement. "We're lost," she said faintly.

He felt he must reassure her.

"Oh, we'll find the way back," he said bluffly.

"You know you can't!" she reproached him.

He looked up and down across the way. The shadows were lengthening. Every tree and twig, every patch of huckleberry bush, seemed unfamiliar. *Had* they passed that way before? Never, he felt firmly.

If he left her, he might not be able to find *her* again. As for their both wandering about, he had always heard that was madness. Mr. Mildmay had impressed it on him recently. They might light a fire, he suggested. But she vetoed the plan instantly. The forest was dry. They would start a catastrophe which might involve them.

"Good heavens," he said savagely, "am I always to play the helpless idiot before the girl I love!"

"Well," he went on savagely, as she smiled at him with dainty mockery, "you knew it, from the first. It has been amusing, I suppose. But it's been deadly serious to me."

She rose and stood swaying slightly. "But you couldn't, truly, in so short a time," she murmured a trifle hurriedly.

"It took about half a second," he said briefly, "and it's been striking in deeper every minute since."

There was a dogged insistence in his tone. He stood quite still, looking at her, and his eyes told her. The look in hers was inscrutable. Then she leaned ever so slightly toward him.

"Are you sure it's quite—onesided?" she whispered, and disappeared like a flash.

Torrance darted after her, and stopped, stunned; for not two hundred feet away—was the camp. She had been playing with him. She had known all the time. Was it all a trick? Or—oh, frantically delightful thought—did she—?

And there in plain sight sat Mrs. Mildmay.

"Did anything scare you?" she inquired interestedly. But they explained with almost too much detail that they were quite calm.

Not until they were all quitting the campfire for the night, did Torrance get a word from her again. Then she slipped into her tent and out again, and came over where Mr. Mildmay was explaining to him that leached rock was a sure sign you had the copper. At least, that's what it sounded like. Torrance hadn't any copper, and so he couldn't thrill over the subject.

"Oh, by the way," said Miss Ethel coolly, "since you were good enough to offer" (*Sapphira! Sapphira!*) "will you really put these in order for me?"

She dangled two daintily small, but undeniably muddy hunting-boots before him.

"De-lighted!" said Torrance suavely.

She laughed when she peeked out of

her tent later, to see him oiling them with a devotion delightful to behold. He stood them near the fire to dry, and gazed upon them in a way that showed his state of mind.

It was a glorious night, and he elected to sleep beneath the stars. He stretched himself out comfortably with his blanket and pillow, and went trailing off into the land of dreams.

He dreamed that Mr. Mildmay was snoring frightfully; then that a wild beast was sniffing around their campfire. There was danger—danger to Ethel! He woke with a start, and jumped to his feet. Something dark scurried past him. One of the tan-colored boots lay near him; the other stood pathetically alone by the fire. Wondering vaguely if the wandering one belonged to the seven-league variety, he put out his hand to pick it up and discovered, to his horror, that the leather was in shreds.

Never again would that boot which she had confided to his care go on her slender foot.

What could he do? What could *she* do?

V

WHEN she poked her head out of her tent in the morning, he was standing facing it with a countenance so full of disaster that she was alarmed.

Before she could question him, he told her; and held them out to her, the good one and the useless one.

"But how?" she began, and at his narrative, "You didn't," she protested, "you didn't leave my freshly oiled boots standing on the ground where the first porcupine could make a theatre-supper off them?"

"Do you suppose it *was* a porcupine?" he asked.

"Oh, Porky! Porky!" she murmured sadly, "what a good time you had! And here am I," she said to Torrance despairingly, "out in the woods with one boot, and these ridiculous little slippers!" They were rather pretty slippers, by the way. "It's

lucky," she said with deadly calm, coming out of the tent as she spoke, "that we're going back to the club today. Before," she added unkindly, "you have any further chances of distinguishing yourself. You may keep that boot to feed to any passing porcupine friends of yours," she finished, but she smiled wickedly at his discomfiture.

A familiar sound made them look toward the lake. The launch was coming. The others joined them, and as the boat came nearer a big, bearded man waved his hat to them. Harmsworth, beyond a doubt! He hurried on shore.

"What's all this row about at the club, Torrance, about your having no letter?" he demanded. "Hello, Mildmay, old man! Thought I'd come up in your launch and ride back with you all. I wanted to see how my boy with nervous prostration was getting on. Woods are great for it, eh, Torrance? Mrs. Mildmay, I know you've been a mother to him." He was shaking hands with them all in his big hearty way. "Katherine, bless my soul, how you grow! And Ethel! You got my letter a day or two ago, didn't you, telling you to be good to the best fellow I know on earth? By the way, Torrance, Ryerson told me to tell you that if you'd report for duty, in fit condition, in a month—and you *will* be fit after I've had you out a couple of weeks more—you'd find a raise in your salary, and Halsey's place in the Far East waiting for you. Halsey wants to come home for some reason. The newspapers simply can't get on without him," he told Mr. Mildmay boastfully as he pounded Torrance on the shoulder.

"Are you a reporter?" said Mr. Mildmay dazedly.

"No, sir, he's a journalist," laughed Harmsworth. Then, "Haven't you told them who you were?" he growled. "What in heaven's name—?"

"I merely stated," said Torrance meekly, though his eyes danced, "that I was at the club as your guide, and Mr. Mildmay considered my recommendations entirely satisfactory."

"And much as we like him, and famous as he may be," said Mr. Mildmay genially, "I can cheerfully recommend him as the worst woodsman I have ever met."

"I've grown real attached to him," said Mrs. Mildmay honestly.

"And I said all along he was splendid," Katherine declared.

"They're the best ever," Torrance stated fervently to Harmsworth.

Ethel was disappearing down the trail when Torrance overtook her.

"You knew, yesterday!" he said; but his tone was jubilant.

She turned and laughed her gay, delicious laugh. "Everything," she said, throwing her hands wide apart in confirmatory gesture. There was a bewitching sauciness in her eyes.

"I'm going half-way around the world," Torrance said rapidly. "I haven't had a chance. I sha'n't have half a one. But oh, Girl of my Heart, has it been all play to you? You've only known me as a hopeless duffer, but I do stand for something in my own work. There are things I do know how to do. Do you think you could ever—Ethel!" he implored.

He looked very handsome as he stood there under the trees, impetuous, ardent, earnest. The girl facing him turned a little pale. Then the warm color touched her face into a beauty that was glowing. When she spoke a new, wonderful, magnetic tone pulsed through the words she tried to keep in lighter key.

"I've heard of people whose hearts were in their boots," she said; and her eyes were a new marvel. "I think—perhaps—mine was in the one—I gave to you to keep."

Something of the old bubbly mirthfulness was on her lips; but there was something sweeter still.

Torrance found it; and a plump and elderly bush which he promptly interposed between them and the camp as a screen fluttered its leaves with a sigh.

"It's quite exciting to be a chaperon," it said.

And a sentimental maple dropped its first bright red leaves on their heads.

COMPRESSED FICTION

HIGH-CLASS TABLOID NOVELS FOR READERS AND WRITERS

By Clifford Howard

IN response to the ever-increasing demand for concentrated literature the Shakespeare Compressed Fiction Company has been organized with a capital of \$5 and is now prepared to furnish literary concentrates at the lowest prices consistent with quality and good business.

To novel-reading dyspeptics and to the thousands of men and women who through stress of time are now denied any literary refreshment, these products of ours will prove a rare treat. The habitual, healthy reader will also welcome them as profitable time-savers. From ten to fifty tabloid novels can be consumed within the time now required for the reading of a single book.

Our products must not be confounded with mere paragraphs or storiottes. Each one contains the active principle and full nutritive strength of a developed novel. Through our special process of boiling and compression we are able to condense the essential ingredients of a three-volume romance into the compass of a single page.

These concentrates are put up in neat envelopes, carefully labeled, and are ready to serve at a moment's notice. Taken full strength on an empty mind they are very invigorating.

We desire, also, to call the attention of authors to the advantages to be derived by them from these concentrated essences. We handle only fresh themes. We do not treat old fiction or literary carcasses. As these essences may be

diluted to any desired consistency from a joke to an encyclopedia, without destroying their flavor or efficacy, their value to a novelist is at once apparent. We grant full authority to writers to serve our products to the public in whatever form they choose, provided we are given credit in the following form: "Produced from Shakespeare C. F. Co. concentrate."

At present our output is confined to three brands—the Romantic, the Realistic and the Psychologic. We take pleasure in handing you herewith a sample of each kind. To insure the best results, follow as far as possible the directions given:

THE WAIT

(Romantic)

DIRECTIONS

To the Reader : Absorb slowly, with a dab of sympathy and as much sentiment as you have to spare.

To the Writer : For a short story, dilute with an introduction and three thousand words of conversation. For a novel, add a hundred pages of descriptive matter and divide evenly into chapters.

For ten years she loved and waited.
Finally he spoke.

"I love your sister," he said.

THE ROSE

(Realistic)

DIRECTIONS

To the Reader : Mix well with horse sense (not horseradish) and swallow quickly.

To the Writer : For a novel or a short story, dilute according to pecuniary needs. For a joke, serve full strength with a comic picture.

"I can bear the suspense no longer! To-night I shall be at the opera. If you love me, place a red rose within your hair. If I may no longer hope, let the rose be snowy white."

That night she wore a yellow rose.

WHO?
(Psychologic)
DIRECTIONS

To the Reader: Spice with an air of superior understanding and shake well after taking.

To the Writer: Dilute carefully; divert attention with an automobile; throw in odds and ends of dialogue—especially odds, and

the more remote from the subject the better. Stir thoroughly and serve before it settles.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, gazing into the eyes of the typewriter. "The very image of your mother! Oh, my child, my child!"

"Tush!" said the typewriter. "My sire passed beyond twelve years ago."

"No, no! He lives! I am he! I was not drowned."

"I saw him cremated," said the typewriter.

"Indeed?" said the man. "Then, perchance, I am not he." And with a low moan he turned away, and smiled.



RENUNCIATION

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

OUT of the darkness a glory, a flame,
She came.
Faint litanies o'er her floated, and pale
Her ashen robes—a silver trail
Across the night. She came to me and stood,
She and I alone, where solitude
Its languid halo shed.
"Behold," she gently said,
"The life of thy life, the soul of thy soul I claim
In the Christ's name."
I gave
My dreams, my ardors brave,
Chaplet, sceptre, star and sun.
One by one
She gathered them; then tenderly,
"One yet is lacking; bring it me."

With eyes that devour and hands that cling
I give her my whole life's garnering—
The Rose of my love! Then pitifully
Over the red torn agony
I draw my pride—and faint and slow
Down into Eternity I go.



THE GREAT PITY

FIRST NEIGHBOR—I'm sorry for Brown; that boy of his is the limit!
SECOND NEIGHBOR—Yes, and it's up to Brown to raise the limit!

THE SMART SET ON THE STAGE

By Channing Pollock

"THE theatre has its own aristocracy," declares the author of a book about families that, generation after generation, have given actors to that institution in America. It is not of "its own aristocracy" that I intend writing, but of the aristocracy it mimics. When I speak of "The Smart Set on the Stage," the reference is to those men and women who trail their cigarette smoke and their gowns through the modern "society play."

There are fashions in drama, just as there are in dresses, and this is not the year of the tea-cup comedy. Throughout the past few months, "guns" have been worn more than girdles, and the prevailing mode in millinery has been the Mexican sombrero, with a leather belt in place of a band. Half a decade ago the hero of a performance was the gentleman who could successfully balance a punch glass, a plate of biscuits, and the arguments for and against running away with his friend's wife at one and the same time. Now the hero is the male who can shoot straightest. Nevertheless, the waning season has not been without tales of the drawing-room. We have had such dramatizations of the social whirl as, "The Hypocrites," "His House in Order," "Clothes," "The New York Idea," "The Truth," and "The House of Mirth," of which the last two were by Clyde Fitch. With Fitch in his heaven, all's right with the whirl'd!

Nor do these six compose a complete list. Surely, such a roster would have to include Sudermann's "John the Baptist," since Salome undoubtedly belonged to one of the first families of the East! Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra,

Diocletian, and Cymbeline are other court personages who visited our stage this season, but, inasmuch as their adventures in society, ancient or modern, were not the themes of the works in which they appeared, I omit the names of those works.

The rich we have always with us. That is why Thackeray is more popular than Dickens, and that is why the smart set has been paraded in our theatres without cessation since the early days of Oscar Wilde. We are a lot of Pomonas—particularly, the women among us—and we cannot help reveling in the doings of dignitaries whose station seems superior to our own. The more humble we are the greater the craving and the delight. Lizzie Jones, who stands measuring ribbon behind a counter from breakfast till dinner, naturally extracts infinite pleasure from spending her evening with only a row of footlights between her and wonderful beings who toil not and spin nothing but yarns. That is almost like moving in the best circles oneself; it is being transported to a world millions of miles from the brass tacks in the ribbon counter. Miss Jones half believes herself a great lady by morning, as you may judge by her manner if you go to her for a yard of baby blue. Every one of us has something of Lizzie Jones in his other make-up. The same instinct that induces us to marry our daughter to the Duke of This or the Prince of That causes us to remember "East Lynne" when we have forgotten "Hazel Kirke."

Most of us outside the charmed circle have ideas of good society quite as

exaggerated as the Biblical idea of Paradise. We don't quite fancy that fashionables go about with crowns of light and golden harps, but we do insist that on the stage they behave as little like ordinary human beings as possible.

That is why it is so difficult to write "society plays." If the characters you create do not feel and think normally they become puppets, and if they do you are accused at once of having failed to suggest smartness. One night last season I stood in the lobby of the Criterion Theatre as the audience came out after having seen "Her Great Match." A woman who passed me remarked: "I think it was charming, but that man didn't make love at all like a prince." Just what are the peculiarities of royal love-making the lady didn't explain, and the idiosyncrasies that got the only prince I ever knew into jail had to do, not with the *way* he courted, but with the number of times. In any event, it was proved afterward that my friend was descended from a respectable veterinary surgeon, which disqualifies me as an authority on the subject. When I mentioned the Criterion incident to him, Mr. Fitch observed that he had been fairly chummy with a prince or two, and that, while he had never actually seen them make love, he judged from their consorts that their powers of amatory expression were quite ordinary. "However," admitted Mr. Fitch, "you can't expect the public to believe *that*."

It used to be a pretty general impression that nobody who had more than twenty thousand a year ever indulged in a show of emotion. I say "nobody," although, of course, you are aware that wealthy parents in "society plays" are always exceptions to the rule of good breeding. Otherwise, imperturbability of the John Drew kind was supposed to be a trademark of culture blown in the bottle. Common folk might laugh or cry under stress of circumstances, but the souls of the elect were sheathed in ice. The approved manner of translating a

crisis into the dialogue of the drawing-room was something like this:

Lord Dash—Good afternoon! Ideal weather, isn't it? (*Bus. of stroking mustache.*) I've a bit of bad news to tell you.

Lady Blank—Indeed? Will you have a cup of tea, Lord Dash? What is it?

Lord Dash—No, thank you; I never take tea. Your eldest son, having been detected in an act of forgery, has just shot himself through the heart.

Lady Blank—Poor lad! He was always impulsive! I hope he wasn't badly hurt, Lord Dash? Dead? Dear me! Now you really *must* let me pour you a cup of tea.

Having to combat that sort of folly was the thing that made it hard to write a "society play." It was like dramatizing a novel, and trying to create a heroine who would agree with the ten thousand different notions of her held by the ten thousand readers of the book. Gradually, as the mirror held up to nature has become more nearly true, we have grown to understand that, in the grip of a great joy or grief, a nobleman behaves very much like a brick-layer; sometimes a trifle better, and sometimes, as in the case of the bazaar disaster in Paris, a good deal worse.

One fact not universally comprehended by persons who criticize the smart set on the stage is that there are many kinds of society. The group depicted in "Gallops" or "Lord and Lady Algy" is antipodally different from that shown in "The Coronet of the Duchess" or "His House in Order." The self-made men of "The Pit" and "The Lion and the Mouse" are miles removed from the aristocrats of "The Idler" or "A Royal Family." The gambling males and cigarette-smoking females in "The Walls of Jericho" and "The House of Mirth" have very little in common with the conservatives of "The Hypocrites" or "The Duke of Killicrankie." All society looks alike to the assistant dramatic editor, however, and if some girl delivers herself of a slang phrase he is quick to realize

that the playwright who created her can know nothing of good form.

The man who deals with fashionables on the stage fingers a pianoforte with a single octave. More than half of the conditions that produce sentiment and sensation in Harlem never get as far downtown as Fifth avenue. That is why most drawing-room dramas are worked out with the same characters and about the same stories. Someone has said that there do not exist more than three plots for farce; certainly not more than ten have been used in "society plays." Of these, the favorite is the tale of the good-for-nothing gentleman who goes away with the wife of the studious or hard-working hero. Sometimes, he is only *about* to go away with this malcontent when the hero aforesaid finds her at midnight in the "rooms" of his rival. The places in which a woman is found at midnight are always "rooms"; never, by any chance, chambers or apartments or a flat. Occasionally, the lady, or the gentleman, or both, are quite innocent of wrong-doing. The lady may have come to save the reputation of another lady, or to prepare a rarebit, but when the husband has tracked her by the fan that years of Wilde have not taught such callers to hide with them, he gets into a towering rage and doesn't get out again until the end of the fourth act.

Henry Arthur Jones calls tea the prop of our drama. I disagree with him. It is the careless lady with a *penchant* for nocturnal visits who makes the theatre possible in England and America. You don't believe it? Well, some of the comedies produced in New York between August and February in which this episode figured were "Popularity," "Man and His Angel," "The Chorus Lady," "The Three of Us," "The House of Mirth," "Daughters of Men," "The Straight Road," and "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." J. M. Barrie satirized the situation in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and then employed it for his most effective scene.

Of course, one or two pieces in the list given do not come strictly under

the head of drawing-room drama, but the fact remains that a majority of the young women who go calling on the stroke of twelve dive into indiscretion under Marcel waves. The coveting of his neighbor's wife is supposed to be a specialty of the society man, and so it is that so many comedies of manners are founded on that theme. The marriage of convenience is much used in plays of this type, too, as well as the *mesalliance* which afterward turns out well. Divorce is coming more and more into vogue as a subject. Then there are satires in which the follies of the smart set are held up to ridicule and execration; comedies in which the vulgarisms of a very rich man, usually an American and father of the heroine, are contrasted favorably with the culture of the aristocracy of Europe; and plays in which the wronged girl figures, wearing a wan expression and a becoming black dress. Add to these varieties that class of composition in which society is only the background for stories of politics, diplomacy, business or detective work, and we have pretty well come to the end of our possibilities.

Whatever else happens in the "society play," there is always a dance at which the juvenile lovers flirt, and the serious people discuss such tragic things as ruin and sudden death, while an orchestra "off at R." fiddles through "Love's Dream After the Ball." Next to elopements, ruin and sudden death are the chief necessities of the "society play." Whenever a gentleman gets on the wrong side of the market, or has the misfortune to possess a wife whose lover is the hero of the piece instead of the villain, he promptly kills himself. After witnessing a succession of offerings like "The Climbers" and "The Moth and the Flame" one is amazed to read that in the United States only about one hundredth of one per cent. of the population "cashes in its checks" self-endorsed.

If you have followed so far, gentle reader, you probably will join me in the conclusion that the "society play"

is nothing on earth but melodrama in a frock coat. The effectiveness of the play depends upon the completeness of the disguise; with the dramatic tailor rests the question whether you sniff or snuffle. Uncovered melodrama treating of fashionable folk is the funniest entertainment in the world, excepting "Charley's Aunt." Some fine evening when your brain cells are closed for repairs and you are weary of musical comedy, go over to Eighth avenue and see "Why Women Sin" or "A Working Girl's Wrongs." You will find that your class is responsible alike for the sins and the wrongs; that gentility is a thing to move virtuous burglars, comic green-grocers, and other honest men and women in the cast to a passion of righteous indignation. "I was ne'er so thrummed since I was gentleman," wrote Thomas Dekker in an ancient comedy of unprintable title, and it is my opinion that he penned the line after seeing his kind through the astigmatic glasses of Theodore Kremer. Small wonder, indeed! On Eighth avenue everybody sufficiently prosperous to be opposed to an income tax wears a high hat and lives in a "mansion." Apparently, "mansions" are not places in which privacy is to be had, since the Eighth avenue millionaire invariably comes out into the street when he wants to chat of personal affairs. Eighth avenue millionaires always are white-haired, drink cold tea and soda, plot machine-made murders, and have closets so full of skeletons that any physician might mistake them for anatomical museums. Little children, when you grow up be careful not to be an Eighth avenue millionaire!

The smart set have rather a hard time of it on any stage, and, for that matter, so does the author who dallies with the subject. If there is one thing in which the dramatic "four hundred" are lucky it is their servants. Nowhere else under the blue canopy of heaven are such perfectly trained menials as one sees through the proscenium arch. They would make the fortune of any of those agencies mis-

named "intelligence bureaus." I have already commented on the difficulties of the man who writes drawing-room drama. I have said that, if he has a stirring story to tell, he must disguise it. On the other hand, if his ambition is to compose comedies of manners, such as "The Liars," he must master the very fine art of interesting an audience for two hours without actually doing anything; of making a vacuum shimmer. The people in such "society plays" must talk like ordinary people who have been seeing "society plays." Their dialogue must be cynical and clever and just a bit what a witty Frenchman called "*sans chemise*." A "society play" excellently exemplifies the truth of the adage: "Nothing *risque*; nothing gained." Should the conversation be really bright, the critics may be counted upon to observe that real people never talk that way; but it is better to beard the critics than to bore the audience. If I may add to a line from "Clothes": Hell and the stage drawing-room are two places where there are no stupid people.

It is no easy matter for the average playwright to reproduce the atmosphere of Fifth avenue. Many of the nabobs one observes in the theatre fall about three hundred and sixty short of the "four hundred." Every second comedy of manners we see is a comedy of very bad manners. Men born with golden spoons in their mouths find it hard to articulate, and few of our fashionable families produce dramatists "who speak in a voice that fills the nation." Only the most successful of the craft get an opportunity to study society at first hand. Perhaps that is fortunate. "The drawback to realism," says Wilton Lackaye, "is the fate of the realist. If he goes into the slum he becomes base; if he goes into society he becomes soprano." The average social lion being the sort of man one could push over, we ought to be glad of the barrier between the pen, which only writes, and money, which talks. Vigor and virility are more essential to good drama than absolutely faithful

atmosphere. All other things being equal, the individual who would make the best pugilist would make the best playwright.

Notwithstanding, though this is less true every day, a majority of our "society plays" are marred by *gaucheries* of a serious nature. Glance over your mental list of tea-cup pieces presented recently. Clyde Fitch, who rarely offends in this respect, had one woman giving orders to the servant of another woman in "The Truth." Jack Neville, in the Elsie de Wolfe performance of "The Way of the World," whistled merrily while waiting in her parlor for his hostess. True, he didn't whistle very noisily, but that palliation only makes one think of the retort courteous supposed to have been administered by a well-bred woman after she had complained of a gentleman who whistled in her ball-room. "It was very low," pleaded the gentleman. "It *was*," answered the lady; "very low!"

Cynthia, in the comedy of that name by Hubert Henry Davies, received her husband while the hair-dresser and the manicure were employed with her. Dick Crawford, in "Caught in the Rain," tips a servant in the home of his friend, Mr. Mason. Everybody who visits Montgomery Brewster in the first act of "Brewster's Millions" comments most vulgarly on that hero's newly acquired wealth. Richard Burbank, in "Clothes," mistakes Miss Sherwood's piano for a hat-rack, while that lady permits herself to be led away from a dance without bidding farewell to her hostess. In "The House of Mirth," a sandless-souled hero, named Lawrence Selden, literally thrust himself past a protesting servant and into the rooms of Augustus Trenor. The young woman impersonated by Edna May in "The Catch of the Season" was given tiffin consisting of a hunk of bread two inches thick and tea in a cup that bore all the earmarks of belonging to that family of unbreakable table things that are used in the second cabin of ocean liners. These, of course, are trifles light as air, but

what shall be said of Charles Richman in evening dress and light boots in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," and of Margaret Dale in *décolleté* and walking hat in "Delancy"? Above all, what shall be said of the gentleman in "The Triangle" who stabbed his better-half with a carving knife at dinner? I may be ignorant of what I seek to teach, and utterly wrong about these other *faux pas*, but *that* certainly cannot be condemned too forcibly. It simply isn't done!

"Popularity," a "society play" recently acted at Wallack's, was a perfect mine of ill-breeding. In the first place, the Fuller drawing-room, as shown, was a flaring red, with a piano on which the manufacturer's name was printed in letters two inches high. During the evening there were several callers, whom the Fullers left quite alone for a period of fifteen minutes. The butler atoned for this rudeness by shaking hands with one of the guests, a young gentleman unfortunately crossed in love, and expressing sympathy for him. The young gentleman said he was much obliged. The climax of this singular exhibition was reached when a "matinee idol," dropping in without invitation on Papa Fuller, whom he had never met, lit a cigar, instructed the sympathetic butler to bring him spirituous liquor, and told his host a few things about gentlemen in general and the host himself in particular.

The familiarity of the butler in "Popularity" was as nothing to the behavior of the servants in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," where several menials seemed to subscribe heartily to Paul Blouet's idea that "America is a country in which every man is as good as his neighbor, and a damned sight better." The mother in the noisy farce of "Julie Bonbon," who objected to having her son marry a milliner, might have improved her own manners in any millinery shop on Fifth avenue. A chambermaid in "Susan in Search of a Husband" introduced two guests of the hotel, Vida Phillimore in "The New York Idea" received in her boudoir a nobleman who had been presented to her only

the day before; Mrs. O'Mara addressed her daughter and ignored the caller who was chatting with her in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." The reception room revealed in "The Daughters of Men" looked like the interior of a jewel box, and served as the meeting place of a wonderful collection of preternaturally stiff-backed men and women, representing the smart set as it is imagined by Charles Klein.

Fortunately, errors of good taste in staging "society plays" become fewer and less conspicuous every day. They are practically obsolete now at theatres like the Empire, the Hudson, the Lyceum, and the Belasco. With them has gone the time in which every fash-

ionable apartment was furnished in exactly the same way and had doors in exactly the same places. The producer who "dresses" a stage today buys precisely as though he had a commission to "dress" the home of a wealthy and intelligent client. Under these circumstances, it is particularly fortunate that the comedy of manners and the drama of the drawing-room have come to stay. Cultured people are pleasant companions in every-day life, and doubly pleasant when they have been idealized and super-refined for library or theatre. We can be glad of the evident fact that plays may come and plays may go, but the "society play" goes on forever.



THE LOVES THAT WITHER

By Edith Summers

THREE little songs lie buried,
All tear-bespread—
A song of love and a song of hope,
And a song of the dead.

They will rise again some dayspring
To sunlight red;
The song of love and the song of hope—
But not the song of the dead.



DIDN'T KNOW IT ALL

SHE—Your friend over there claims to be a woman-hater.
HE—Yes, but the lucky devil lacks experience. He has never been married.

THE DOFFING OF AN AUREOLE

By Pearl Wilkins

THE touring-car whirled slowly past the gypsy encampment. The snorting ponies, the barking dogs and bare-legged brown children scudding across the road caused the chauffeur unwillingly to slacken his speed.

Mrs. Farningham, riding in solitary state on the rear seat, gazed curiously at the spectacle of white-topped wagons, flapping tents and badly smoking campstoves, at dark-faced men standing at the heads of horses and at brown babies squalling in the arms of mothers whose great brass earrings and bead necklaces gave them an appearance that was at once barbaric and picturesque.

At the extreme end of the camp, a little apart from the others, a man and woman bent above a pot boiling over an open fire. They were young, handsome in a bold gypsy fashion, and the blue of the man's "jumper" and the gorgeous plaid of the girl's shawl stood out in vivid splashes in the colorless gloom of the October afternoon.

As Mrs. Farningham turned to look at them their heads suddenly "bumped," and the man, making a quick movement, kissed the girl lightly on the ear. Their shrill laughter rose above the rumble of the car. The chauffeur looked around.

"I know it ain't a pretty sight," he apologized, "but I had to slow up on account of the kids."

Mrs. Farningham said nothing. She was sick with envy of the two bending over the fire. She had turned half-way in her seat to look at them and she remained thus, straining her eyes and watching till the car left them far behind. Among her furs and rugs she

moved restlessly. They stifled her. She tugged at the silver clasps of her Russian sables, letting the chill wind blow upon her throat. In her heart was a wild longing to tear them all off, to jump from the slowly moving car and run back over the rain-wet road to the couple cooking their supper over the brushwood fire.

She wanted to say that she was one of them, to plead with them to take her with them, to tell them that, pulling at her heartstrings as at theirs, was "ever the desire to be up and away," the roving fever, the *Wanderlust*. She wanted to beg for a share of their supper, to ask for a place in the white-topped wagon, and a blanket to wrap around her at night. She wanted to feel cold and hungry and sleepy. . . .

Once more the chauffeur looked back.

"I guess we'll go a little faster," said he. "It looks some like rain."

Mrs. Farningham nodded absently. She had not heard a word. Her thoughts were busy with that scene back at the gypsy-camp. It had stirred something in her blood, roused something which in her ever slept lightly—a wild, pagan thing which Sunday-school books would have denounced as her bad angel and whose twin was the sweetly-serious, carefully-conventional Puritan whom the world knew as Mrs. Farningham.

Now suddenly awakened it would not be quiet. All the time they sped along the muddy country road it whispered to her. When the road gave way to a macadamized boulevard and far-off and muffled the familiar roar of the city sounded in their ears, she still heard it, and when finally the car swept up a

short drive-way of leafless locust trees and came to a halt before an imposing, many-windowed house of rough gray stone, it alighted with her, followed her up the broad steps, past doors that opened for her, dogging her up the dimly-lighted stairway through the rich gloom of her boudoir into the privacy of her bedroom.

The bedroom was scantily furnished. A bed, a chair or two, a dressing-table of polished wood, hanging over it a mirror in a silver frame, flanked on either side by an unlighted candle in a candlestick of wrought gold—these were the only objects in the room.

Her hat and wraps removed, Mrs. Farningham went at once to the mirror. It was a habit of hers, bred not from vanity but from loneliness, because for many years now the eyes that gazed at her from the mirror were the only ones in which she ever saw sympathy. However, it was not sympathy she saw in them now, but scorn.

"You little white-faced thing!" she said angrily to the pale face that looked reproachfully back at her from the mirror, "you little white-faced thing, how I hate you! Why couldn't you have curly hair and dimples and pink cheeks and freckles scattering over your nose? Perhaps you are beautiful in your way—but what a way it is! 'A saint's eyes,'" she mocked, quoting from an admirer, "'in a face coldly sweet, like a nun's!'" And how many more times are those lines of Elizabeth Barrett's to be quoted at you?—

'And if a painter saw her
He would paint her
With a halo round her hair.'

But who cares for halos or for saints?"

She struck her hands sharply together. "Why don't you tell them the truth some time," she asked of the face in the looking-glass, "when they are spouting quotations at you? Why don't you say to them that you are not 'meek, pale-blooded, prayerful,' that you despise church societies, and charity bazaars, and as for slumming, it only excites in you a wild envy of those who enjoy the luxury of being themselves? Why don't you confess

that you are elemental, primitive, non-complex; that you loathe pale heliotrope, 'ashes of roses,' suggestions of shades and adore reds and yellows; that you are alive, breathing—a woman, not a painting hung on a wall or a statue set above a shrine? Think of it—you to be set on a pedestal, quoted at, sung to, revered from afar! You in whose veins the red blood of adventurers, fighters, lovers of happy chances, quarrels ever with that pale pink fluid from which you derive your saint's face, your bearing of a convent girl."

She closed her eyes. "If I could have been that gypsy," she sighed, "that girl we passed by the roadside! I would have been a gay and happy beggar, a fortune-teller, a singer of old songs for a penny. I would have gone hungry, and shivered and feasted and *lived*. I would have slept on a bed of straw and cooked my supper in an iron kettle over a brushwood fire."

Her eyes opened. There it was again, looking at her accusingly from the mirror—the sweet, cold face, infinitely lovely, infinitely piteous. Involuntarily she flung up her hand as if to blot out the despised image. Her lips began to quiver, then a new thought curved them suddenly into a smile. She laughed.

"How you would look," she said, "with your saint's face bending over a frying-pan!"

She moved away from the mirror, still smiling.

"I think I shall read 'Walden' a while," she told herself. "Somehow old Thoreau with his bean crops, his fishing, his wanderings through the woods, cheers one."

She pushed aside the curtains that separated the bedroom from her boudoir, going to a low bookcase and rummaging through it.

The book was not there and she thought of the library below.

She opened the door and passed down the long stairs. On the threshold of the library, for a moment she paused. Her husband stood in the centre of the room looking out through the deep-

multioned windows into the grayness of the afternoon. One hand, ornamented as to the little finger with a ring of chased silver, embracing in a setting of diamonds a moonstone big as a marble, held a half-consumed cigarette; the other grasped her book. At her step he turned. His face, uncommunicative, baffling, undeniably handsome, was only a shade less pale than her own, his manner many degrees more languid.

"Ah, Jacqueminot," he said, "I was just wishing to see you. Did you enjoy your ride?"

"Very much, thank you, Lawrence," she responded, without enthusiasm.

He threw his cigarette into the wood fire that burned beneath the mantelpiece and pulled forward an easy-chair.

She made a slight inclination of her head.

"No, do not bother," she said formally. "I will not sit down. I came to look for a book—Thoreau's 'Walden.' I see you have it there."

For the fraction of a second Lawrence Farningham raised his eyebrows.

"Thoreau's 'Walden'!" he repeated. "I did not think that you—that women would care much for Thoreau."

"Only to say that they know him," said Jacqueminot distantly. Her eyes were on the silver ring sparkling in the firelight, as his hand rested on the back of a leather chair. She was wondering for the hundredth time how a ring that might have belonged to a pawnbroker, a parvenu, the bourgeois banker of a bourgeois town, happened to be on the finger of Lawrence Farningham. She recalled her wandering thoughts with a start as he made a motion to give her the book.

"I do not like to be selfish"—her tone was properly gracious—"if you are reading it."

Farningham smiled. "I was just dipping into parts," he assured her. "I have read it—so long ago that I have forgotten it. I had thought my copy lost. I have not seen it about for a long time."

"That one, I think, is mine," explained Jacqueminot.

With a slight air of surprise he turned to the fly-leaf.

"'Jacqueminot Carlyle,'" he read, staring at the written words. "Jacqueminot! A quaint name and a pretty one, but somehow it doesn't seem to suit you. I shouldn't have thought your mother would have named you 'Jacqueminot.'"

"She didn't," said Jacqueminot, courteously if coldly. "It was my da—my father. My mother," she smiled a little, "my mother wanted to call me 'Evangeline.'"

"Yes, I think that would have been better," agreed her husband seriously. "But I would have called you neither. I should have named you 'Cecilia' or 'Natalie.' Yes, that is it—'Natalie'! That is how I think of you—'Natalie.' But pardon me," extending the book, "I am detaining you."

She took the volume and was turning to go, when he stopped her.

"Just a moment more," he said. "Saddler & Finch—my lawyers, you know—telegraphed me this morning. There are business matters for me to look into; papers to sign and that sort of thing. I shall be gone about three weeks. It's a confounded bore."

Jacqueminot looked at him with her saint's eyes.

"Yes," she said in clear, chill tones, "I should think it must be. Let me see, this is the fourth time, is it not, since our relieved relatives congratulated us and packed us off, that you have been called away on business? And we have been happily wedded almost a year, have we not? Four trips in such a short time! It is certainly annoying!"

Again for the fraction of a second her husband's eyebrows lifted.

"You mean——?" he asked tentatively.

"Nothing," she answered coldly. "You start tomorrow? Then I shall see you at dinner."

The door closed softly behind her as she left him.

But upstairs in her little sanctuary,

seated again before her mirror, her calm deserted her.

"Do you know," she said, staring at the white face that looked back at her, "do you know that he *lied* to you? Yes, lied to you and did not care whether you knew it or not. . . . I wonder what she is like," she mused, after a pause, "this woman for whose sake he lies to you and leaves you for long weeks to mope alone in this horrible house. Has she a 'saint's eyes,' do you think, 'in a face coldly sweet like a nun's'?" She strangled a sigh. "Oh, you little white-faced saint!" she said. "I am sorry for you. Yes, I am. To think that you could not tell him that you *knew*! And that you hated him and his pale face, his drooping eyelids, his drawl, his servants, his chairs, his tables—everything of his! That you only asked to get away from it all and from him till you could forget. And please do not look at me so with those owl eyes of yours," she implored of her pathetic *vis-à-vis*. "You will drive me mad! You have made your bed, or, rather, your elders have made it for you, and now you must lie in it. You have a martyr's face. It is fitting that you should live a martyr's life."

Among the silver-backed brushes and bottles of cut-glass that littered the dressing-table her hands fell heavily; her head dropped upon them.

"Oh, I am so lonesome," she sobbed, "so lonesome!"

Marie, her pretty French maid, coming in after an exhilarating flirtation with the coachman, found her thus in the deepening twilight.

"Eet is zat brute, monsieur," said Marie angrily to herself.

The next day it rained, steadily, relentlessly, fiercely beating against the windows. From her boudoir looking out over the tops of locust-trees Jacqueminot watched her husband drive away in the downpour. The dull ache that was in her breast was rising to her throat, but she pushed it down with two mild white hands. She must not care! She did not care. She hated him anyway. She was only envious

of him, of his freedom to go when he pleased, where he pleased, of his utter disregard of storm or shine. If she, too, might go out and buffet with the storm it would cool the fever that fretted her.

At the thought she suddenly raised the window and leaned out in the pouring rain, letting the swiftly coming drops splash against her face.

"*Mon Dieu, madame!*" The exclamation came from behind her. She turned quickly to face Marie, round-eyed, open-mouthed, in the doorway.

The window came down with a bang. "This house is kept insufferably hot," complained Jacqueminot peevishly. "It is really oppressive in here."

All that day she could settle herself to nothing. The mirror she avoided. She knew so well how that little saint's face must look. She wandered from room to room, from window to window, now looking into a book, now beginning a letter, now trying a piece of music at the piano. Once she even peered into her husband's "special den." She was not very familiar with it. It was one of the rooms in the house which she seldom visited.

She entered and looked about her, at the rugs of rare weaves, at etchings precious as matched pearls, at cabinets overflowing with artistic baubles, at low lounging-chairs, at books and magazines lying about everywhere, at polished tables littered with ash-trays, tobacco jars and cigarettes upon whose surface appeared a monogram in dull gold letters.

Jacqueminot regarded them with scorn. These, the manifestations of a taste over-cultivated, hypercritical, fastidious in the most superlative sense of the word, aroused in her a feeling of ungovernable contempt. This was the kind of man he was! The very room spoke of him. Not a stick in it but was stamped with his personality. It was as though he were standing there in the position she knew and hated—feet apart, head thrown back, his eyes half-closed, the beginning of a satirical smile upon his face.

Seized with a fierce anger with the picture her own fancy had called up,

Jacqueminot stamped her foot. She would show him!

Near her on an inlaid tabouret stood a vase, thin as an eggshell, painted and polished with infinite care. Her eye fell upon it. She raised her arm, doubled her fingers and with one blow shattered it in a million pieces. The fragments clattered loudly on the floor as her arm dropped slowly against her side. White and startled she stared down at them. Again it seemed that her husband was beside her, his satirical smile deepened, his eyebrows a notch higher. She heard his drawing voice, his words, "Tantrums, primitive, bourgeois." Trembling, she gathered her skirts about her and walked out of the room, leaving the scattered fragments upon the floor.

The little outburst, however, childish as it was, had done her good. For the rest of the day she was very quiet. Tomorrow she promised herself she would go for a long walk.

But alas for plans! The next day Jacqueminot woke again to the sound of locust branches scraping together in the wind and saw, as on the day before, raindrops trickling ceaselessly down the clouded panes like tears on a white cheek.

She had no appetite for the dainty breakfast the maid brought up to her, and after she had dressed stood for a long time with her face pressed against a window, staring out into the storm.

In the adjoining room Marie, attacked perhaps by a milder form of the fever that tormented her mistress, was delving into the depths of closets, bringing to light last season's wraps and gowns. Presently she came into the boudoir, her piquant face crowned with the coquettish frill of lace she called a cap just visible over a heaping armful of garments.

"Madame will not want these?" she said, as her mistress turned from the window. "I may take them to ze attic—yes?"

Jacqueminot was nodding a careless assent when she caught sight of a dangling red sleeve. She laid her hand upon it.

"Oh, Marie," she said, "leave this." She pulled from the girl's suddenly loosened grasp a shabby gown of red cashmere.

"You see," she explained, catching sight of Marie's astonished face, "I used to wear this long ago—in the school-room. Mama always hated it, but I loved it the best of all my frocks because it was the first I ever planned alone." She shook it out lovingly.

"Oh, no, Marie," she said. "I cannot let you take this to the attic. It is like a dead flower. It brings back old times." She sighed.

Above the mound of discarded chiffons and last Winter's furs Marie's bright eyes moistened in sympathy.

"*Je vous demande pardon*," she said, and went softly from the room. In her romantic little head was a vision of madame as she must have been before the time of "zat brute, Monsieur Farningham," arrayed in the red gown stealing out to meet someone—was it the music-master or drawing-teacher of those "school days"?

Marie's beliefs would have been strengthened could she have looked upon her mistress seated in her boudoir, smoothing out every wrinkle of the red gown, caressing every fold of it.

She looked down at her charming *négligée* of lace and silk with something of the scorn she had felt the day before for the furnishings of her husband's den. With one fierce jerk she tore it off and flung it half-way across the room. Then with a laugh, she plunged head-first, schoolgirl fashion, into the red dress, fastening it with hurried fingers. The few hairpins remaining in her tumbled locks she shook out, and braided her hair into two long plaits. Then searching swiftly through a number of drawers she at length pulled forth a fuzzy white tam-o'-shanter cap and pinned it rakishly on one side of her head.

When she was ready she walked to the mirror, not looking up till she stood directly before it. Then she raised her eyes. For a moment she stared incredulous. Why—what—? The vision that confronted her, a vision with

warmly flushed cheeks, hair tousled into a faint suggestion of waviness, eyes alight, and a smile pert, insouciant, alluring, was not that of a saint! Jacqueminot's smile blossomed into a laugh.

"You little thing, you," she bubbled. "You are—yes, you are quite pretty!"

In an ecstasy of delight she leaned forward and kissed the reflection of her laughing mouth.

Steps on the stair made her fly to the door and bolt it. They passed on and she came back more slowly. An idea was taking root in her mind. When she looked in the mirror again her eyes had a venturesome glint. She rested her elbow on the dressing-table and gazed into the glass at the saucy image there, which flung back smile for smile, pout for pout. Her breath came a little quickly.

"I dare you!" she said suddenly. The apparition before her only smiled, but the glint in the eyes had deepened.

Jacqueminot clapped her hands. "Silence means assent," she translated. "We'll do it."

The curtains fell behind her as she disappeared within her dressing-room. In an incredibly short time she emerged flushed, breathless, in the act of depositing within an otherwise empty suit-case the fuzzy white tam. Upon her head, draped effectively with a thick automobile veil, was a large black hat with many drooping plumes. Her long dark raincoat was unbuttoned, showing down the front a narrow line of red that was the schoolgirl frock. She fastened it carefully from collar to hem so that no hint of red appeared, and then, unbolting the door, pressed an electric button over her writing-desk.

A girl in cap and apron came hastily up the stairs and opened the door. Mrs. Farningham stood in the middle of the room.

"Anna," she said to the astonished servant, "ask Thomas to get out the carriage immediately. I want him to drive me to the station."

The maid bowed and went out. In a little while she came back. Her face was troubled.

"Oh, madame," she objected, "it's stormin' awful. Thomas says unless it's very important, he don't like to take the horses out. Besides——"

Jacqueminot waved her aside with one small gloved hand. "Bring my suit-case," she commanded.

In the end the carriage was brought around. Thomas, sulky and mystified, helped her into it and whirled her away to the station. There Jacqueminot studied a time-table and dismissed the man. When he had gone she went directly to the ticket-office.

"What sort of a place is Pine Needle Gulch?" she inquired. The agent smiled.

"Want to go there?" he asked. "It's a kind o' lumber-camp, I b'lieve. Some ninety miles distant. Want to go there?" he repeated. "Train's due soon."

Jacqueminot put down the money and took the ticket.

A little later she stepped into a car and noticed thankfully that it was almost empty. She went at once to the dressing-room. When she came out she passed on hurriedly to the next car. She was again transformed. Her long black raincoat, her veil, her plumed hat reposed within her suit-case. Once more upon her dark locks the white tam sat rakishly. Below the waist of her red gown dangled, girl-fashion, her long braids.

She found a seat across the aisle from a fat German "*Hausfrau*" whose tow-headed children overflowed three seats. Another time, at their incessant chatter, their sticky faces, their endless journeys for ice-water, the smell of damp leather upon their feet, Jacqueminot might have felt a mild disgust. Now she smiled upon the stickiest of the lot.

A sense of adventure was making the blood dance in her veins. Childishly happy, she settled herself in her seat. Her pulses were tingling deliciously. She had not the slightest idea concerning the place for which she was bound, had never seen it, never heard of it, never read of it even. But "Pine Needle Gulch"! It was a name to conjure with! A waft of the woods, of

free places, seemed to come with it. She giggled like a schoolgirl as she thought of her mother's angry face, her husband's lifted brows should they hear of this escapade. But they never would! Why spoil her frolic by calling up unpleasant possibilities?

With a smile reckless and irresponsible Jacqueminot dismissed them.

The hours slipped by. The rain still beat against the closed windows. Jacqueminot wondered if the whole country was not flooded. In the sodden fields that flashed by her she could see great ponds and lakes. Through the drifting veil of rain the landscape looked blurred and indistinct. Vegetation drooped despondently; everything was soaked, dripping. At stations where the train stopped, people hurried into the cars wet and spattered with mud, the water trickling in streams from their shiny umbrellas.

The gloomy afternoon waned. It was growing darker. Across the aisle the German *Hausfrau* leaned far back in her seat. In the semi-gloom Jacqueminot could make out her closed eyes, her open mouth. The tow-headed children were nodding in their seats. A train-hand came in and turned on the lights in swinging transparent globes, banging the door as he went out. Outside, the wind was rising steadily, the rain was driven in sharp spats against the panes.

Jacqueminot, emerging from the dreamy lassitude which had held her for the past hour, looked out into the wild night and shivered a little. The blood no longer danced in her veins. She felt afraid, almost. She rubbed away the steam which had gathered on the pane, trying to pierce the darkness. Where was she? What sort of country was this? Mountains? Why hadn't she paid more attention to the road?

The German woman was gathering up her satchels and parcels.

"Rudolph," she said to one of the tow-headed youngsters, "wake up und pud on your hat. Dis is vere ve git off."

The whistle blew a long, wavering

blast. A bell commenced ringing. As the speed of the train decreased there could be heard the howling of the wind, the swift patter of the rain. A man in uniform flung open a door, bringing with him a gust of wind and water.

"Pine Needle Gulch!" he bawled.

The train stopped. The German dame was marshaling her little tribe.

Jacqueminot rose, grasping her suitcase with both hands. White and panic-stricken she followed the *Hausfrau* and her company out of the car, down the little iron steps into the blinding rain.

"Why, where——?" she began. A great gust of wind tore the words out of her mouth, nearly lifting her off her feet. The rain stung like nettles. She looked around for the German woman, for anyone! In the intense darkness she could see nothing. Near her the ground began to quiver and shake, wheels started to revolve, a long row of lighted windows flashed by her and the train sped on into the night.

Jacqueminot was left alone. More frightened than she had ever been in her life she ran across the tracks, plunging at every step ankle-deep in puddles of water. Where was the station? Had she got off on the wrong side? Above the terrifying roar of the wind, no sound could be heard. Already she was wet to the skin. Shaking with fright and cold she stopped once more and looked wildly about her. Somewhere in the darkness a blurred light gleamed, not the red and green glow of the signal lights, but a real light. Blindly she ran for it, stumbling at length against a door. Pausing neither to knock nor ring, she felt for the knob, found it, pushed open the door, and burst into the room.

For a moment the light blinded her, and she saw nothing. Then with a gasp of relief she stepped forward, the rain still lashing her, the wind reaching after her through the open door, her white tam still fastened rakishly on her dark hair, her dress

gleaming blood-red in the lamplight. The slat seats on one side of the room, the grating above the counter on the other side told her that she had found the station.

The ticket-agent came forward.

"Can you tell me——?" began Jacqueminot and suddenly stopped.

At the sound of her voice, a man cramming wood into a little air-tight stove in the centre of the room turned, poker in hand, and stared at her. Jacqueminot stared back. Her eyes fell upon his high boots, splashed with mud, his blue flannel shirt slightly open at the neck, the cap set jauntily on his blond head, the corn-cob pipe in his mouth, without a thought of recognition, and from them to the hand that held the poker, a shapely hand, ornamented as to the little finger with a ring of chased silver, embracing, in a setting of diamonds, a moonstone big as a marble. There could be only one ring like that in the world! With a little sob Jacqueminot ran to him.

"Lawrence!" she cried. "Lawrence!"

The poker and the corn-cob pipe dropped with a clatter to the bare floor. Lawrence Farningham stepped suddenly backward.

"Not—not Jacqueminot!" he stammered.

The ticket-agent got up and closed the door. He was staring with all his might.

Farningham clutched her arm. "In God's name!" he exclaimed, "has anything happened? Why are you here?"

Jacqueminot's suit-case slid from her weak grasp to the floor. She looked like a mischievous child brought to judgment for its misdeeds. "Nothing has happened," she managed to say. "I am here because—because——" She laughed hysterically, suddenly conscious of the "operator" looking on amazed and frankly curious. "Well, I am here because I am lost!"

"Lost?"

"Yes. I was on my way to Hildegarde's. I suppose I must have been asleep at Dixon—where I should have changed, you know. At any rate, I did not hear anything until the name of

this station was called. I was confused, frightened. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I got off——" The incredulous look in her husband's eyes brought the hot blood to her face. "I wish you would take me to a hotel," she broke off abruptly. "I am very tired."

"A hotel!" The exclamation was the ticket-agent's. Behind her he laughed loudly in an ecstasy of mirth.

Jacqueminot bit her lips.

"There is no hotel," explained Farningham.

She looked up in surprise. "Why, where do you stay?"

Farningham looked embarrassed.

"I?" he said. "Oh, I have built me a shack on the top of a mountain. You wouldn't like it. The roof leaks and the windows rattle in the wind like a milk-wagon. Besides, it's a stiff climb up there."

Jacqueminot felt as if solid ground was slipping from under her feet. Her eyes were wide open.

"You in a shack on the top of a mountain!"

Farningham shrugged his shoulders. "I don't ask you to go there, Jacqueminot," he reminded her.

"But I want to go," declared Jacqueminot, suddenly filled with an overpowering curiosity. "I—I don't think I should mind the climb. Please take me with you."

"I couldn't think of it, Jacqueminot," her husband replied firmly. "You don't know what it is like. You'd think it horrible. You see, I know your tastes. I know you——"

"Do you?" interrupted Jacqueminot pointedly. Her tone more than the words startled him. Once more he turned and looked at her, once more he seemed to regard her *tout ensemble*, her rakish white tam, the dangling braids, her short red gown.

"Come if you like, then," he said briefly, and picked up her suit-case.

Jacqueminot took it from him. "My raincoat," she explained.

Farningham helped her on with it and got into his own overcoat.

"Here, Sam," he said, handing the suit-case to the grinning ticket-agent,

"keep this till we call for it. This lady is Mrs. Farningham, come to see what mischief I've been into, I suppose." Jacqueminot marveled at his bantering tone.

The ticket-agent ducked his head.

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Larry," he said affably. "I've often wondered what Larry's lady looked like, an' now I see. 'Fraid you'll have a rough climb." He walked to the door and wrenched it open. "Blacker than a stack of black cats!" he announced. "An' rainin' like the dickens. You folks better stay here."

Farningham looked at Jacqueminot. "We'll try it," said he. "If it proves too much for us we'll come back."

He held out his hand and Jacqueminot laid her own, from which she had removed her dripping glove, within it.

"Good night!" shouted the operator.

"Good night!" they shouted back.

The door slammed behind them and they plunged into the storm.

For a moment, as when she descended from the train, Jacqueminot felt the wind almost sweep her off her feet. The rain still poured and she could not see a foot before her. Farningham, however, led the way confidently. At every step the wind flung itself against them. Its roar was deafening. The two bent almost double as they fought against it. Yet even with the rain slapping her face, the wind tearing at her like an enraged beast, the crash and din of the storm sounding in her ears till they hurt, Jacqueminot's heart was singing within her. This—this was glorious! The damp deliciousness of the odor that arose from the rain-soaked earth was in her nostrils. She felt a strange exhilaration. Once with a flutter of wings and a flash of fiery eyes in the darkness, a bird hurled itself across their path. Farningham shouted something about its being only an owl and not to be afraid. Under the cover of the darkness Jacqueminot smiled. In her brain, keeping time to the steady patter of the rain, ran lines remembered from an old magazine, something about

"The carriage wheels roll smoothly, but my feet

Would fain upon the roughest road be free. Little I'd care how black the night might be, If my beloved reached his hand to me."

Then as the meaning of the words came to her more clearly, the smile became a very grimace.

"My beloved"! "My beloved" was probably furious with her. Yet—and then wonder over finding him in such a place, his changed manner, his dress, once again, as at the station, swept away every sensation except surprise.

And now they were turning so that the wind no longer struck them in the face. They began the ascent of a steep road which led them among thickly-standing pine-trees whose shadows only intensified the blackness that hung like a curtain before them. Here, shut out by rows upon rows of underbrush and trees whose branches arched almost to the point of closing above the narrow road, the roar of the wind was subdued to a sullen murmur. On the thick carpet of pine-needles the rain fell without a sound.

Under a tree whose low branches brushed against their faces they stopped to recover their breath, and when they went on again Farningham spoke.

"Now, Jacqueminot," he said, "what is the meaning of this—this masquerade? How did you find out about this place, and what are you doing here, dressed as you are? You can hardly expect me to swallow the story you told at the station. Of course I appreciated your reasons for not speaking more plainly there. But now—now let's have the truth."

"To be sure," came Jacqueminot's voice out of the darkness. "You first."

"I? Oh—er—I see. Well, my explanation is soon made. As you may or may not know, this place is a lumber-camp. Practically it belongs to me. Before my time, to my father. Nevertheless I have nothing to do here. Everything is done for me. When I told you the other day that I was called away on business, I lied, as you knew. I have been lying about these trips for ten years—ever since I

first discovered the place. I got into the habit because of my people. I knew I could never make them understand. Someone has said that it is easier to play a part than to be one's self. It is true. Being one's self involves disagreements, quarrels, accusations of eccentricity and the like. I chose the alternative. In another station of life I suppose I would have worked till I dropped, trying to wring from an ungracious Providence the very thing which I now regard superciliously, the things which bore me, which drive me to a shack on a mountain-top, to the society of log-haulers and wood-choppers." Abruptly he stopped. "That is my explanation," he said.

There was a little silence. In it could be heard the little mountain torrent splashing on the rocks as it lost itself in the undergrowth, the drip of the rain on the wet leaves, the sound of the wind sobbing through the pine-trees.

Then Jacqueminot said calmly: "Well, that is my explanation, too."

"Yours? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Then I shall make it plainer. I mean that there are two of us! I mean that the statue has stepped down from the pedestal, the saint cast away her aureole! I mean that I, too, have been *en masque*, that I too am flesh and blood, that all my life long I too have dreamed of a hut in the mountains, a shack in the woods, a place where I could be one with the sunshine, the air and the good green earth!" Jacqueminot felt her husband's hand tighten suddenly on hers, and for a moment her voice faltered. Then she went on quickly.

"That day I found you in the library, you remember I had come from a spin in the country. On the roadside about five miles out of town we passed a camp of gypsies. Something in their care-free air, their contented, devil-may-care faces aroused in me a childish envy. I felt myself akin to them. I, too, would go a-gypsying. All the way home I indulged in dull anger at

the fate which condemned me for life to a meaningless routine of dinners, dances, teas, receptions at houses which I hated and journeys so arranged that they were like nothing but a series of kaleidoscopic pictures. Yesterday, throughout the whole day I was in a fever. The rain prevented my going out. No one came. I was bored to death. I endured it as long as I could, and then this morning in a spirit of revolt I arrayed myself in these relics of my girlhood and set forth in search of adventure. I suppose you will not believe me when I tell you that I never knew of this place—never heard of it till I saw the name on a time-table. I'll admit that my narrative sounds hysterical, but—but it is true."

"My dear child!" groaned Farningham, gripping her hand so hard that it hurt, "why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Tell you?" Jacqueminot laughed wildly. "Tell you? How could I tell you? You with your over-cultivated tastes, your lifted brows, your satirical smile! How could I know? How could I guess?" The words seemed to choke her. "The other day," she went on, "when—when you lied to me, I thought I knew! I guessed. I believed you had gone to see some girl! I was very lonesome. I—I——"

Her voice broke. She stumbled over a treacherous log and all but fell headlong in the dark, slippery road. The next moment an arm went round her and a cheek pressed close against her own, wet as it was with rain and tears.

"Jacqueminot, my little, little girl," whispered a voice out of the rain and the night. And Jacqueminot knew she would never be lonely again.

Exactly a week from that eventful night, in a little pine shack on the top of a mountain a man and girl sat playing the antiquated game of euchre. Outside, as on that other night, the wind roared unceasingly and the rain strummed a wild tune on the shingle roof. Inside, in a great fireplace clumsily built of unhewn stones, a

glorious fire crackled and laughed, sending dancing shadows across the ceiling and over the faces of the card-players. Presently with a little laugh of triumph the girl gathered up the cards.

"There!" she exclaimed gleefully. "You're beaten again. That makes four times, doesn't it? I don't believe you want to win. You certainly don't play as if you did."

"Gentlemen never beat their wives," said Farningham gravely. He was looking at a little red scar, marring temporarily the whiteness of her hand. He reached across the table and took the scarred little member in his own.

"How did you burn your hand, Jackie?" he inquired.

She tossed her head. "Popping corn for you, of course," she replied in an injured tone.

He lifted her fingers to his lips.

"Shall I kiss it and make it well?" he asked.

"Silly!" said Jacqueminot. "Whatever shall I do with you when we return to civilization! And you must get out of the habit of calling me 'Jackie.' I can see my mother's face if she should hear you."

Farningham laughed boyishly. "Well, she'll have to stand it just as the rest do," he declared. "For henceforth 'Jackie' is your name, and 'Jackie' I shall call you to my dying day."

"Ah," said Jacqueminot wickedly, "and have you so soon forgotten your fondness for 'Cecilia' and that sad, sweet name, 'Natalie'?"

Farningham gaily kissed her hand again.

"To the ash-bin with 'Cecilia' and 'Natalie,'" he exclaimed happily. "Let 'em repose there with your discarded aureole."



THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

By Theodosia Garrison

THAT was a garden beautiful
Wherein I walked one day,
A toiler in the dusty roads,
Who had no right to stray
A hand-breadth from the weary path
Wherein her duty lay.

That was a garden beautiful—!
(And oh, the road was long!)
Think you that He who set my task
Will count my waiting wrong,
Seeing I stayed to break one rose,
Then turned with hands thrice strong?

That was a garden beautiful—
Ah, well, what man may say
That when before my Master's feet,
The finished tasks I lay,
That rose I turned aside to pluck
May glad Him more than they!

THE LADY OF THE MUSEUM STEPS

By Charles Battell Loomis

THERE are people in the world who have a marvelous memory for faces. Alexander is said to have known by sight every soldier in that army of his that conquered the world. Some there are who let face after face go by like the man in Laboulaye's fairy-tale of "The Three Citrons" until at last they see eyes, nose and mouth that become forever enshrined in their hearts.

Raymond Coulter, of New York, had just landed in London with intent to pass a month in England before resuming his law practice.

He was two years out of Yale, moderately well-off, handsome, agreeable, retiring and heart-whole. Many women he had seen and admired, but never the one to make him change his moods and manners and dance attendance upon her in hope of winning her affection.

There had been pretty girls, lively girls, intellectual girls on the steamer that had brought him over, but his heart beat not one whit the faster when he looked at them, or jested with them, or seriously conversed with them.

His hotel was in Bloomsbury near the British Museum, and, as much to have its inspection over with at once as for any reason, he turned toward that gloomy building which has echoed the high voices of so many pretty American women.

As he mounted the steps and threw away his cigarette, after having paused to watch the mincing motion of the flock of tame pigeons that frequent the courtyard, he heard a low, rippling laugh, and looking up he saw a girl of about twenty coming out of the portico in company with an elderly woman.

One look at that face and his peace of mind was gone. Quite to the point of rudeness he drank in her features until he felt he could have drawn them from memory had he possessed the slightest talent as an artist.

And yet he could not have described her. She was beautiful, so beautiful that London immediately took second place and became merely the town that enshrined the most lovely being in the world; yet it was not the details of her beauty that appealed to him so much as their ravishing totality.

He stood on the steps watching her as she passed him, chatting gaily with her companion, and at last turned into Montague street and was lost to sight.

He went into the Museum and entered the room of the illuminated manuscripts, but there was a face that would have illuminated any book in the room, and that was all he saw. With preoccupied air he followed the crowd and found himself among the Egyptian mummies. Her face looked out of the embalmed shrouds at him until at last he found himself stooping over a mummified cat, and then his sense of humor came to his rescue and saved him from seeing her as a sacred feline.

The British Museum had nothing for him after that. Whoever the girl was, she had been born for him. It was with no small sense of elation that he had noticed that she on her part had looked at him with interest. He was sure that if he could find her he could bind her to him—within a reasonable time.

Day after day he haunted Bloomsbury and the various art galleries and

places of historic interest in the hope that he would again meet her. That she was an American he was certain; that she was traveling he also knew, for he had heard her say to her companion, "I'm going to take some back even if I have to smuggle them."

His trip was a failure. London possessed nothing if it did not possess this lovely woman who had set his heart on fire. Two weeks sooner than he had intended he booked passage on a steamer running to New York, the *Minnetonka*. His heart told him that "She" had returned to America, and his ear had told him that she was an Easterner, for she neither rolled her r's nor yet ignored them as a Westerner or Southerner would have done.

When he arrived in New York he was going to try to find her—and yet they say the eyes of love are blind.

Not a soul at his table interested him. There were two attractive young women and two traveling men, an elderly lady, the second officer and himself; with one vacant seat said to be engaged by a young woman who was ill.

It was on the second day out that Coulter went in to dinner and found that every seat was occupied. There were the bluff second officer, the two pretty and vivacious girls, the two yarn-telling drummers, the elderly lady and the one who had hitherto been ill. He did not look at her until he had given his order, and then he felt someone looking at him intently and he raised his eyes.

Was it possible? Had the gods been kind to him? Had a miracle been performed for his benefit?

Yes, there sat the divine being whom he had passed on the Museum steps. And what is more, she evidently remembered him.

First his appetite left him and then returned and he ate the first hearty meal of the voyage—an effect of love so unusual as to call for notice.

That "She" was not flirtatious he saw at once, and being of a staid disposition himself, it gratified him. He had talked with all the others at the

table, following the *camaraderie* of steamer life, but to her he would not speak without an introduction.

All that evening he promenaded the upper deck, filled with the happiest emotions. What had induced him to book passage on that ship and cancel passage on the sister one? The fact that she was to be on board; the instinct of love. It was a happy augury. He felt that she and he had been created for each other. Not at all a self-confident man, he was, nevertheless, so obsessed by love for her that he had not a single doubt of the successful issue of his fortune.

It was at dinner the next day that he obtained the desired introduction, and then it came about in this wise: The bluff second officer saw Coulter looking longingly and, it is to be admitted, with sheep's eyes at the lovely face opposite him, and he blurted out:

"Say, why don't you two talk to each other? Miss Curtis, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Coulter. Mr. Coulter, shake hands with Miss Curtis."

Miss Curtis blushed a rosy red. Coulter could have brained the boorish fellow, but he refrained and said, "I'm pleased to meet you"—the truest statement he had ever made and yet not the whole truth. Pleased to meet her? He was in a seventh heaven of delight.

After luncheon he found her trying to tuck herself into her steamer-chair, and immediately forced himself to perform the office for her. He was rewarded with a "Thank you," in a voice that was like a lyric.

Heaven bless the porpoises that just then began to disport in the water to leeward of them, for it enabled him to say something that kept him standing by her side.

"Won't you sit down?" said she, and almost too quickly he drew up a steamer-chair.

For an hour they talked together, he all the while fearing that the owner of the seat would come and sit in it.

He learned that the girl was traveling with her aunt, that she lived in New York and that she had been abroad

three months. He wanted to tell her of his meeting with her on the steps of the British Museum, but as she evidently knew it already, why speak of it? It would sound pointed; his eyes would declare what was in his heart. He must wait.

A man approached them. He was evidently coming to sit in his chair.

"Have I your chair?" said Coulter, rising.

"No, it's your own, Mr. Coulter," said the man. He was one of those men who have a sarcastic tone to the voice that carries a stab to a sensitive nature.

Coulter turned and looked at the name on the chair, "Raymond Coulter." How absurd of him! He now remembered that the chair next his had hitherto been vacant.

Miss Curtis laughed a silvery laugh and Coulter joined with her.

"That was certainly one on me," said he as the other man walked away. "I've been afraid I'd have to leave—that is, I wondered how long I'd have the pleasure of——"

"I'm afraid I must go and see what's become of my aunt," said Miss Curtis demurely and left him.

But he basked for another hour in the remembrance that he had sat near her and had talked to her—the Lady of the Museum Steps.

Ordinary acquaintanceship ripens rapidly on a steamer, and the narrow confines of a vessel have the same forcing effect on love.

Long before they reached "the Banks" Miss Curtis confided to her little cabin mirror that she was in love with this handsome young lawyer.

Her heart told her that it was a case of love at first sight on the part of each. "Some day," said she, "I will tell him that I fell in love with him when I met him in England."

But it was not until they were married that either one referred to the

first meeting. It was on the tip of their tongues more than once, but something always intervened. For all either had said to the contrary they might have met for the first time on shipboard.

After their marriage they took a wedding trip—to England, and one golden evening at sea, when the sun was spending its last rays with splendid generosity, Coulter said:

"Darling, why is it that I've never mentioned to you our first meeting? It was not on the *Minnetonka*."

His wife smiled at him as she answered:

"No, dear, I know it wasn't. I wanted to tell you that first afternoon when you sat in your own steamer-chair and feared you'd be asked to leave it. I knew you the minute I saw you at table as the man I saw on the beach at Dunwich——"

"At Dunwich? I never was at Dunwich."

Coulter looked at his wife as if he thought she was losing her mind. She looked at him perplexed.

"What do you mean, Raymond? I was watching the bathers and you came along smoking and our eyes met."

Coulter's forehead was a mass of wrinkles. What was his wife saying?

"I was walking along smoking and our eyes *did* meet, but it was on the steps of the British Museum——"

It was now his wife's turn to be amazed and to network her own brow.

"Darling," said she, "I never set eyes on the British Museum. They told me it was dull and we never went near it."

Coulter half rose from his seat.

"Then, who was the woman I fell in love with—the Lady of the Museum Steps?"

"First tell me who was the man I fell dead in love with at Dunwich?"

There *are* people in the world who have a marvelous memory for faces.



THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE late John Oliver Hobbes once remarked that some persons have far more of the artistic temperament than artists themselves.

Experience corroborates this; inexperience—*si la jeunesse savait*—is shocked by it. Bohemians have the artistic temperament; people living on the coast of bohemia also have it. There being really no coast of bohemia, the artistic temperament finds refuge in its substitute, the bizarre café, where California wine may be imbibed from foreign bottles at a most reasonable rate. It is a pity that the artistic temperament, which youth identifies with bohemia, should be analyzed in the cold light of day; that the glamour of Murger and the glow of the opera of "La Bohème" should be dissipated.

This is a practical age, youths and maidens, and, though Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly tunelessly declared that he'd "Rather live in Bohemia than in any other land," we must remember that he had lived in Ireland under English rule, in Australia where gentlemen wore handcuffs at breakfast, and in Boston when it was social ostracism not to attend the Symphony concerts. Bohemia to him, with spaghetti and quasi-Chianti, and queer, long-haired poets, and *bon-mots* borrowed from *Le Figaro* (a glance at this lively paper exposed on Brentano's counter will supply the bohemian with wit for a week)—all these in dreams, offered Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly or anybody else an agreeable relief from his various and previous experiences in life.

Bohemia without an automobile is out of the question today. The world has progressed since Balzac's

bohemian hero staked all his hopes on the spring of an opera hat; but the artistic temperament remains. It is confined to some pianists, one or two orchestra conductors, the poet whose public believes that songs unsung are sweeter than those sung, neurasthenic ladies who live in flats with lap-dogs and adore D'Annunzio, and a few exceptions to this rule.

There are two kinds of artistic temperaments which are much in evidence. One is worked by the man who wants to enjoy the luxury of making a fool of himself, the other by women who are habituated to the vocation of making fools of other persons. The motive of the first is modified by selfishness and made possible by a lack of a sense of humor. The motive of the second is directed by a determination to be distinguished. Let a woman have her way and she is certain to give up what she does not want. Let a man have his way and he grabs everything that anybody else can reasonably want.

And this is why the artistic temperament is so generally obnoxious to the average male person, while every man feels that there may be something inspired, mystic, occult, genius-like, if not genius, behind the manifestations of this temperament in the female. The man with the artistic temperament poses that other people may accept his artificiality as a vagary of nature. He poses for the sake of distinction. The woman of the artistic temperament poses in order to have her own way without suffering the stings and arrows that smart normal folk when they try to have

their own way without regard to law or order. The artistic temperament, when assumed by a man, never imposes on men, but it, as a rule, imposes on women because it is so unusual. A normal woman likes to protect a weaker thing, and the artistic temperament generally has to walk under somebody else's umbrella because it has pawned its own.

A man of the artistic temperament is never really refined; he simply longs—yea, yearns!—for the luxuries of life. He is *raffiné*, but unrefined, in the sense of the English term. He mistakes his nerves for his soul, and his desires for aspirations. He shrinks from the cold blasts of life when to breast them is a duty. He enjoys the bite of the frost and the whirl of the wind when he must meet them for the sake of pleasure. The delight of dramatizing his struggles for his admirers repays him for having invented them. The artistic temperament in a man is one part vanity, a second part selfishness, and a third part a monstrous compound of both.

"Ah, poor Cecil! How could he have left his wife and the children for that chorus-girl in 'The Pearl of the Antilles'?" asked the man.

"His wife bored him," says the lady, "and the children were so like her, he just couldn't stand it!"

"And the wife?" asked the man.

"Oh," says the lady, "she never could comprehend the artistic temperament—she actually neglected him for the babies—and then, too, she *would* wear large hats with dyed ostrich feathers on them, and *he* couldn't understand dyed feathers. Besides, the girl looked so like a Burne-Jones. Poor, dear Cecil!"

The artistic temperament in men is much admired by women who do not have to live with these gifted creatures permanently. It is observed that even feminine possessors of it, who pose like the ladies in the pictures of Burne-Jones and love the artistic temperaments in the male, make short contracts.

"That splendid Madame Torton!"

says the man; "her art seems to improve year by year—at least, she says so; she attributes everything to temperament."

"Horrid creature," says the lady, "her hair ought to be bronze-plated by this time—she is simply shameless."

"Ah!" says the man, "it's hard to resist the artistic temperament!"

The artistic temperament has great consolations; if you have it, you are not expected to have anything else. It is the jawbone with which Philistines may be annihilated. You are not obliged to know things; you feel them—to feel them is enough. He who knows, by assimilating hard facts, is a Philistine. He would make the primrose by the river's brim into a salad. He does not feel that songs unsung are sweeter than those sung; he pays for his orchestra-seat, and insists that the prima-donna shall warble all the numbers on the programme and add an encore or two. If the atmosphere has been disturbed for the prima-donna, and she will not sing, the Philistine wants his money back. "He does not understand," says Mademoiselle Crépuscule de Jonquille, who sings Baudelaire's "Fleurs de Mai" to music faintly suggested by Nietzsche, "that a semi-tone subtracted from the perfume of a spray of white lilac by a rude breath from the street may make all the difference to one who has temperament."

One of the most illustrious examples in history of the artistic temperament is Nero. That he has been so misunderstood and calumniated only shows how later and less illustrious possessors of "temperament" are misunderstood and calumniated. As a youth, he knew that he was beautiful—all the happy who are gifted with temperament know that they are beautiful. From the very beginning the world and its ordinary, commonplace ways were irksome to him. To be trammelled cannot be endured by those who know that they are beautiful, for, to the artistic temperament, beauty is good, and good beauty.

As Nero grew older, Philistines, like

Suetonius, misjudged him; Suetonius, watching his career, as the earthly wife of Mr. Mantalini watched his in a later time, finds no excuse in his lusting for "temperament." Nero burned Rome. Naturally, Rome was unbeautiful. Nero played appropriate music while Rome burned. What could be more artistic than this? *Que voulez-vous?* He put the conflagrations on the Christians. Probably. But one must remember that the Christians and Christianity have always been objectionable to the artistic temperament. St. Paul, for instance, though he knew his Greek poets well and Tarsus was not a virtuous town, had no sympathy with those tumultuous esthetic impulses, those paroxysmal and stormy soarings that make the artistic temperament the thing it is. Nero found his mother inconvenient, and he let her melt like a dewdrop into the silver sea. He no doubt regretted his action at times, but then he remembered how exasperating she was. How severe history has been upon him for removing a lady who by her old-fashioned manner of dressing disturbed the atmosphere! To the sensitive ear of Nero, a false note was a crime, and Agrippina *would* sing out of tune; he sang himself, and she had a habit of showing him, in a series of traditional "shakes" and roulades, that he "flatted."

Modern ethics condemn this exquisite Temperament for his unnatural conduct. It is forgotten that what may seem unnatural to us is quite natural to that essential, elusive, permeative, unanalyzable quality of the elect which is as nameless as the microscopic spikes of the thistledown or the tiny flamelets that make up the flash of the curious insect which children call the "lightning-bug."

It is said that Nero acted badly at the theatre, and that there was "standing room only" because the auditors preferred to stand and be bored with their heads on than to be serenely incapable of feeling—though in a comfortable reclining position—with their heads off.

After all, the really artistic temperament it not devoted to art for art's sake. It must have auditors. It is intense; it would feed upon itself; it would devour its own beauty; it would die of envy of its own perfection, if auditors and onlookers were not provided for it.

It is cruel to say that the Singularly Gifted are vain. Let us try to understand them. There are living folk who say they understand "Peer Gynt" and Richard Strauss's "Zu Sprach." If it be so, surely there ought to be some among us who comprehend this hidden savor of life, this purple and invisible substance, these members of the self-canonized, the sensuously mystic and the mystically egoistic. Too few, perhaps—but, by the girdle of Isis!—our eyes are too much anoint of the flower of the midsummer woods found by Puck for the jealous Oberon. We see an ass, where he who seems an ass to us is to himself as witty as Mercutio and as comely as Bassanio. We smile—blind Philistines that we are!—when he would have us adorn him with musk-rose and eglantine, and make little dinners for him, with what is left of the old Madeira and with all the truffles picked out of the *paté de fois gras* on his plate.

And the lady who knows that she is as graceful as Undine, and as beautiful as Galatea—*she* is vain to us, because she lets her locks stray about her ears and wears high-heeled shoes down at the heel and imperfectly cleans her gloves with gasoline.

How banal are these words!—but no more banal than the reason we give for not admiring and incensing her as the Temperament that feels the psychology of the true, the good, the beautiful and the free—above all, the free! as none of us poor groveling, ordinary worms of the world can feel or express them.

But I have left Nero somewhere—an affront all the more unpardonable since the late emperor is now powerless to resent it in the manner of the pleasant old times, when the contemner of

the August might be smothered in roses or poisoned with a pearl.

It remained for Mr. Stephen Phillips and other writers of modern tragedies, in which bad, mad gentlemen and ladies of the old school are psychologically interpreted, to discover that the reason for certain vagaries of the past was purely the artistic temperament. And there is nothing in the career of Nero that cannot be explained in this way.

Henry VIII. was also another illustrious victim to those fine sensibilities to beauty which are not understood by the plodders in the main roads of the world. It was his misfortune to feel so acutely the loss of beauty in those nearest to him, that in order that others of like susceptibility might not suffer, he wrote—one must put it delicately—the number twenty-three on their visiting-cards, and the world knows what happened.

Even the late Mr. James A. Froude, who made many excuses for the lamented Harry, did not discover the one which to the eyes of the elect is so obvious. When Katharine of Arragon ceased to please his taste, what could he do? Lead a life of lingering wretchedness by taking his venison day by day opposite to a lady whose complexion displeased him, or pretend to find conscientious doubts about retaining her?

In those days, "temperament" was not comprehended. It was a rude, brutal time. Even the hackneyed phrase, "incompatibility of temperament," would have been laughed at by Sir Thomas More and mocked at by Erasmus, who was really the Mr. Dooley of the sixteenth century. We have received "incompatibility of temperament" as a valid reason for divorces for many years. But in Henry's day it had not been invented, and, later, neither John Lily, the author of "Euphues," nor Philip Sidney, the author of "Arcadia," thought of it. Had Henry known that phrase, the whole face of Europe might have been changed several times. If the world had understood the yearnings

of the artistic temperament, Henry would not have been compelled to go to so much trouble and expense, to explain proceedings which to the Esthetic and Psychologically Gifted need no explanation. The saddest scene of all is when Henry, who had spent half his life in the search for Absolute Beauty, is confronted by Anne of Cleves, "who had the manner of a Norman cart-horse and the figure of a German sausage." The poor king was so unnerved by the sight that he merely divorced her; he had not the moral courage to send her to the scaffold. As a rule, the artistic temperament does not hesitate to go any length in its hatred of ugliness.

There are those who, with a brutality worthy of the sixteenth century, attribute all the delicacies of temperament to selfishness—exaggerated egotism, or, at the least, the abnormal egoism that sees nothing worth having in life but the satisfaction of its immediate desires; who say that it admits no duties, no responsibilities, no object, but that its roots may be fed by perfumed water.

Have these persons ever felt the sting of the crumpled rose-leaf? Probably not. The yellow glow from the shield of Diana on a midsummer night does not waken them to the torments of the love of beauty unfulfilled; a cloud across the evening star does not thrill them with a desire—all fury—to curse the emptiness of life. Temperament is the Ego, if you will, but an Ego which is an unlimited Cosmos enfolding all, that the rapturous roses of life may bloom only for this Ego, which is the world!

Or, to speak less philosophically, one can recall the tinted and lucent sonnet of that symbolist, the Vicomte Barry de Brulé, which no pen without temperament can interpret properly:

The lambent flower of the Grecian urn
Carved in the sanctums dark (*ateliers*
sombres) of Syracuse

No meaning to the dense crowds can
unloose,

For they with the divine can never burn;
Only the Ego, soul-refined, eterne,

Whether it wear the wan, sun-stained
burnoose
Of Arab sheik, or lie—disdained recluse—
In our sad raiment—for the Free may yearn.

I am the slave of Beauty, yet I slay
Beauty Itself when Beauty's incomplete;
I am the Ego that must rule its King,
For I myself am King, and in my way
I make by my existence all things sweet;
What is not mine, to outer wolves I fling.

It is difficult to render the last suggestive line, as the English language is not symbolistic, but the Elect will know the symbolic meaning of the "*louis d'outre-mer*" of the sympathetic Vicomte. The "crowd" (*foule*) means, of course, the rugged and crude majority governed by those conventional rules which must ever jar and afflict the Ego of the artist who feels, but never shows his power of doing things.

"If Moses," writes the Vicomte, in his "*Lilas de Neige*," had had the artistic temperament, he would never have committed the fatal act of conveying the Ten Commandments to mankind."

"A sense of humor," he adds later, "cannot exist with the artistic in its perfection; for the sense of humor implies a preoccupation with interests outside of the Ego."

But who, after all, can define that which is an essence rather than a quality? One knows it when one feels it; so crude, so vilely human are we—and perhaps we shall be so for eons, considering the slow progress of the ineffable—that we flee from its halo and its nimbus, and prefer vulgar comfort to the luxury of its manifestations.



KNOWLEDGE

By Archibald Sullivan

SHE knew the rose and kissed its face,
She knew that skies were always blue;
She knew who spread the shadows out,
And where the violet hid its dew.

She knew when apple-boughs would cloud
With butterflies and blossoming,
And why the twilight came so fast,
And why the nights were gray in Spring.

She knew just when the lark would rise,
And where the poppy fires would glow;
But ere ten Springs had fled she died,
For there was nothing else to know.



DUE TO AN ACCIDENT

A LICE—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace?
G RACE—It was merely accidental. He ran over my first one with an automobile, and afterward attended the funeral.

THE ULTIMATE HANNAH

By Howard Markle Hoke

I

IF the telegram had not been delayed, I would have reached Dilton before my Aunt Hildah died. She had been stricken by apoplexy, as she had often foretold, while making fine lace in her high-backed chair. Having been thrown upon her own resources at an early age, she had become a methodical woman, so that her affairs were in good shape, and I found little difficulty, as her executor, in carrying out all her wishes but one. I first heard of that one when Mira Barnett, who had been my aunt's companion for years, handed me two small packets, carefully done up in snow-white tissue-paper and tied with pink baby ribbon, and said:

"Mr. Esterbury, your aunt wished you to give this marked parcel into the hands of Amelia Briggs. She was her girlhood friend, and she lives at White Bridge, twenty miles from here. The other package is marked 'Hannah Dale,' as you will see. You know that your aunt was very close-mouthed, and she did not tell me how you are to find this Hannah Dale. She asked me to be sure to say that she did not expect you to take up much of your time in hunting Hannah Dale, although she did hope that you might place the package into her own hands and give her your aunt's admiration and love. You are to ask Amelia Briggs to direct you to Hannah Dale. If she should be too far away, Amelia may send the package to her. I don't know what is in the parcels, but from their feel, I think they are some of Hildah's fine lace-work."

I chose a crisp afternoon late in May for the trip to White Bridge, and, as the pike was a smooth macadam, I started on my wheel, which I had brought with me for the purpose of exploring the pleasant countryside in which my aunt had lived. I bowled along for about half of the twenty miles, when, seeing a long hill ahead, I dismounted for a rest.

Slipping my hand into a side pocket to make sure that the feathery packets were safe, I discovered that one of them had become undone. I pulled it out and found it to be the one addressed to Hannah Dale. The baby ribbon had slipped off and the tissue-paper was partly unwrapped. I felt sorry about this. For some reason I had become unusually interested in placing this package, safe and unrumped, into the proper hands. I did not know why. Possibly it was because the whereabouts of the recipient were so elusive; possibly I was quite curious to know whether Hannah Dale had been a contemporary of my aunt's girlhood. My vision, however—based perhaps upon a desire—was of a dainty young woman, to whom the delivery of a package untidily wrapped would seriously reflect upon myself. So I carefully unrolled the thin paper, and there, folded in precise creases and emitting a delicate perfume, was a handkerchief. If a spider had been trained to the making of lace, the gift to Hannah Dale could not have been more delicately fashioned.

I smoothed the white paper out upon my knee and was about to place the cobwebby fabric upon it, when a breeze—a breeze that, far away over

green hills besprinkled with wild-flowers and meadows starred with daisies, had massed its force for the purpose—lifted my aunt's handiwork out of my fingers. As it was wafted across the road, it unfolded into the semblance of a snowy butterfly, and, in that form, winged straight into a tree, among whose dark green branches cherries reflected tiny images of the May sun in their blood-red sides.

The tree stood a few feet inside a whitewashed paling fence that enclosed grounds about a half-acre in extent, and grown with many other trees, bushes and flowering plants. Back of two tall poplars stood a white-painted house of moderate size, with a porch running along its front, and wide, colonial chimneys rising like sentinels above the moss-greened shingles of its peaked roof. Everything about the place was spick and span. Even the cherries upon that tree looked as fresh and clean as if each had been dipped into a bath that morning and rubbed with a chamois. And among them Hannah Dale's handkerchief fluttered in the breeze. If it had to gyrate, fold and unfold and cut capers while dangling from a cherry twig, it was eminently fitting that it should choose so orderly a site.

The feature that pleased me most, however, was that the place appeared to be sound asleep. Every pair of shutters was bowed; every door was closed; not a film of smoke rose from either of the big-mouthed chimneys. That any eye, human, animal or fowl, should see a strolling bicyclist mount the fence, climb into the tree and reach for that cambric square seemed beyond possibility; yet he had barely done so before the front door flew open and a woman rushed out toward the tree. The bicyclist made a hasty clutch at the kerchief, only to have it elude his fingers and soar gracefully to another twig beyond the reach of his arm.

The woman was such a one as might he expected to come from such a house. She and primness had seldom parted company. How foolish the thought

of the wheelman that such a woman would rumple herself for an afternoon nap!

"Come out of that tree this instant!" she commanded, stopping some distance from the whitewashed trunk, and speaking in a low voice as if a loud one might disturb the conventional arrangement of her vocal organs or mar the pretty curves of her lips. "You are the third man I've driven out of that tree this day. Why should you men wish to deprive me of my favorite cherries that I have preserved for ten years, and my mother for ten before that? And you came on a bicycle for your share, too."

I was unable to refute this charge of theft until I had discharged from my mouth the pits of several cherries that had tempted me.

"My dear woman," I began propitiatingly, "I——"

"Don't 'my dear woman' me," she broke in with a careful emphasis. "I am not your dear woman; you are not my dear man by any means; and those are not your dear cherries."

"No, they are not," I admitted, "but that handkerchief up there is mine. It was blown there by the wind and I climbed up here to get it."

"Likely story!" she scoffed. "The idea of a man going to that much trouble for a handkerchief! As an Ananias you are a failure: as a cherry thief, quite a success. Come down this minute."

I was surprised that she permitted herself such emphasis, but not at all that it caused the stoppage before her gate of a white horse hitched to a surrey.

"What is the matter, Miss Prower?" an inquiry in a vibrant, breezily feminine voice came from the arrested vehicle.

"There is another man stealing my cherries, Whimsie."

"I'll be with you at once," the person blessed with that voice proffered, and I heard the horse being led to a hitching-post and the slapping of a strap as he was made fast.

Miss Prower was speedily joined by

a vision in white—a vision perfectly harmonious with the voice; neat, pretty, everything that a young woman must be to move the severe mistress of the place to speak her name so affectionately. She was quite as prim as the elder lady, but the primness was not a virtue so palpably striven for.

They stood looking up at me as I tried to balance myself with some grace upon the bough, so that such precise eyes might not be offended by awkwardness even in a peculator of cherries.

"This fellow is the most defiant I have ever caught in my tree, Whimsie," said Miss Prower.

"He refuses to come down, does he?" the young woman asked, her gray eyes snapping with a certain expectation.

"He has the audacity to pretend that he went into the tree after a handkerchief."

Skepticism never found utterance in a merrier laugh.

"Let us make an example of him, Jane," she said, with a glee that seemed to make the tree shake its leaves together like tiny hands.

"How?"

"Alcibiades."

"Perfectly splendid! Where is he?"

"Asleep upon the rear seat."

She disappeared—the lovely evangel who went about making examples for gods and men—and her musical calls rose to me:

"Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Come here; come, old fellow."

In a minute she reappeared within my range of vision, leading a young bull-dog by his bright red leather collar. She paused beside Miss Prower, patted his ugly head affectionately, and then, pointing to me, commanded:

"Keep that man up in the tree, old fellow, until I tell you to let him down."

Alcibiades bounded at the trunk, growling murderously, leaping to his hind legs, with his front paws reaching as far toward me as possible. Then he rapidly circled the bole, finally sitting down and uttering guttural wheezes that were amply expressive. It was plain that he understood his

mistress's instructions well enough to spell every word of them.

"Will you come in awhile, Whimsie?" Miss Prower invited as complacently as if there was not a cherry thief within miles.

"Of course I will, Jane. I came to take tea with you."

"Why, that is good of you, Whimsie. Shall we go in?"

"Not yet. Let us sit awhile on the front porch. I'm dying to see that young man being made an example of."

Whereupon they took easy-chairs on the porch, from which they could plainly see the effect upon the young man while being made an example. They had ample enjoyment to save Miss Whimsie from an untimely death, for, within ten minutes, that quiet country road became literally alive with teams going home from a farm sale. The commotion excited Alcibiades so that he barked furiously at me, circling the tree at a mad pace, and the barking attracted the attention of the roadside pageant. The broad rural grins that decorated the buggies and buckboards and spring wagons seemed to afford unalloyed bliss to the owner of Alcibiades as she rocked contentedly upon the porch.

The two finally went into the house and the place resumed its afternoon nap. But Alcibiades did not. Had he slept for days in preparation for a protracted vigil, he could not have been more wide-awake. But, unmindful of the regularity with which he was winding his growls around the tree-trunk, I climbed higher in pursuit of the handkerchief. It was beyond my reach from the highest limb that would bear my weight, but I judged that by a slight leap and a swing of my arm I might get it. I made the leap, I swung my arm, Alcibiades yelped viciously, and I got the cambric. But the swing was a wild one, and, in gripping the handkerchief, I also gripped a fine, fat cherry: thus complicating my mission by the necessity of explaining to Hannah Dale the presence of a royal purple stain in the centre of my aunt's diaphanous gift.

I never had known before how slowly time sifts through the branches of a cherry-tree. Shutters in the rear of the house were at last thrown open; and I caught the aroma of supper. I invited myself to a repast of cherries. An hour became clogged among the twigs, but released itself finally and passed on. Then Whimsie came forth comfortably after a good meal, and thoroughly satisfied with her effort to make examples of strolling youths. She bade Miss Prower good-bye from her surrey and departed.

Alcibiades remained. Miss Prower read upon the porch until dark, then went inside. After awhile shutters closed, and real slumber descended upon the place, except that now and then the dog yowled as assurance that he had not weakly yielded to the somnolence of the night.

The seven-eighths moon rose above the tree-tops. She showed me the road running on toward White Bridge, as well as my faithful guardian in his place below. But fair Luna was in a helpful mood. She gave me an inspired view of Miss Prower's clothes-line. It fairly glistened with suggestion. It ran from tree to tree in the yard, thence to a staple in the cherry trunk, and from this to another staple in the house. The line was too long, and the excess length had been brought back to the staple in my tree and made fast.

My campagin against Alcibiades was planned in a twinkling. Descending to the lowest limb and reaching far down, I cut the rope where it passed through the staple. Then I undid the knot, pulled the rope through the staple in the house, and had in my hand a section of some twenty feet. The making of a slip-noose in one end was the work of a moment. Slowly, warily, I lowered it until a loop about three feet in diameter lay flat upon the lawn in a brilliant patch of moonlight.

I have seen an angler sit upon a verdant bank with his eyes never wavering from his line, but never did a disciple of the piscatorial Isaak watch more fixedly than I watched that loop, for the

dog had been disturbed by my exertions into sonorous vigilance. At last there was a lightning-like yank and a howl that shattered the peace of the rural night. I had Alcibiades.

As I had calculated, he began winding the rope around the trunk in his rage. When he had thus brought himself close against it, I dropped to the ground, and, without unseemly haste, walked through the gateway. Crossing the road I mounted my wheel and continued my journey toward White Bridge.

I felt sorry for Alcibiades. Whatever he had done to me—nothing more serious, after all, than deferring the delivery of my aunt's handkerchief—he was Whimsie's dog. She, no doubt, admired him; perhaps she loved him; there was no question that she trusted him. But I was far more sorry for her. Her faith in him would be broken. Following the moonlit highway, the one thing I desired was the opportunity to explain to her that I would never have brought to her this rude awakening regarding Alcibiades but for the peculiar circumstances of the case. I felt that she must recognize the justice of my position. Not for a moment did I wish her to think that I could be needlessly cruel to a poor brute or unmindful of her abiding trust in his vigilance.

Suddenly, as I rounded a curve, I saw a surrey, drawn by a white horse, coming toward me on a level stretch of the road. My heart bounded. A benignant Fate had already sent me the opportunity I craved.

I dismounted and stood waiting. The fluffy white driver pulled the reins, came to a stop, and said in that rich, piquant voice that had risen to me among the cherry branches:

"I am very much surprised to see you here."

If she felt the slightest alarm that the cherry thief meant to demand her money or her life, none of it trembled in her tone.

"I wish to explain, but I am at a loss how to address you. I——"

"You ought to be at a great loss as

to whether you *should*," she interrupted.

"I admit that," I said, "but I wish to say something to you, and the loss I mentioned was in reference to your name."

"That should have been reason enough for not speaking to me at all, shouldn't it? I can't see that my name could have the remotest bearing upon what you think you ought to say to me," she remarked, and, while her words were spoken without hesitation, her manner, I thought, was influenced by the admiration she must have seen in my eyes. "However, as we were brought into a certain relation at Miss Prower's, and as she lives near the village of Pink Bridge, you may call me Miss Pinkbridge, if you must have a name."

"That will do for the present," I accepted.

"We will not consider any future," she remarked.

"I will, if you please," I replied.

She looked at the moonlit road, then back at me, and seemed a bit puzzled. "How did you get away from Alcibiades?"

"The very thing I stopped you to explain, Miss Pinkbridge," I answered. "I don't want you to be disappointed in that dog. Don't lose your trust in him. It was not his fault. I took an unfair advantage of him, though I might say that to a man in war, love or a cherry-tree everything is fair. In the earnestness of devotion to so fair a mistress any dog would have overlooked the loop I made in Miss Prower's clothesline. But let me tell you that a muskalonge would not have been gamier at the end of a line. So don't let him sink in your good graces. Blame it all on me and the moonlight."

The merriest laugh I ever heard rang out in that very moonlight.

"This is perfectly excruciating!" she cried. "Do you know, Mr.—"

"Cherrytree," I suggested.

"Very well; Mr. Cherrytree, for the present——"

"The future will take care of the proper names," I ventured.

"For the present, Mr. Cherrytree,

you need not have stayed in the tree one minute. I've heard thousands of barks from Alcibiades, but I've never seen a bite. But a dog who barks is as effective as one that bites—in keeping a young man up a cherry-tree."

"The moral effect being about the same as that of a revolver that is supposed to be loaded, but isn't," I observed.

"Precisely. So you not only lost your time needlessly but your phenomenal ingenuity was misdirected. You might have come down, patted Alcibiades on the head and he would have licked your hand. I told Miss Prower I would drive over about ten o'clock and release you."

"That was good of you."

"To you, no; to Alcibiades, yes. It would have been cruel to make him keep up such a feint of ferocity."

"Please release him, then," I urged, "and beg Miss Prower's pardon for my misuse of her clothesline."

"Get up, White Blossom," she commanded, slapping the reins down upon the horse's back.

Away she went. I stood looking after her. It was nearly a mile back to Alcibiades. Ought a young man to permit a young woman to drive all that distance alone at such an hour? Decidedly not. It was evident that she liked to roam about with White Blossom, and that the dog was her body-guard. But he was not there; I had made him fast to the tree. It was therefore my duty to protect her, and I mounted my wheel. I am sure I had never before known such harmony between duty and inclination.

From the deep shade under a spruce-tree I saw her release Alcibiades. Disturbed by his howls, Miss Prower had dressed and come down to the yard, but she had been afraid to venture near so fierce a creature. I was not near enough to hear all that the two said, but "cherry thief," uttered in Miss Prower's indignant tones came to my ears, always followed by some remark by Miss Pinkbridge, which I would have given a great deal to hear. Satisfied at last that she meant to spend the night there,

and Alcibiades having been restored to an unroped guardianship, I again started upon my journey.

I did not start willingly. Only that afternoon I had been eager to place my aunt's gift into the hands of Hannah Dale, but as I rode away from Miss Prower's home I found that I had lost all interest in this mission—indeed, it had become a distinct bother. That I might have difficulty in finding Hannah Dale was foreboded by Mira Barnett's words, and I became very restless over the prospect of an indefinite search. While hunting Hannah Dale, I might be led farther away from Miss Pinkbridge, and when I already regretted every turn of the steel wheels that bore me away from her, it was certain that every day of delay in learning the maiden name that I was some day to change to my own surname would be a bore and a tribulation.

For by this time I had discovered that I was acting with glaring inconsistency toward a declaration I had frequently made—that there is no such thing as love at first sight. There I was, bowling along a moonlit road, jealous of every foot of ground that was nearer Miss Pinkbridge than I was. This impulse, the influence that I had scouted, had been wafted to me through the branches of Miss Prower's cherry-tree.

Perhaps one must be in an altogether unusual situation to tempt Cupid to make this extraordinary shot. Certain was it that I was in love; so much so that I would willingly have disregarded my aunt's last wishes by requesting Miss Amelia Briggs to post the handkerchief to Hannah Dale, so that I might pursue a surrey drawn by a white horse. But that cherry stain must be explained. Whatever Hannah Dale might be—little girl in pinafore, young lady in lawn, old dame in cap and lace—I did not wish her to think that my aunt would send her a disfigured handkerchief.

About nine o'clock next morning I left the inn at White Bridge and wheeled over to Miss Briggs's home. It was a comfortable, weather-boarded house,

painted snow-white, with grass-green shutters, standing a short distance inside a paling fence. A wide porch ran along the front. Upon one of a half-dozen vermillion rockers sat a middle-aged woman. As I walked into the gateway it seemed to me that I would have known her as a friend of my aunt. That they belonged to the same school of country women was apparent at a glance. She was neatly dressed, but not so primly as Miss Prower, in a drab gown, with a wide collar fastened by an old-time cameo brooch. Her gray-sprinkled hair was smoothly combed over the top of her head, but along the sides and at the back it took a sudden wriggle and became long curls that hung down over her shoulders. She had the air of conscious right, title and interest to an easy time in the chair, all her morning work having been done, including the careful twisting of her ten curls around her long forefinger.

She rose, met me with easy affability, and bade me be seated in one of the red chairs. She was so cordial that I fancied she had been expecting me, but such was not the case. I found it necessary to state my errand, and I handed her the package marked with her name. She undid it without delay, and as soon as she saw the handkerchief she exclaimed:

"That is just what I might have expected your Aunt Hildah to do. If you had simply handed it to me I would have known who made it. Nobody in this neighborhood ever made such lace as hers. How very good it was of her to remember me so! How I shall treasure this! Poor, dear woman, I am so sorry she is gone. We were the best of friends, although we have not seen much of each other for a few years."

"She was loved by all her friends, I know," I said, as I drew out the other parcel from my pocket. "I have here another handkerchief, Miss Briggs, that she wished me to deliver in person, if that is at all possible. I have been told that you would be able to give me directions how I can find her.

The name written on the paper is Hannah Dale."

I am sure that I had never before seen anyone's manner chill so suddenly. Her ease and affability disappeared as if by magic. She instantly sat stiff and straight in the chair, and she studied my face for a full minute before she trusted herself to speak. When she did her voice was well modulated, but what she said was not tempered by the slightest wavering.

"Young man," she observed, "you did not know, I am going to assume, that I do not allow that name to be mentioned on these premises, so I must forgive you, but you will oblige me by not mentioning it again."

I looked at her in utter surprise. "Do you know where the lady is?" I asked.

"I know about where she is."

"Will you not be good enough to tell me?"

"Decidedly not. I shall not crook one of my fingers or move my tongue to help that misguided person to get the handkerchief."

"I cannot tell you how I regret this," I told her, "for pressing matters make it important for me to deliver the handkerchief at once and get away to my business. Won't you, as a last kindness toward my aunt, tell me where I may find this person?"

"I loved your aunt as a sister, Mr. Esterbury, but I would not help even a sister to do a favor for the person you wish to find. I am sorry, but I cannot aid you."

"Won't you give me at least a clue?"

"I certainly won't. It is perfectly immaterial to me whether she ever gets the handkerchief."

"Is she a young woman?"

"Mr. Esterbury," she said, waving her hand so that finality seemed to leap from her finger-tips, "as a nephew of Hildah Esterbury I must be courteous to you, but you will oblige me by not asking another question about that headstrong person. I am sure if your aunt had known what I know, she would never have sent her that handkerchief."

"That may be true, Miss Briggs," I admitted, "but as she did not, I must carry out her wishes."

"To be sure you must," she heartily concurred, "but I need not help you, and I won't."

When I retired through the gateway I was not seriously set back by Miss Briggs's refusal to help me. I felt confident that Hannah Dale lived in the neighborhood, and that some other inhabitant of White Bridge could direct me to her. Accordingly, I stepped into a store, which was also the post-office. Its keeper was an old man with a leathery face, deep wrinkles, and bushy white hair and whiskers. He wore his spectacles across his forehead as if he were proud of the wrinkles and wished to magnify them. Luckily there was no customer in the store, so that I was able to ask him at once if he knew Hannah Dale. He looked at me for some time, during which amusement seemed to be gathering internally. Finally it massed itself, emerging as a broad smile from his gray whiskers, and he answered:

"You're somewhat of a stranger in these parts, ain't you, young feller? Do I know Hannah Dale? Well, now, if that ain't good! There's hardly a man, woman or child around here that don't know Hannah Dale. She's about what you might call the most universal woman that ever was. The Dales, young man, was the first settlers in this valley, and their descendants are scattered all along through it. The crick that makes so many crooks and turns is called Dale Spring on their account. I suppose you noticed how often the pike crosses it and how the bridges are painted different colors. That idea was got up by the Dales away back somewhere. This town is called White Bridge because our bridge is white and has been for more years than I can remember. So there's a Red Bridge, a Green Bridge, a Purple Bridge and lots of other colors besides a Pink Bridge."

"Now, youngster, the wife of one of the first settlers—wife of old Simon Dale, so hist'ry tells us—was an almighty fine woman. She was as big

and strong as a man and she done a lot of brave things against the Indians, and all the way down the whole Dale family has been so all-fired proud of her that they can't talk of much else. Her name was Hannah, and there hain't been a Dale family since that had a gal that didn't call the first one Hannah. There's three Hannahs over at Blue Bridge, two at Purple Bridge, one, I think, at Red Bridge—oh, say, young feller, do I know Hannah Dale? What I want to know is whether you know which Hannah Dale you are asking me if I know."

"The one I want to find is well known to Miss Amelia Briggs of your town here," I answered hopefully.

"And why shouldn't she be?" The postmaster laughed until he gave the counter a whack as a climax to his merriment. "I'd bet the best web of caliker in the store that there hain't a Hannah Dale in the whole valley that 'Melia Briggs don't know. Go and ask her."

"I did, but she won't help me, and she's the only one that can tell me which one I wish to find."

"Whew!" roared the man, "all I can say then is that you must have a tarnation lot of time for gaddin' about the country."

"But isn't there a Hannah Dale here at White Bridge?"

"No, there hain't; leastwise there wa'n't yesterday. A Dale gal might have been born, though, durin' the night, for all I know. There was one here, but she died, past sixty, three months ago come 'leventh of next month."

II

I WAS genuinely discouraged when I left the postmaster. A number of matters connected with Aunt Hildah's estate awaited settlement, but these did not worry me. I had but one aim. Even the light of morning, which usually plays havoc with the illusions of the night, had not dispelled the glamour that the previous afternoon

and the evening moon had thrown around Miss Pinkbridge. On the contrary, I was more inconsistent than ever. I had not only fallen in love at first sight, but the handkerchief, the symbol of loyalty to my aunt's last wishes, had become an obstacle to this one aim. I could not recall any other young woman whom, having once met, I felt that I must see again or regard life as a problem with a deplorable minus quantity.

As I rode aimlessly back toward Miss Prower's house I discovered that the effort to keep my wheel going was preventing me from reaching a vital decision as to my course, so I dismounted, set the bicycle against an oak trunk, and sat down on a sandstone boulder.

My aunt must have been aware that there were many Hannah Dales, but she had been so sure that Miss Briggs would know the one she meant that she had not thought explicit directions necessary. Miss Briggs having refused to help me, respect for Aunt Hildah directed that I seek out every Hannah Dale in the valley. It was possible to write a letter to Miss Hannah, at Red Bridge, say, enclosing the handkerchief, explaining that it was a gift from Hildah Esterbury, and requesting that, if she thought it was not meant for her, to forward it to another namesake of the heroic Hannah of the Indian wars. But there was the stain. That must be explained. I saw before me many days of scouring the valley through which Dale Spring meandered, and that then lay green and shimmering in the morning sunlight. And, during these many days, to what distant and untraceable nook within it might not Miss Pinkbridge drive in her surrey?

Sitting on the boulder looking down at the daisy that I was pulling to pieces, I heard a peculiar patter on the road. I looked up and there, trotting peacefully along, was Miss Pinkbridge's dog.

"Alcibiades!" I called.

The animal stopped, flitted his stubby ears, then came over to me. He at once became the proxy for several parts of affection, and stood wagging his

stump of a tail. If he recognized me as the man up a tree he gave no hostile sign. In fact, he made no sign at all. Never before had I been so sorry that brute creation has been denied the power to tell things. But if Alcibiades could not make a sign, he could be one. That he was the advance courier of a white horse hitched to a surrey there could be little doubt.

There was no doubt whatever. The two presently appeared around a curve in the pike. On the front seat, in her fluffy white gown of the evening before and the white, flappy hat, sat Miss Pinkbridge. If there was anything more beautiful driving along a road anywhere in Dale Spring Valley that morning, I was perfectly willing not to admire it. Surely no previous scene had given me such unalloyed admiration.

I sprang up, tweed cap in hand, and the girl drew White Blossom to a standstill.

"Good morning," she said, merriment glinting in her gray eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Pinkbridge," I returned the salutation.

I knew that it was not her name, but I liked it as well as if it had been—so well, indeed, that I had been saying it over and over as if I were humming a beautiful melody.

"How is the cherry season?" she asked archly.

"Very good indeed," I replied; then with a meaning glance, "but all my cherry projects are frustrated by pretty young women."

"How unfortunate! How many projects have been frustrated?"

"Only one."

She smiled and cracked her whip at a horse-fly buzzing around White Blossom's head.

"And the young woman in that one instance," I went on, still looking up at her, "was unusually——"

"You need not finish that. I am capable of making a ridiculous inference from a nonsensical premise."

"By the way," I asked with sudden resolution, "do you know Miss Hannah Dale?"

She started, and looked down at me with a mingling of surprise and amusement, her face turning to a pink that was all the prettier for its suddenness.

"I am in the valley here hunting her," I explained.

Then the amusement conquered. It rippled from her lips, and spread over her face like circles upon a sunshiny pool. I hoped that it would never die, but it did, finally, and I was delighted to discover that her face was even prettier when it was a bit grave and had the hint of a blush upon it.

"Do you know which Hannah Dale you wish to find?" she asked.

"That's the difficulty, and no one can help me."

"And you are hunting a Hannah Dale that has not been picked out of all the Hannah Dales! Can you be away from your business for such an indefinite period?"

"Finding her is a part of my business," I explained. "I am a lawyer, and am settling up my aunt's estate."

"If anybody can help you, it would be Miss Amelia Briggs."

"She has just refused to give me so much as a clue."

She pursed her red lips and struck again at the fly. Her eyes wandered from the fly over to a blackberry hedge beyond the stake and rider fence. I longed to see their expression, but I fancied that she wished to know all about my quest and hesitated to ask me.

"Would you like me to tell you all about it?" I ventured.

"Yes, I would," she confessed, her eyes coming back from the hedge and shining frankly down at me. "Of course I have no right to know anything about it, but if you have a mind to gratify idle curiosity, why—very well."

If I had been a diplomat, charged with an international mission, her tone, her face, her eyes would have beguiled from me its most confidential details. As I told her about my search, merriment began to play more and more freely over her pink and white face. When I finished, she asked:

"And are you going to all this bother

merely to give Hannah Dale a handkerchief?"

"Not merely for the handkerchief. I am carrying out my aunt's last wishes."

"I have often heard about Hildah Esterbury's fine lace," she said, "and—yes, I'll be downright frank with you and say that I would awfully much like to see the handkerchief."

I would have shown her the cambric square if the international mission involved war. I slipped off the ribbon and the paper and handed the lacey thing to her. She unfolded it, and when her eyes caught sight of the stain, they flew straight at me, big with a question.

"Cherry-tree," I explained. "In trying to get it off the twig on Miss Prower's tree yesterday I crushed a cherry in it."

"Then the wind really did carry it up into the branches?"

"You were so bent on making a cherry-red example of me that I did not think it right to hinder such evangelizing motives."

"I was really only giving Alcibiades a lesson in guardianship."

She neatly refolded the handkerchief, handed it back to me and kept perfectly quiet while I rewrapped it and replaced it in my pocket. When I looked up I discovered that, while my eyes were away from her, she had been trying to drive all traces of mischief from her face. Enough remained to puzzle me.

"Blue Bridge is three miles that way," she said, pointing with her whip. "About half through the town is a large brick house, with ivy growing all over the end facing you. A Hannah Dale lives there and I am sure she knew Hildah Esterbury. If she is not the right Hannah, she may be able to direct you where to go."

She caught up the reins and raised the whip to tap White Blossom.

"Good morning Miss——"

"Pinkbridge."

"There will be a future for a different name," I remarked. "I shall see you again."

She tossed her head, looked over at

the blackberry hedge, then down at me again.

"I am going to see you again," I repeated, "and you will tell me your right name."

"Why worry about my name?" she asked, laughing at me. "It might be Bluebridge or Redbridge just as well as Pinkbridge."

"I shall stick to Pinkbridge. But you are going to tell me someday—soon."

There was an indefinable, unlocatable hint of mischief about her. It might have been in her eyes, in the new slant she gave the floppy hat, in the way she held the whip over White Blossom, but nowhere could I see a trace of displeasure at my prediction.

"I will tell you my name after you have found the right Hannah Dale," she said, with a bewitching quaver in her voice as she arrested the whip.

"Where shall I find you?" I asked.

She pursed her lips again, once more looked at the hedge, then straight down into my eyes.

"Oh," she responded, with a comprehensive wave of the whip, "here, there and everywhere."

The lash fell, White Blossom set the traces taut, and she was gone toward White Bridge.

The rear curtains of the surrey were up. I watched it as it twinkled away. The girl did not look back at me. The team reached a curve some rods away. Then—then—the pretty head, under the white-spreading, snowy hat, turned like a flash. I could not help it—I waved my hand. The whip descended smartly upon White Blossom, and the vision disappeared behind a clump of laurel.

I had no trouble finding the brick house with the ivied gable in Blue Bridge. I formed an affection for it at once. Miss Pinkbridge had directed me to it. Hannah Dale came into the old-fashioned parlor, and I was more than interested in observing the first I had seen of her class. She had brought through a half-century some traces of early beauty. A few inquiries, however, showed that, while

she had known my aunt, she had no right to think that the handkerchief was for her. But she said there were two Hannah Dales at Red Bridge. They were first cousins, unmarried, and lived together in a great stone house at the far end of the village.

I found the cousins, middle-aged, still lively, and quite amusing with their quaint sayings and interesting in their placid life. But, although they had often heard of Hildah Esterbury, neither could they lay claim to her gift. There were three Hannah Dales, though, at Purple Bridge, and they advised me to see them.

Without difficulty I reached this trio of Hannahs—one a girl of ten, the second just emerging from gawky girlhood into superior young ladyship, the third, the mother of four children, none of whom she was unable to call Hannah. None of them, however, could think of any reason why my aunt should send her a gift.

The last Hannah I saw that day was about dusk, at Magenta Bridge. As she was lying asleep in her mother's arms, she was unable to say whether the kerchief was hers, but her mother directed me to another namesake of the illustrious Hannah living at Maroon Bridge.

But I was tired Hannah Daling. I wheeled to an inn, had supper and retired early to my room. I sat down there and thought the future over. It was inevitable, of course, that I should sometime come to the last Hannah Dale in Dale Spring Valley, but that time was uncomfortably indefinite. I could not help questioning whether my amiable aunt had not put up a neat game upon me, but dismissed the thought because I had never heard of her being jocose, particularly during the last few years of her life, when she had been in ill health.

Next morning, as I was dressing for an early start on my search for the ultimate Hannah, I suddenly observed, while standing before the mirror, that I was looping a four-in-hand around the neck of the most unmistakable simpleton who had ever pushed a bicycle into

Magenta Bridge. The fact was so grotesque that I sat down and devoted some minutes to self-ridicule. There I was—a lawyer, supposed to be trained to see through the intricacies of human action, and I had overlooked an inference as patent as the gilt title on a law report. It stood out upon the very surface of the affair, there for the seeing, there for the using. With far less convincing circumstantial evidence than I had at my hand men have been hanged.

To think that my mental eyes had been so adroitly blinded by a young woman in a fluffy whitegown and a flappy hat—so completely that it had taken a whole day and night to get rid of the cataract! What could the mischief that had scintillated in Miss Pinkbridge's eyes have meant but that she was the Hannah Dale I was seeking? What else could her surprise have meant? What else could her merriment have signified after she had deftly drawn from me the fact that my business was nothing more important than delivering a lace handkerchief? What else, in the name of the Bœotians, could she have meant when she said that her name might as well be Bluebridge or Redbridge as Pinkbridge? What else could the keen-witted owner of Alcibiades have had in mind when she promised to tell me her real name when I had found the right Hannah Dale? Who else would Miss Briggs have more likely called a misguided and headstrong person? And, for a young woman's lark, she had sent the purblind bicyclist wheeling among an interminable cluster of Hannah Dales, while she—the ultimate Hannah in a sense far different from the one my aunt designed—was cleverly eluding me in her surrey, drawn hither and thither among the verdant ways and flowering by-ways of Dale Spring Valley by White Blossom and ably guarded by Alcibiades?

I sprang up at last. To my inconsistent first-sight love was now joined the determination to show the wily young woman that I could see through a grindstone when her own lovely face

was looking at me through the hole. The logical step was to go and lay the whole case before Miss Prower. I felt that I could place myself before her in a character far different from that of a strolling speculator of cherries, and that I could induce her to tell me who Whimsie really was.

I dashed through the hamlet of Pink Bridge, with Dale Spring hopelessly babbling and sparkling through it, and out the mile and a half of level pike, winding with the stream. Presently the spick and span dwelling came into sight. Approaching it, I saw that, in a community of early risers, it strangely appeared to be still asleep.

Placing my wheel against a tree-trunk across the road, I walked toward the gate. Close to it my steps were arrested. From the handkerchief-tree came a glint of bright red that no cherry or combination of cherries could have reflected. Below the red was what looked, through the branches, like splashes of gray. Still outside the fence, I stepped toward the tree and again stopped abruptly. On the stout, horizontal branch that had afforded me a fairly comfortable seat from late afternoon until far into the moonlight, sat the driver of White Blossom, the commandress of Alcibiades.

"Good morning, Miss Cherrytree," I greeted her, stepping as near to the trunk as the fence would permit.

"Good morning, Mr. Pinkbridge," she responded aptly, and I detected a note of uneasiness in her voice. "I am so glad you came."

"Thank you."

"Any other able-bodied young man would have been as welcome," she said. "We are having a dreadfully unfortunate time. The rest of the women are penned up in the house, and I—why, I dare not come down. The change in our positions may make you smile, but it isn't one bit humorous to me. It is not at all comfortable up here."

"I am in a position to agree with you thoroughly; at least I was day before yesterday," I responded. "But there

is a step-ladder against the tree-trunk. Why can't you come down?"

She looked at me in frank embarrassment, her face trying on the color of the cherries.

"The other women, you see," she explained, "were sitting on the porch talking, and I was standing near the tree. The gate had been carelessly left open, and I—I hadn't time to go anywhere but up the step-ladder. You see a—a—oh, now you see for yourself."

I did see. Around the end of the house came a brother stroller along the highway. He was a scion of the Holstein family, his splotches of jet black contrasting beautifully with his snow white. He tossed his huge head as he came, his formidable horns glistening in the sunlight. Seeing me, he put his nose to the gravel path and blew up a cloud of dust.

"When he ran back of the house," a further explanation came down to me like a crushed cherry, "I tried twice to get down the ladder, but he came snorting in a way to make my blood run cold. Oh—oh, I do wish I hadn't put on my scarlet waist this morning."

"It is unlucky in view of His Majesty, but, from my point of observation—tremendously becoming."

"Help in the hour of need is the sincerest praise," dropped sagely from the branches.

"Recalling Alcibiades, do you really expect help from me?"

"Recalling your Aunt Hildah—yes."

"Give me your name and you shall be safe in the house in a minute."

"If you don't get me down by the time I've counted twenty, I'll—yes, I'll come down and risk the—the danger. One—two—three—"

Miss Prower's head appeared at a second-story window. She was pale with fear.

"Young man," she called, "help that girl out of the tree this minute!"

"I am making an example of her, Miss Prower."

"Of what, pray?" was asked tartly from the green branches.

"Of swift and just retribution."

"The wayfarers will never know unless you put a placard on the fence, Mr. Evangelist."

"I like Mr. Cherrytree ever so much better."

"How would Mr. Esterbury do?"

"Oho!" I cried, "you've been gathering facts as well as cherries."

Another head appeared in the window beside Miss Prower's. Its appearance explained the adorable advance in personal knowledge made by the occupant of the tree.

"Mr. Esterbury," Miss Amelia Briggs pleaded, "won't you please drive that dreadful animal out of the yard?"

"With pleasure," I bargained, bowing to her, "provided you tell me where I can find the misguided and headstrong Hannah Dale I wish to give the handkerchief to."

She sent a chagrined glance toward the tree as if hoping that the acute ears had not caught my quoted adjectives.

"Mr. Esterbury," Miss Briggs explained, "after you left me yesterday I began worrying over my quarrel with Hannah Dale. I looked into it more closely than ever before, and I began to see that I had made a sad blunder. If you'll get rid of that terrible beast, I'll bring your search for Hannah Dale to a very speedy close."

From the branches above me came a laugh whose merriness rhymed perfectly with the cherriness of the tree.

"This is delightful," were the words that followed the laugh. "Mr. Holstein now stands in your path to Hannah Dale, and it will be rare sport for me to sit here and watch you get rid of him."

"I would disperse a whole herd of them if they were in my path to Hannah Dale," I declared, with an accent on the name and an upward look that I meant to be significant.

They must have been so, for another laugh fell that was so contagious that every cherry seemed to shake its plump sides. But I saw that the fair cheeks were again trying on the color of the fruit.

"Such chivalry for a shred of cambric," she said.

"There is ever so much more at stake," I answered.

"Such astonishing fidelity to an aunt's last wishes."

"Even that is a trifle to what is involved, and——"

"Mr. Esterbury," Miss Prower interrupted from the window, "that horrible brute is pawing up my geranium bed. Won't you please stir yourself and drive him away?"

I looked up into the tree and ventured, "Where is Alcibiades, Miss—Dale?"

She started and looked down at me in some confusion, but, recovering, answered: "Tied fast in the barn. Miss Briggs is so afraid of him that she had no peace until I got him out of sight."

I hurried in, and within a few minutes Alcibiades rounded one end of the house at a truculent pace, while I, armed with a stout pole like a picador, sprinted around the other. When I reached the scene Alcibiades was already harrying Taurus, leaping from side to side in front of him and yelping with an imitation of ferocity that was a work of art.

"Mercy! Mercy!" a scream issued from among the cherries. "He'll gore Alcibiades to death. If you can't do something better than you are doing now, Mr. Esterbury, I'll come down myself."

The enraged bovine was charging his brother of the canine line. A dainty foot, in a low-cut russet, appeared frantically upon the top step of the ladder.

"Don't, don't come down," I warned, running toward the tree. "That shirt-waist will make a serious complication. Please, please stay where you are!"

At that moment the bull made a vicious lunge at the dog, who, yowling with fear, turned tail and ran, the former, with head lowered and snorting madly, charging and gaining. In fancy I saw Alcibiades making an ascension into the cherry-tree. I leaped forward, caught up the step-ladder and flung it into the air. As I had calculated, Mr. Holstein's head struck it fairly. He

stopped, but, bellowing hoarsely, charged forward again, only to trip over the ladder and fall to his knees.

In the nick of time Alcibiades whisked around the house for a rear attack, barking in a way that would have deceived anyone—even a desperate bull. The monster rose to his hoofs, glared about, then, with tail straight out behind him, made an ignoble retreat toward the rear of the grounds. One of Miss Prower's farmhands, opportunely returning from the fields, swung open the carriage gate at this instant. The bull made for it, passed through and the man shut him out. I ran to the front gate and closed it with a sharp snap as Miss Prower and Miss Briggs stepped warily out upon the porch.

As I walked toward them a third woman appeared in the doorway. She had the serenest, most genial face I had ever seen spared by the ravages of a half-century. It beamed with goodwill and universal kindness, and at this moment was winningly beaming with amusement over our proceedings in ejection.

"Mr. Esterbury," Miss Briggs said, "if you have your aunt's handkerchief with you, you may give it to this lady. Let me introduce her to you as the Hannah Dale your Aunt Hildah meant it for. She and I came over here this morning to have a talk with Jane about our quarrel, and she has set it all straight for us. I was terribly in the wrong, but I am so glad now. She knows all about the handkerchief."

If I had ever felt more disappointment I could not then recall the occasion and cannot now. I had looked forward with triumphant gratification to placing the cambric into the hands of Miss Pinkbridge. As it was, after shaking hands with my aunt's Hannah Dale as cordially as I could, I gave her the packet.

"I must tell you of a stain that is in the centre——"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Esterbury," she said, with a smile. "Amelia has told me all about it. I cannot tell you how glad I am to get this lace, not

only because it is a gift from your dear Aunt Hildah, but because it has made Amelia and me friends again. It has also made me acquainted with a young man who has shown unusual respect for the last wishes of a relative. I am very glad indeed to shake your hand, Mr. Esterbury."

"So am I," said Miss Prower, extending hers. "I hope you have forgiven me."

"If you have forgiven the cherry thief, yes," I hastened to say. "But if I can accomplish what I want, the episode will mean far more to me than to any of you."

I cast an explanatory glance toward the tree. The three women also looked, and I knew they understood.

"No one would congratulate you more than I, Mr. Esterbury," said Hannah Dale. "She is a dear, dear girl. She belongs to the one Dale family that moved into the West. She is visiting us here, and driving about getting acquainted with all our people. If any of us have not fallen in love with her, they are the ones who have not yet seen her."

"I loved her as soon as I saw her," said Miss Prower, "and I said at once, 'My dear, I'm going to have my own pet name for the sweetest Dale girl I know,' and I've called her Whimsie from that time."

"What is her real name?" I asked eagerly. "I——"

"What are you people talking about?" a plaintively indignant inquiry came from the tree. "It seems to me that the person who took away the ladder ought to think far enough to put it back."

In a twinkling I stood under the boughs, holding the ladder upward in my hands.

"I'll let you come down on two conditions," I said, smiling up into a face that smiled down.

"I'll stay here forever before I submit to even half a condition," she retorted, her eyes flashing but her lips still smiling. "After learning how uncomfortable it is up here, I think you ought to be more sympathetic."

"The conditions are so easy—so delightfully easy," I said.

"Name them, then, and don't waste time."

"The first is that you tell me your name."

She laughed merrily. "I am the oldest daughter of my father and he is a Dale," she answered between the buoyant notes of her laugh. "Now you know, don't you, foolish fellow?"

My heart bounded. Perhaps she might, after all, be my ultimate Hannah.

"The second is that you do not let White Blossom take you so far away that I cannot find you and see you again."

She looked down at me, pursing her lips in her bewitchingly puzzled way, the smile fading.

"As if a bicyclist could not keep pace with dear old White Blossom," she said at last.

"Then I may see you again?"

"If you wish to come over to Orange Bridge where my Aunt Hannah lives," she answered slowly, "why—why, I might be coaxed to come out on the porch."

My heart bounded again. "Orange Bridge." It was so much like "Orange Blossoms."

"Come down, then, my lady," I said, setting the ladder against the tree.

She let me take her hands, and I wished that I might have been helping her down from one of the sky-towering trees of her own Western land.

Three months from that morning I sat one evening upon the Dale porch at Orange Bridge. Hannah sat close in

one of several green wicker chairs. We were talking about something—something upon the very verge of the subject trembling upon my lips—when her Aunt Hannah came from the doorway with a packet in her hand. It was done up in white tissue-paper and tied with pink baby ribbon.

"What do you think, Mr. Esterbury?" she asked, with an amused quaver in her voice. "This little Dale girl of ours from the West is covetous. She wants this handkerchief. I came out to say that she may have it for her very own if she will tell you why she wants it."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah!" cried the girl, placing a panicky hand upon Alcibiades who lay beside her chair, as the old lady retreated, chuckling.

"I'll not ask you why you want it, Hannah," I said. "I think I know."

"Well, if you know, why—why—why, I want you to know. I—I did want the handkerchief the—the moment you showed it to me."

"I wanted you to want it, Hannah. I hoped it was for you all the time."

"And I knew all the while that you knew I wanted it," she said, her eyes drooping to the handkerchief which she unfolded caressingly.

"Why, your aunt has not washed out that cherry stain!" I cried.

"No," she answered, her face copying the crimson more closely than I had ever seen it, and looking at me proudly. "I wouldn't let her. I want to keep it forever, forever, just as it is. Oh, I love that stain!"

Up went the gossamer talisman to her lips. Then she handed it to me, but I—well, I kissed something ever so much better.



RATHER TIRESOME

CORA—Ever been engaged to Cholly before?

BESSIE—No. I wish I had been.

"Why?"

"So as to have it over with."

ON THE CLUB VERANDA

By Stillman Payne

KITTY ELLISON'S glance wandered from the polo-field to the gloomy countenance of Jimmy Brathbone. Jimmy was not going into the game until the third period, and he sat on the steps beside her grinding holes in the graveled walk with his mallet.

"It seems almost wicked to be dismal when it's such a nice day," observed Kitty.

"Spring is getting too young for me," growled Jimmy. "It's as bad as being at a children's party."

"When women are in your mood they put on veils," laughed Kitty.

"Why don't you say at once that I'm showing my age?" demanded Jimmy crossly.

"That's what I'd hoped for," Kitty answered, "but I'm bitterly disappointed. I've been away three years and you haven't a line."

"It's the quiet life I've been leading," said Jimmy, somewhat mollified. "It's easier to keep out of things when *you're* not here."

"We used to do a great deal, didn't we?" remarked Kitty reflectively.

"We kept busy. We were young."

"It doesn't seem three years, does it?"

"It seems ages," replied Jimmy, soberly.

"The time goes faster in Europe. I was always moving about," remarked Kitty.

"It's been dead enough here."

"The girls haven't written that."

"If there are only parties enough women will never complain."

"Don't be so superior. You always go to them."

"It's a way of drowning sorrow, of benumbing thought," returned Jimmy plaintively.

"You are so inventive. I don't believe you've ever had a thought that needed benumbing."

"Then why do I go?" demanded Jimmy.

"In order to get invitations to other parties. It's an endless chain."

"Perhaps it's better to be its weakest point than to be the missing link," observed Jimmy, with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Kitty regarded him thoughtfully.

"Jimmy, I find you changed. You don't look a day older, but you are a shade less frivolous. I wonder if you haven't been having experiences."

"I've been lonesome, without a soul to speak to," admitted Jimmy.

"You are always so reassuring."

"Well, you can fancy, after all these years."

"Oh, I dare say when a habit is upset it's disturbing. It takes time to get readjusted," agreed Kitty.

"It's being uprooted," said Jimmy. "It's beginning all over again, unless——"

There was a pause.

"Unless?" repeated Kitty.

"Unless you've come back to stay." Kitty appeared to think it over.

"It wouldn't restore the old order," she said at last. "We couldn't do the same things. Besides, you'd get talked about. I'm a widow now."

"That is a stigma which I should like to be allowed to remove," ventured Jimmy.

"You don't seem to realize the gravity of what you are saying," ban-

tered Kitty. "That remark could be construed into a proposal. Such talk is actionable."

"I shall attempt no defense."

"Jimmy," pursued Kitty, "you have given me the greatest surprise of my life. It's sweet of you to come up to the mark, and I don't intend to take any unfair advantage."

"I suppose that you'll try to make me think that it's unexpected," replied Jimmy irritably, "when you've known how it's been for ten years."

"It's not so much that," said Kitty, "it was more the manner of it, so genuine, so unstudied. You have no idea how inexperienced it sounded, particularly from you."

"I dare say I could have thought up some of the old flourishes," answered Jimmy, "but they wouldn't have had the least effect."

"I suppose most of them would have been mere quotations," sighed Kitty, "but couldn't there have been the 'unmistakable light in the eye,' 'the suppressed excitement in the hero's voice'?"

Jimmy smiled grimly. "It wouldn't have done any good. I could never have hoped for the 'mantling cheek' and the 'downcast look.'"

Kitty regarded him indulgently. "You are a dear boy, Jimmy, but you have very little soul. You can trifle about the most important subjects."

"I'm far from trifling," retorted Jimmy. "I'm not only serious, I'm as glum as an owl. It's easy to see that you don't care a rap."

"You shall not surprise a refusal from me," replied Kitty, with dignity. "I intend to give your proposition the most respectful consideration, but I demand time."

"Take all the time you want," said Jimmy; "the answer'll be the same."

"You're not very flattering," Kitty returned. "I'm not always a foregone conclusion."

"Oh, I know women," said Jimmy boastfully. "They don't talk like that when they really mean anything."

"Then you've had experiences? You've actually been refused?"

"You are the first woman," replied Jimmy angrily, "to whom I have had the honor of presuming to offer——"

"It was well done for first work," pursued Kitty. "I should even say that you had a future, although I don't set myself up as a great authority."

"You needn't rub it in," said Jimmy resentfully. "I am aware of your qualifications. But seriously, Kitty, couldn't we fix it up?"

"It wouldn't do, Jimmy. What would life be without the occasional excitement of meeting you?"

"Couldn't it be managed—that is, if we were married? I had hoped, I had supposed——"

"We should be seeing each other, yes, but it wouldn't be the old idea. Besides, who could we talk to at parties?"

Jimmy was impressed by this remark.

"I have never thought of that. It would be difficult, wouldn't it?"

"It would be deadly," replied Kitty.

"We couldn't very well sit about together, could we?"

"Impossible! It would give me such a faded look."

"What's to be done?" asked Jimmy. "I don't suppose we could give up going?"

"I had thought of that."

"Well?" queried Jimmy, showing signs of interest.

"Let us consider how it would be," mused Kitty. "We will try to anticipate the—the afterwards. We will say it is a Winter's night. There is a lamp. There is a fire. We are reading in great books. You remark unusual passages. I struggle to grasp symbolic significances. All at once——"

"Go on," said Jimmy.

"All at once there is a roll of carriages—at first a few, then many, all on their way to the Allingwethers' ball. The sound is disturbing. It touches the chords of memory in both our hearts. It calls up the night of another ball years and years ago. The printed pages lose their interest as it all comes back to us—the crush, the hot fragrance from the banks of roses, the beat of the music. How we danced,

up and down, up and down the long room, until at last we found ourselves in the angle of the palm-room!"

"I recall it perfectly."

"And then, at the remembrance of those dear, bygone days, we should smile into each other's eyes, for one brief moment we should live over all that beautiful past, and then——"

"And then?" echoed Jimmy excitedly.

"Why, then," concluded Kitty, with a beatific expression, "we should return to our books in peaceful satisfaction."

"I don't see why we couldn't go," said Jimmy discontentedly.

Kitty regarded him severely.

"I thought so!" she ejaculated. "Frivolous to the end."

"I don't see the use of shutting ourselves up," said Jimmy. "But that was a great ball, Kitty. How well I remember it! I was madly in love with you and seriously thought of offering you the half of a one-story cottage."

Kitty's eyes grew a little misty. "I wonder why you didn't? It wouldn't have been so bad. We needn't have called it 'The Bungalow.'"

"The thing wasn't to be thought of. It would have dragged you down. We should have been frightfully poor."

"Your sisters were with you then, but I think I could have managed," continued Kitty. "I should always have had one good black dress and a great deal of tea."

"It's good of you to say that, Kitty, but it seems to me that if a woman ever has to wear black for me I should prefer it to be after my death. No, it would never have done! Not with Larry waiting to give you everything the world afforded. You've had a career, Kitty. You've had an international vogue. You've been the best dressed woman of your time."

"How much you think of such things," said Kitty.

"One has to think of them when they prove such winning cards. Of course you had the other thing, too—the tastes and talents. You've been

able to develop them, to make the most of yourself."

"You gave me no choice, Jimmy. It is fair to remember that. You did not hesitate to get me in love with you, but you stopped when it came to asking me." Kitty spoke with considerable seriousness and worked industriously at buttoning and unbuttoning a glove which lay on her knee.

Jimmy looked earnestly at her lashes. It occurred to him that she had kept her looks wonderfully.

"Then you did like me, Kitty, just a little bit?" he interrogated coaxingly.

"It seems to me that I must have," she answered. "I used to think about you all the time."

Jimmy remained skeptical.

"And for how long did you permit my image to occupy your mind?"

Kitty hesitated. "I've forgotten now."

"It was so long ago?" questioned Jimmy.

"Yes," answered Kitty after a pause.

"I don't know as there's much use in my saying how I felt about it. I'm not even sure you'd care to hear," began Jimmy, depressed.

Kitty felt herself in close quarters and attempted to parry.

"Of course I should love it, but there are your ponies, Jimmy, and if it's a long story you know you are going into the game in just a moment——"

Jimmy persisted. "It's an endless story," he said. "It began as long ago as I can remember, and it's been going on all these years. I dare say you won't believe me, Kitty, but that's the way things are with me."

"I wish I could trust you, Jimmy, but the last three times I have come home you have been devoted to some new enthusiasm."

"That's just it. I would resolve to forget you, and three times when I was making gratifying progress you have come back and upset everything. You have cut me out of three sensible marriages, and yet you won't take me yourself."

"If you could only make me believe

in you!" sighed Kitty. "A man ought to be able to dispel doubt."

"If you weren't so rich, I would make a dash for it," said Jimmy with some earnestness.

"I could get rid of my money. I could found something," suggested Kitty encouragingly.

"I wouldn't be rash," demurred Jimmy. "You might need it for your clothes. Don't all those togs represent some swollen sum?"

"I'm an expensive picture," admitted Kitty. "It takes money to produce me, at my age. Possibly it would be simpler in 'The Bungalow.'"

"My securities have advanced. It could be two stories at the very least. Come, Kitty. I'm getting lonesome."

"I don't believe we could ever agree about the evenings. You'd be miserable."

"When I'm miserable with you it's more homelike," urged Jimmy, "and perhaps we'd cool down some."

"I have heard that age is its own anodyne," observed Kitty reflectively, "but——"

At this juncture Jimmy rose and bowed to someone newly arrived on the side veranda.

"Who was it who just drove in?" asked Kitty, without turning.

"It was Mrs. Daintry."

"Isabel Daintry! Did she come back here after her mother died?"

"Yes."

"And has she been here all of this time?"

"All of this time."

Kitty looked somewhat scornful.

"It's not difficult to predict what will become of you when I go back to Italy."

"I suppose I'll make awful mistakes trying to cover up my feelings. I

wouldn't like to make it too plain that I miss you. You wouldn't expect that."

"Don't try to deceive me," said Kitty, with severity. "You'd go straight back to Isabel Daintry."

"I'd be desperate. I'd do almost anything."

"Notwithstanding that she has helped to keep you so lonesome all these months?"

"I'm always lonesome when I'm not with you. Of course I'm awfully sorry if I've got myself on your hands," apologized Jimmy.

"That's where you are," admitted Kitty, "and I don't in the least know what to do with you. Oh, Jimmy, don't make yourself a duty, don't make yourself my life-work!"

"I know I'm a difficult case," said Jimmy modestly, "but with your genius, your experience——"

The gong on the polo-field sounded the end of the second period, but Jimmy continued to prod the gravel with his mallet and Kitty kept buttoning and unbuttoning the glove that lay on her knee.

"With your genius, your experience——" urged Jimmy.

"I'm afraid I am going to need both," murmured Kitty, much troubled.

"Then it's yes?" asked Jimmy, at the same time noticing that the umpire had ridden out with the ball, and that his groom was bringing up his pony. "You're actually going to try me! Look at me, Kitty. Is it because you really care, or because—? By Jove! The 'mantling cheek,' the 'downcast look'! Kitty, I'm dead in love with you! Shall you be at home this evening?"

And in another moment Jimmy Brathbone was urging his pony across the field.



WHAT HE WAS AFTER

STRANGER—What are you crying for, my little boy?

BOBBIE—I'm crying for a dime to hush up.

THE "QUID" AND THE "QUO"

By Johnson Morton

S. EUGENE ENTWISTLE was in a contented mood. His chest swelled pleasantly under his buff waistcoat as he unbuttoned his square-shouldered, black cutaway coat to adjust more advantageously the moonstone pin in his crimson tie. A flecking of imagined dust from his well-creased trousers—a neat pattern in checks—and a lingering glance in the mirror at his delicately curled mustache and carefully plastered hair, completed his preparations for the afternoon. He closed the door of the dressing-room behind him, and stepped jauntily to his place at the counter.

The establishment of Hornblower & Son, watchmakers and jewelers, in which young Mr. Entwistle discharged the duties of clerk, seemed rather empty, as was but natural so soon after noon on a warm April day. To be sure, a group of undecided ladies, bending in varied attitudes of scrutiny over some silver-backed brushes, was taking up the time of the junior partner, who, it must be confessed, rendered a rather superficial attention, while, further down the aisle, old Hornblower himself, scenting a *bona-fide* purchaser, spread temptingly before an engrossed young man and woman a variety of necklaces.

To the trained eye of Mr. Entwistle, embracing the situation in the intervals of frequent contemplation of his own polished nails, it was evident that sentiment played a large part in the transaction. The young man would step back to regard each ornament as the girl clasped it about her neck and turned to him for decision. That shake of the head, Eugene knew full well, meant that the necklace was not

good enough for her! Such is the way of lovers. Yes, he understood; for was not he a lover, too! He sighed and drew from an inner pocket a photograph at which he looked stealthily. It was the latest portrait of Miss Mazie Sawyer, who only last night had promised, after some persuasion, to renounce the stage career for which a school of oratory had been preparing her, and to sink into private life as the bride of S. Eugene Entwistle as soon as his salary should be raised.

Miss Sawyer was represented as coming through a rustic gateway. One hand held back her trailing gown and in the other was a single rose at which she gazed fixedly from under the shadow of a high, black pompadour.

Eugene sighed again, as he replaced the picture, this time in his pocket case, where the sight of two crisp bills in an inner compartment—a ten and a one—all that he had been able to save from his salary in nine weeks as nucleus for the purchase of an engagement-ring, suggested somewhat poignantly the exigencies of his changed condition. Then, as he sighed for the third time, he turned suddenly to meet the eyes of a lady, who had approached during his moments of abstraction, and now stood looking at him over the show-case.

"I'd like to see some brooches, not too expensive," said she; "something suitable for a wedding present."

Eugene drew deftly a couple of trays from the case and placed them before her. He held out one of the pins.

"This is our *latest* pattern, the horn of plenty shape—in amethyst, topaz or turquoise as you prefer. We sell a great many of these to our best custom."

The lady took it in a trimly gloved hand. She was a rather pretty woman dressed in the neat black of second mourning, who might have been described as "between thirty-five years of age."

"This is very elegant, indeed: but," she shook her head with some archness, "it looks as if it would cost too much for me!"

Eugene bent forward to examine the tag.

"Pardon me," he began, "the price of this pin is forty-eight dollars!"

The lady put it down quickly with a laugh. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I'm afraid I must be a little more specific." She grew charmingly confidential. "What I'm really after is a small brooch proper for my daughter, a very young girl, to give a friend as a little wedding remembrance. I don't think that I ought to pay more than ten or fifteen dollars for it, and I'm not sure that I want a popular pattern at all. Something a trifle unusual that must, in spite of its inexpensiveness, show that care and taste have been expended in its selection, will suit my purpose much better."

She had pulled off her gloves, as she spoke, and from her left hand flashed before Eugene's envious vision a diamond ring of size and beauty, such a token as he would fain have slipped on Miss Mazie Sawyer's willing finger.

The lady laughed. "I can never *feel* things through my gloves," she explained. "Ah, this is more like what I want." She pounced upon a brooch in a tray which Eugene had produced from a remote corner.

"This cat's head in enamel; isn't it dear? Such cute little eyes! I don't suppose the stones *can* be real!"

"Pardon me," smiled Eugene, "they are genuine garnets." He fumbled with the tag. "And the price of each style—you see we have the pin in a dog's head design as well—is eleven seventy-five to *you*." His voice seemed to sit for a moment on the pronoun. "Marked down from the original price of fourteen dollars."

Meanwhile the lady in the course of her explorations had discovered other possibilities; and the next few moments were devoted to critical examinations in which Eugene, contrary to his usual habit of gauging his own attentions by the magnitude of the possible purchase, took a friendly part. At the end, however, she returned to her first love, as she held before her at judicial angles now the cat's head, now the dog's head pin, and still found herself undecided.

"Do you know," she laughed again as she pulled down her veil, and with the quick movement of her hand the ring flashed brilliantly, "I *really* can't make up my mind between them. I believe that I shall ask you to put them both aside, and let me bring in my daughter to make her own selection. Thank you so much for your courtesy!"

She beamed once more; then she took up her gloves and shopping-bag from the show-case and was gone.

Eugene's mood of satisfaction went with her, and, as he replaced the trays and rearranged their contents, his mind settled itself on a study of inequalities. Why should some people wear diamond rings and others think themselves lucky if they achieved a turquoise? Before his eyes seemed to wave a semblance of Mazie Sawyer's somewhat square left hand, its fingers adorned only by her class-ring, "Mizpah" in black enamel on the broad, gold band, under a scarcely discernible moss-agate that belonged to her mother. And he had just eleven dollars! Bah! for a decent engagement ring he'd need at least fifty! It would take nearly a year for a man in his position to save that sum, and his spirits sank the deeper with a simultaneous realization that, even in a lover's roseate judgment, Miss Sawyer's nature might be considered to be both acquisitive and impatient.

Indeed, as still at leisure he sauntered moodily toward the door, the only flashes of light against his mental darkness came, so to speak, from material sources—the pleasing reflections of his straight and slender figure that the mirrors gave back as he passed.

Suddenly an unusual sight outside met his eye. A group of boys seemed to be searching for something in the gutter; a wagon or two had stopped while the drivers hazarded encouragement and advice from their seats. A dozen sympathetic women stood gesticulating to a belated policeman on the sidewalk, and the central figure in the scene, cool, collected and still wearing a smile, though she waved her hands a good deal as if in explanation and the answering of questions, proved to Eugene's surprise to be the lady to whom only a moment ago he had been showing the brooches. As she turned she caught sight of him through the glass, and with a look of relief she came to the door. He opened it for her. Once inside, she spoke apologetically.

"I've made a dreadful fuss, I'm afraid! I'd no idea that people gathered so quickly. I was looking quietly for it myself. You see," she held up a hand on which only a band of gold with an empty setting encircled the third finger, "after I left the store—I'm perfectly *sure* I didn't drop it inside—I discovered that I had lost the diamond out of my ring!"

II

Mrs. Willard Pennypacker was the name she had written on a slip of paper, which Eugene tore from his sales-book. Underneath was her address, 273 Strawberry avenue.

"And my telephone number is Bayberg 9876," she added. "I think you'd better take that, too. Not that I expect you'll have a chance to use it, but," she smiled forlornly, "I mean to leave, so to speak, no *stone* unturned. I'm going downtown this very instant to put an advertisement in the papers. The diamond was valuable, and besides was very dear to me, one of the last gifts of poor Mr. Pennypacker. I shall be perfectly willing, though I am far from a rich woman and ought not to afford it, to pay a hundred dollars reward for its recovery. By the way," she gave Eugene her hand at parting,

"I see no need of bothering Mr. Hornblower with the matter at all. I wish you'd take charge of it, as a personal favor to me. There's some slight chance that an honest person may find the stone, when we haven't been able to, and bring it here because this is a jewelry store, and I lost it, I'm quite sure, right in front of your entrance. I don't want you to give yourself too much trouble about the matter, Mr. —"

"Entwistle," prompted Eugene.

"Mr. Entwistle, but I shall be so grateful if you'll keep your eyes open and kindly let me know, at once, if anything turns up."

One hundred dollars reward! All through the afternoon, as Eugene gave automatic attention to his customers, profitable and otherwise, the words took on concrete shapes. There was always an engagement-ring, though it fluctuated in kind and value. With it came, now a dining-room set, table, chairs and sideboard, in quartered oak, smooth and golden, such as Needleberger's window displayed at \$62.50 complete; now, a wedding trip, "The Potomac River and Washington, thirty-two dollars apiece for six days—all meals included," according to the advertisement. He saw himself in lemon gloves and a gray overcoat, pointing out the Congressional Library—he would know it from the picture—to Mrs. Entwistle, bridal, yet not conspicuous in a suit of Alice blue with two silver quills in her tilting hat. Then he pictured himself, the actual finder of the diamond, taking it back to its owner. A protesting shake of the head and sweep of the arm disclaimed any expectation of reward, yet, when pressed, he told his small heart-story, and the lady insisted. "I, too, am a woman, and I can understand," she would say, "so take it, I beg you, for the dear little girl's sake!" In turn he would bow gracefully, over a pretty speech, as her hand with cordial grasp left a crisp bill in his.

But at closing time Eugene's mind inclined less to optimism, as during the afternoon nothing whatever had hap-

pened of a pleasant nature. Events of the opposite order had not been so backward. He had failed to make an expected sale to an important customer, and old Hornblower had rated him soundly for it. The junior partner, too, had commented sharply on his frequent trips of impatient exploration to the front door; and most disheartening happening of all, a telephone message from Miss Sawyer had told him that he would be required to take to the theatre that night not only herself, as he had planned, but her cousin as well, a large and bucolic lady who had suddenly descended from Vermont that very morning.

So it was with dampened enthusiasm that he left the store at six o'clock. Indeed, in "closing up" he locked and shook the door without the agreeable feeling of importance that generally accompanied these acts. He must go to the theatre at once in pursuit of that extra ticket. He supposed it must be as near as possible to the two which, only a week ago, he had bought with glorious anticipations of isolation. Bother the woman, anyhow! Think of being saddled with a third person at a performance of "Stranded Hearts"! Yes! his evening was spoiled! And as he turned resentfully in a direction contrary to his usual one he wondered if a settled engagement *always* increased a girl's capacity for making demands!

He stopped at the crossing, as a heavy dray passed by, and turned, inadvertently, to brush against a man, who with a sudden movement bent to the ground.

"I beg your pardon," cried Eugene. The man said nothing—but groped in the gutter with his fingers. When he stood up his face flushed with the exertion, but he smiled triumphantly and put out his hand.

"See what I've found!" he cried. Eugene's eyes followed the voice. Between his thumb and forefinger the man held a stone that sparkled with maddening brilliancy. The other's heart almost stopped beating. The impossible had become fact. Here was indeed the missing diamond!

It is not for us to judge Eugene. Leave it to those who, scorning to look for figs from thistles, yet expect the highest altruism at fifteen dollars a week; or for jejune souls who deny the potency of woman as a temptress, or, again, for those others to whom the spontaneous passion of giving is as comprehensible as an overcoat to a Hottentot! Let *us* be more human! To pity, to understand is not to condone; and, if necessary, may we be all registered among the warm-hearted ranks of those that love the criminal while they abhor the crime! We can content ourselves with *wondering* at the scheme which at that sudden movement flared in Eugene's by-no-means-creative brain; born of an ill-assorted union of generosity and ambition.

"Yes," he answered quickly, "I know that stone very well. It is a diamond that a customer of mine—I am with Hornblower & Son at the corner—" he pointed to the sign above the door, "lost as she came out of our place this afternoon."

The finder of the stone clenched his hand over it. He was a man of middle age, plainly dressed and pale as if from the confinement of a long illness. His large blue eyes met Eugene's in a serious gaze.

"I think you'd better let me take the diamond," Eugene went on. "I'll put it in the shop over night and you can come around tomorrow. Meanwhile I'll communicate with our customer and see what can be done in the way of a reward. She's not a rich woman, but I'm pretty sure that the matter can be arranged all right."

The man with the stone laughed awkwardly.

"Oh, I say," he began, "I hope you don't think that I seem like a chap who expects pay for finding things!" Then he stopped suddenly and looked Eugene squarely in the face.

"I'm a gentleman," he went on, "and, by Jove, I'll be frank with you! You see I'm in hard luck, and when I found this I was glad, for it meant that I could raise money on it—enough to keep me till tomorrow, and get me out

of town. You see, I've been sick and I've used up everything I had and though I hate to ask 'em to help me, I'm about crazy to get to my people out in the western part of the State."

Eugene drew him to the shadow of Hornblower's doorway.

"If that's the case, I'd like to do what I can for you," he said. His pocket-case was already in his hand and he had separated the two bills with his fingers. He held out the larger to the man.

"If ten dollars will be of any help I'll be glad to let you have it. I'll take the risk that the owner will reimburse me."

The other looked at him gratefully.

"Couldn't you make it 15?" he asked.

This time it was Eugene's laugh that seemed awkward.

"Unfortunately—well, I'm rather short this afternoon—heavy expenses today," he explained; "but here's another dollar. In fact, it's all I *have* got. Now if eleven——"

"I'll take it," interrupted the other. "It hurts me to do it, but I'm cornered! Thank you," he added.

Then, as the bills and the stone changed hands, he stepped to the sidewalk while Eugene, with spirits rising rapidly, hurried to let himself in at the door. Once inside he could scarce keep from shouting.

Mazie's engagement ring was as good as a reality! It could be secured on the morrow. By a pleasantly simple arithmetical calculation he realized that a net result of eighty-nine dollars alone limited its cost, and, of a sudden, it seemed desirable to put the entire sum into its purchase. After such a stroke of business as he had done today it would be a simple matter, he reasoned, to achieve a wedding journey or even a dining-room set in some other equally successful fashion. Alas! it had required but a single lesson to teach Eugene the pleasure of waiting for chances. Well, he must telephone to Mrs. Pennypacker at once. Poor lady! it would be really a pleasure to allay her anxieties! Yes, there was the number on the paper in his pocket. He held the receiver to his ear.

"Give me Bayberg 9876, please!" A moment's waiting, then a repetition:

"Bayberg 9876, I said." Again the operator's voice:

"No such number," it drawled. "Please ring off."

Eugene seized the telephone-book and turned the pages rapidly. It brought fresh confirmation, for in it the name of Pennypacker had no place.

"This is very strange!" he muttered, and his hand trembled as he drew the big city directory from the desk.

"N, O, P—Pennypacker—yes; here it is! Thomas—Zenas! no 'W' at all!" The heavy book fell to the floor and, with a sudden sense of foreboding, Eugene examined the stone carefully as it sparkled reassuringly in his hand. Then with a new distrust he went to a drawer and brought out a cutting-diamond set in a stick and used for testing. He drew it remorselessly across the smooth surface of Mrs. Pennypacker's stone. To his horror, it cut deeply and the "jewel" fell apart in two pieces. It was *glass*!

On the street again, as he rushed blindly in the direction of his boarding-house, Eugene's mind became a battleground for many emotions. Anger, disappointment, chagrin, mortification and shame struggled there together. Who dares predict to which of them shall come the ultimate victory?

Almost at his door he awoke to a sudden realization of facts. He drew his watch from his pocket, looked at it thoughtfully for a moment and replaced it with an air of decision. That extra theatre ticket *must* be bought somehow. Then, as he sighed deeply and turned toward a small street where glittered a sign of three golden balls over a doorway, a weather-beaten cab, driven swiftly, passed him by. The occupants were laughing gaily. He looked up at the sound and caught a fleeting vision. Mrs. Pennypacker and the pale gentleman who found the diamond were sitting there side by side. They seemed to know each other very well indeed.

THE ALTERNATIVE

By Frederic Taber Cooper

TO Weatherborne, writhing under the slow torture of his suspense, the dragging hour of dinner seemed interminable. Long before the fruit and coffee were served, he had ceased even to feign a perfunctory attention to the idle flow of words passing, without prospect of abatement, between his wife and Jim Dalton. His vague, unseeing gaze passed over and beyond them; beyond the dainty appointments of the dinner-table, with its crimson-shaded candles; beyond the open window opposite, out into the sound-laden darkness of a New York night. His muscles were cramping with the prolonged strain for outward calmness, the desperate effort to keep his twitching fingers from rattling fork and spoon and cup like castanets. Inwardly he was cringing abjectly beneath the looming shadow of his guilt, the sudden menace of detection.

Since that first day, six months ago, when he was forced to admit to himself that he was a thief, the still, small voice in his secret soul had repeated so often and so insistently the accusing word that its meaning had worn weak and thin, its impact upon his brain had become deadened. But today, under the imminence of a new danger, the full opprobrium of the word for the first time scorched and seared him, until it seemed as though each of its five letters had branded him deeply in red and angry lines, as visible to all the world as to his own fear-haunted senses.

No longer ago than this very morning, he was still enjoying a fool's security, still making wild, fantastic plans of restitution. But just as he

was leaving his desk to go to luncheon, he had learned that Brett, the treasurer of the company, was on board an incoming steamer, which would reach its dock sometime during the afternoon. There was no other man who filled him with such dread as that same spare, taciturn, anemic Brett, lynx-eyed and inscrutable. But Brett had been in Italy since February, paying attention long overdue to his shattered health. He was not expected home for still another month. Some disquieting message, some whisper of suspicion, must have followed him across the Atlantic, to change his plans and send him speeding westward. Tomorrow Brett's keen, inquisitorial glance would probe the company's books. Before the hour of noon Brett would have fathomed his ineffectual makeshifts, his clumsy, futile juggling with figures. It was more than likely that the evening papers would have the story of his foolish, sordid pilferings—Brett never did anything by halves. Before night, Minnie, whom he had striven, even at the price of honesty, to shield from every anxiety, would bear the ignominy of a defaulter's wife—unless by some belated miracle he should succeed in replacing the missing money by nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

Weatherborne's glance, which had been mechanically following the distant gleam of elevated cars where they crept, like giant glow-worms, around the vast serpentine curve south of Morningside Park, suddenly came back to consciousness and centred itself upon the jovial, self-indulgent features of Jim Dalton, who at that moment was hotly contesting with Minnie the

merits of the latest musical comedy. The triviality of the topic, the jarring levity of the discussion, breaking in, as they did, upon the tragedy of his secret thoughts, struck Weatherborne with a sense of outrage, like sudden laughter at a death-bed.

Here they sat, at the same table with him: the one woman for whom he would gladly sacrifice his misspent life, to spare her sorrow; the one man who, even now, could save him with the stroke of a pen, and they kept him agonizing while they wrangled amicably over the ephemeral interest of a cheap musical farce. He felt an unreasoning desire to interrupt them noisily, with a crash of broken crockery, to cry out fiercely to them, "For God's sake, hush your empty chatter, while I tell you that I am a thief!" A thief, do you understand, a wretched, bungling, self-convicted thief!" But the words seemed to catch and strangle in his throat, before he could utter a single syllable.

Yet he knew that he could not let the evening pass without playing his last card, without appealing for the help that Jim could so easily give. At the same time, he shrank from making this appeal with a reluctance for which he himself was at a loss to account.

In all the months that Dalton had been a privileged guest, coming and going with the easy intimacy of a member of the family, the question of money had never obtruded itself to complicate their cordial social relations. But that alone would not explain the sudden, unexpected aversion that he felt to admitting this old friend, Minnie's friend even more than his, to a confidential knowledge of his desperate need. He had hitherto taken Dalton's presence for granted, without stopping to analyze his feelings toward him. But tonight, with every nerve racked and quivering, he suddenly felt the stirring of a dormant antipathy.

The amount of the favor he had to ask was not in itself a very formidable strain to place upon a real friendship. He was asking only for a loan—without security, to be sure, but still only

a loan; and he knew that Jim could give him outright, without feeling it, three times the amount he needed to cover his wrong-doing. It was such a paltry sum, after all, for a man to wreck his life upon! such a pitifully inadequate cause for a prison cell or a suicide's bullet! The irony of it drove home to him, as not even his panic fear had done, his own unfitness to cope with life. In a searing flash of self-knowledge he saw himself a failure, a bit of human driftwood which the stream of life had rejected in its rushing course. A failure in business, a failure in his home life, a failure even in crime: He lacked even the cleverness to make a successful thief. It would have meant something to him, in his debasement, to feel that, if he had sinned, he had done so on a bold, audacious scale, that he had played a game worth, not one, but a thousand candles. He called to mind notorious cases in the banking world, defalcations which in magnitude had been spectacular, fantastic, gargantuan. Crippled corporations had thankfully compromised for a fraction of the stolen moneys, and even connived at the escape of the defaulter to some sleepy, tropical land where extradition treaties were an unknown quantity. But in Weatherborne's case compromise and flight were out of the question; there was not money enough left even to pay his passage to one of those pleasant havens in the tropics. Seven thousand four hundred and twenty dollars—that was the sum total of his unlawful juggling with the company's books; that was the amount which he had been feverishly trying all the afternoon to beg or borrow from men who had hitherto masqueraded as his friends.

And now he was waiting for the eternity of this dinner hour to pass, so that he might give Jim Dalton the chance to deny him, as all the others had denied, a loan of seven thousand four hundred and twenty dollars. After that, there remained for him nothing but the merciful quickness of a bullet, or else the unthinkable alternative of a prison cell.

The fact that Weatherborne's plate

of strawberries stood neglected in front of him suddenly attracted Minnie's capricious attention, and he hastened to consume them, although each one threatened to choke him, as he forced it down. He felt an impotent and reasonless hatred against all strawberries, past, present and to come—especially against such luscious, overgrown, unnatural berries, crimson as sin, that could be divided into two and even three spoonfuls, and interminably lingered over, as Minnie and Dalton were lingering over theirs, prolonging his torment by gently bantering each other, because she, so Jim alleged, would ruin her berries with cream, while he, so Minnie insisted, similarly spoiled his by adding wine. Mechanically Weatherborne fell to counting the berries remaining on the two plates and multiplying them by three—twenty-one mouthfuls more, and endless talk in between.

They had passed on from comic opera and were discussing Ibsen now, comparing the merits of the different Noras whom they had both seen on the stage. Weatherborne knew nothing of Ibsen, but the phrase, "Doll's House," caught and held his inattentive ear. A doll's house! In a way, that was what his home had been, that was what he had chosen to make it. His eyes rested with an impotent hunger on Minnie's radiant face, the limpid blue of her eyes, the shimmering gold of her hair. It had always been his strenuous effort to shield her from the rough usage of the world, to save her from the knowledge of his own privations and anxieties. With sudden clairvoyance, he realized that his had been an unwise, mistaken way. His greatest pleasure, his one spendthrift extravagance, had been to encourage her to deck herself in the newest fashions, in weaves and fabrics far beyond his means. To Minnie the luxury of dainty garments amounted to a passion. How much such things should cost, he had, man-like, a nebulous idea; yet when he came to pay the bills, it had sometimes struck him that they were curiously small, in view of the number and the

lavishness of her gowns. Nevertheless, the sum had steadily mounted up. Milliners' bills, department-store bills, housekeeping bills, and the inexorable monthly rent of an apartment that from the first had been beyond his purse, but which Minnie set her heart upon because of its dainty tiled mantels and the fancy china-closet in the dining-room—the china-closet just behind Jim, which they had been obliged to live up to by the purchase of Doulton cups and Venetian glasses. Yes, struggle as he would, skimp and retrench and deny himself at every turn, he had been steadily swamped, overwhelmed, snowed under, by the mounting drift of unpaid accounts.

It was last December, the hardest month in the year, the month when all small tradesmen became vociferous in their demands, that he had grown desperate, and to tide things over, to keep the truth from Minnie a little longer, to give her the usual free hand in Christmas frivolities, he had for the first time falsified his accounts to the extent of a few hundred dollars. He was so sure, at the time, that a couple of months would set him right again. He had been with the company for ten years; and knowing their unsettled methods and the established order of promotions, he had counted upon an ample increase of salary with the opening of the new year, almost as upon a matter of right. But the new year had brought no advancement, nor any change more tangible than a vague sense of disapprobation, existing perhaps only in his morbid imagination. Yet he dared not stir a slumbering fire by asking questions.

In February, after Brett had sailed, he had taken the second, most fatal step of all, and on a margin of stolen money he had plunged into Wall Street, ignorantly, recklessly, disastrously. Week after week he had hectically watched the market, neglecting his office duties in order to run to the nearest ticker and, holding the ribbon between his nerveless fingers, watch the figures, like a thing of evil, crawl up, up, up, when they ought to have

gone down; and when they ought to have gone up, drop demoniacally down, down, down.

Through all these weeks fate had played with him, wantonly, tigerishly, letting him now and then make little sordid, pitiful gains, letting him fancy for an hour that after all he would succeed in dragging himself beyond its clutch to freedom, and suddenly fate would pounce again and drag him back to worry him once more. And that was how he came to be sitting here tonight, wondering impotently whether Jim Dalton would wring from him the whole wretched, shameful story before consenting to save him—whether, indeed, he would consent to save him, even then.

At last the moment which seemed hopelessly remote, arrived. As they rose to leave the dining-room Weatherborne twice opened his lips to speak, but his throat seemed suddenly to contract, and no sound issued. When the words finally came, the unnatural hoarseness of his voice startled him. He scarcely recognized it as his own.

"Hold on, Dalton, I want a word with you!"

Even as he spoke, he realized vaguely that his two hearers also seemed startled by his tone, and that they exchanged a curious, questioning glance, as they paused at the door. With his raw nerves rasped afresh by this new delay, he spoke again, with unintentional roughness:

"Not you, Minnie! Can't you see I want to speak to Dalton alone?"

He wished desperately that he could control his voice, he certainly had not meant to growl at her like an unmannerly brute. But she had hurried from the room with averted face, before his dry lips would frame a gentler word.

"At your service, Weatherborne," he heard Dalton saying, with incisive abruptness. Was he also going to be found wanting? Did some instinct warn him already that his bank account was menaced? Did that explain a certain intangible change in manner, suggesting a latent hostility? Spurred on by the urgency of his need, Weather-

borne did not wait to analyze further, but plunged ahead in tones so rasping that each word seemed to have the value of an invective.

"I won't beat about the bush, Dalton. I am in desperate mood tonight." He did not know that there was a tense stare of unreason in his eyes that would have made a braver man than self-indulgent Jim Dalton suddenly flinch and whiten. "I couldn't talk before her, Dalton. God knows it is bad enough to have to talk to you. I wouldn't do it now, if I wasn't in deadly need of money. I am cornered like a rat, Dalton—like a rat, I tell you. I must have money, a great deal of money, before tomorrow morning."

It seemed to Weatherborne, as he stared into the other man's face, feverishly trying to read his fate there, that an extraordinary change all at once came over it, as though tense anxiety had given place to immense relief, mingled with no little contempt. What, then, in heaven's name, had the man been expecting to hear from him, if not a request for money? And what was there in such a request that justified that sudden contemptuous smile? If that was Jim Dalton's attitude toward him, how could he go on to unfold the really shameful part of his confession? Nothing less than the black horror of a prison cell yawning before him could have forced the reluctant words from his tongue.

"I knew months ago that my life was ruined, Dalton, but I wouldn't own it, even to myself. I shut my eyes to the truth, just as long as there was a shadow of a hope. I suppose most men would shift the blame upon Minnie, but that isn't my way. Things wouldn't have happened if I had been a different sort of man myself. I have reached a point, Dalton, where there is going to be an awful smash, if you won't help me out. The break-up of a home, Dalton, that's what it means. You'll never come here any more; there won't be any place to come to. But if things are to go on in the old way, if Minnie isn't to know, if the whole world isn't to know the

May 1907-7

shame I have been hiding in my heart all these months, then I must have a lot of money, and I must have it tonight."

"And a lot of money is all you want, to keep things going on in the old way?" Dalton's tone suggested a covert sneer, but at least he had not refused his aid offhand, as the others had done. There was a gleam of hope in that. But a definite offer of help could hardly be expected without fuller confession.

"Why, of course, the money is all I want, so long as Minnie and the rest of the world don't need to know. Must I go into details? Must I tell over the whole black, damnable story, from the very beginning of last December, down to the closing chapter, tonight? Or will you take my reasons for granted and let me have a loan of—it's a pretty big sum, and without security; I haven't any to offer—it's seven thousand four hundred and twenty dollars!"

He flung out the momentous figures in the keenest spasm of fear that he had yet known, and then waited, silent, breathless. And then the strangest thing of all happened. With the air of a man in a desperate hurry to have an unpleasant incident closed, Dalton drew from his pocket a narrow, black-bound cheque-book, peremptorily enjoined silence with a wave of his hand and proceeded to fill in a cheque for \$7,420.00, payable to the order of Harry Weatherborne.

"Won't it make our future relations pleasanter if you tell me nothing further?" he said smoothly, as he handed over the precious slip of paper; then as Weatherborne tried to frame some incoherent words of gratitude, he added, with undisguised distaste:

"At least, do not thank me. Thanks are so out of place between us."

He seemed on the point of saying something more, apparently thought better of it, and passed out of the room. But in the doorway he pause long enough to add, with a touch of deliberate irony:

"By the way, Weatherborne, don't

form the habit of needing seven thousand four hundred and twenty dollars too often. It might not always work, you know!"

Why, confound Jim Dalton's impudence! Weatherborne started to his feet, tingling with a sense of intended insult. Yet how could it be possible that any insult was really meant when he had at this moment in his hand the tangible proof of the other man's confidence and generosity? Probably Dalton, like himself, had felt the embarrassment of the situation, the suggestion of impending disgrace. That, of course, was the reason he had tried to relieve the tension with that last inopportune, but well-meant jest. The possession of that beneficent cheque, with its four reassuring figures, disarmed resentment.

Weatherborne blamed his shattered nerves for his undue haste to take offense. Now that the strain was over he felt curiously limp and helpless. He wondered vaguely whether he was on the verge of a collapse. His trembling knees seemed upon the point of folding up supinely beneath him. He passed hurriedly across to the china-closet—the one which Minnie so much admired—took from its inner recesses a bottle of Scotch whisky, and with shaking arm poured out a half-tumbler in reckless haste. Then, suddenly, he remembered that he was not yet wholly safe, that tomorrow would be a crucial day; that although he was now guarded against a criminal charge, there were still many serious irregularities to be covered up or explained away. His head must remain clear, to parry Brett's rapier-like questions. With the glass beating a devil's tattoo against the neck of the bottle, he laboriously returned the greater part of his drink to its source, hastily drained off the remainder and mechanically wended his way to the sitting-room.

Dalton and Minnie were at the piano, so engrossed over the score of the new musical play which they had been discussing at dinner that they were seemingly unaware of his presence. Weatherborne lighted a cigar, settled

himself limply in an easy-chair, the one in the farthest corner, under the red lamp, and made a valiant effort to read the evening papers. He found it impossible to concentrate his attention. The words and letters seemed to whirl before him in a weird, bacchanalian *danse Macabre*.

But suddenly, on the front page of a sporting extra, the latest phase of an unsavory divorce suit, *Grainger vs. Grainger*, was flaunted before his eyes, in type four inches high. With a cold wave of faintness sweeping over him, Weatherborne saw in imagination just how his own name would have looked on the morrow, set forth in those same flaunting four-inch letters; just how, without the generosity of Jim Dalton, the whole wretched story of his defalcation would have been made public property by that same uncompromising, rapacious newspaper. Instinctively, he brought his hand up to his waistcoat pocket, to assure himself by sense of touch that the means of his redemption were still safe. He glanced thankfully in the direction of the piano, but neither the man nor the woman gave him an answering look. Jim was wholly engrossed in the opera score, from which he was tentatively picking out, here and there, attractive snatches, occasionally singing the words in his high, rather effeminate tenor voice. Minnie's face appeared in sharp profile against the dull green of the wall behind her. Her gaze was fixed in absorbed contemplation upon the singer.

With a sense of vague, unreasoning disappointment, Weatherborne took up his papers again, turning from blind force of habit to the Wall Street page. The serried columns of elusive figures blurred before his eyes into a smear of indistinguishable gray. It took him some minutes to grasp the fact that the railway shares which only yesterday had dropped until they wiped out his last remaining margin had this very afternoon gone soaring upward in a sheer leap of seventeen points; that, had he been able to hold on one day longer, he would have been saved the humiliation of borrowing from Jim—

Jim, with his generous cheque-book and his contemptuous smile.

Weatherborne let the paper and the half-consumed cigar drop from his nerveless fingers, rose slowly, and unobtrusively left the room. His last backward glance showed him Dalton still singing joyously, but evidently noting his withdrawal from over the margin of the opera score. Minnie's face was still in profile, her golden hair thrown into relief by the dull green of the wall behind her, her eyes still fixed in absorbed contemplation upon the singer.

It seemed to Weatherborne that he lay for unnumbered hours, tossing restlessly, before he fell at last into a troubled sleep. The untimely heat of early May hung heavy and stifling in the small bedchamber, while through the open window a disturbing symphony of nocturnal sounds, the shrill voices of children at play, the rattling of a belated grocer's wagon, the insistent clangor of a trolley gong, ascended from the street below. And mingling with the other sounds, drowning them out, beating its way into the man's harassed and weary brain, came the insistent, contagious rhythm from the drawing-room of vaudeville songs and familiar rag-time.

Weatherborne's next conscious thought was that he had been waiting a very long time, standing in line, in the midst of a dense crowd. He could not quite understand why he was standing in line; he knew only that he was tired, desperately tired, and that his knees quailed under him. Behind the close-drawn curtains the orchestra was playing some rollicking air which he knew he would recognize if he could only hear it distinctly.

Why, yes, of course, now he knew where he was. He had come there to buy tickets. He wished the people ahead of him would hurry. The line seemed to stretch on for miles. Yet he must wait. He could not remember why he must have those tickets today. He knew only that it was a matter of life and death and that tomorrow would be too late. He could see dozens

of men and women with great bunches of tickets hurry past him, to disappear between the heavy curtains behind which the orchestra was playing. He strained his neck as they passed him, to see the tickets, which bore a strangely familiar look. Suddenly he realized that they were all in the form of cheques for \$7,420.00, and all bore the signature of Jim Dalton. The next moment the line moved up, and he found himself in front of the ticket window.

"No use," said the man behind the window, "the house has just been sold out." And as the window was drawn down, Weatherborne recognized the face as that of Dalton himself looking straight at him with a contemptuous smile.

It seemed quite natural to Weatherborne that he should find himself presently inside the theatre, in the capacity of an usher busily showing the waiting throng to their respective seats. Suddenly he recognized, in a couple who confronted him, his own wife and Jim Dalton. Jim handed him the stubs of his tickets, looking straight at him, with his stereotyped smile of contempt; but Minnie he saw only in profile. Her gaze was still fixed upon the face of Jim. As Weatherborne took the tickets and bent to read the numbers, they seemed to stretch and lengthen between his fingers in a most surprising and yet strangely familiar fashion. Yard after yard slipped along under his eyes, while a rapid, intermittent staccato clicking and whirring bore in upon him the fact that he was in a broker's office, holding the familiar ribbon emanating from a stock-ticker. Strain his sight as he would, all that he could distinguish upon the ribbon was his wife's name, endlessly repeated—Minnie, 98; Minnie, 97½; Minnie, 95, over and over again, the figures dancing up and down in sliding scales and sudden jumps, but always below par. It did not impress Weatherborne as strange or abnormal that Minnie's name should be thus quoted on the ticker ribbon; but it did fill him with a violent, illogical rancor

that she should be so persistently quoted below par. And still the white ribbon reeled off its yard after yard, like a thing possessed. Faster and faster clicked and whirled the wheel, spinning as though devil-driven. Higher and higher drifted and billowed the white mass, overflowing the basket, rising in great eddies and surges of snowy foam, mounting steadily, inexorably to his knees, to his waist, to his shoulders; until suddenly Weatherborne found himself caught in the mighty undertow of it, and swept off his feet, far out over the crests of foam, swimming for his life between the long, smooth undulations of ocean waves.

He knew at once why he was there, swimming so desperately, though still fully clad in his office clothes. He knew that he was fleeing frantically from justice and from Brett—anemic, inscrutable, lynx-eyed Brett. Behind him loomed the shadow of an order of arrest; and just a rod ahead, along the pathway of translucent green through which he was swimming, rode a majestic ocean steamer, bound for one of those pleasantly tropical countries where extradition treaties are an unknown quantity. He seemed to be swimming with incredible speed; yet to his infinite distress he could not gain an inch upon the flying steamer. He shouted wildly, startled at the hoarseness of his own voice. It was a long time before he gained the attention of the pair who stood at the vessel's stern, looking down into the churning foam below. At last they raised their heads, just as he knew himself to be sinking. The man was Jim, confound him, looking down upon Weatherborne with that same damnably contemptuous smile; and Minnie, his Minnie, with hair of shimmering gold, could not spare him one last look, even when she knew he was drowning. She was too absorbed in contemplating the face of her companion.

Bathed in a cold perspiration, and gasping for breath, as though he had indeed been submerged beneath the waves, Weatherborne struggled painfully out from the toils of his dream.

For a few minutes he lay quite still, trying to collect his thoughts, trying to shake off the nightmare horror of it all, trying to piece together the broken fragments of his vision, and grasp its import. One after another, he traced his wild, disordered fancies back to their origin. He saw how his overwrought brain had taken his waking thoughts and tangled and twisted them into a patchwork of crazy horrors.

But there was one part of his dream which refused to be explained away, one feeling which seemed to have taken a deep, abiding hold upon his whole being—and that was his sudden, intense hatred of Jim Dalton. He realized vaguely that it could be no new emotion, born of a troubled sleep; for even in a dream he could scarcely have felt so keen a torture, if he had not harbored in his heart an unconscious jealousy, an unconfessed suspicion. What an irrational, unworthy dream it was, tonight of all nights, just after the other man had given him rare proof of his disinterested friendship.

The piano in the drawing-room was still giving forth its melody, not ragtime now, but sensuous little French airs which always stirred Weatherborne to a vague resentment because he could not understand the verses that went with them.

Confound Jim, anyhow! Why didn't he go home, so that Minnie would close the piano and put out the lights and come to bed? Weatherborne felt half tempted to dress himself, return to the drawing-room, and by confronting them, face to face, drive out the memory of that haunting dream of Minnie's averted glance and Dalton's contemptuous smile. But the impulse passed as suddenly as it came. Before he had decided what he really did or did not believe, he had again fallen asleep from pure exhaustion.

This time he was haunted by a nameless, undefined distress. He seemed to be groping endlessly, in utter darkness, burrowing through subterranean ways that had a clinging odor of crypts about them. Suddenly the truth seemed to come to him, the

object of his toiling search, mole-like, through the twisting tunnels of damp, ill-smelling earth—he was seeking for the reason of his hatred of Jim Dalton. There was a reason, he knew; but it was somewhere, just beyond his knowledge, hidden away in darkness; and he must dig, dig, dig, until he found it.

After infinite toil, he knew that he was near his goal; grimy and torn and scarred, he stood before an open passage, beyond which he would learn the truth. But just as he was about to pass through it, he was startled by a clanging of iron doors, a groaning of ponderous bolts. Iron gratings barred his progress, iron shackles weighted his ankles and his wrists. With savage unreason he flung himself upon the bars of the door, and beat upon them with his manacled hands until the corridors and cells rang with the din he made. There in the passageway, just out of reach of his shackled hands stood the jailer who had barred him in, stolidly reading the evening paper, his face hidden behind its ample breadth. The four-inch letters of the usual scare-head flaunted in the prisoner's face the latest sensational divorce suit, *Weatherborne vs. Weatherborne*; but strain his eyes as he would, he could not make out, in the smaller print below, the man named as correspondent. Yet he knew instinctively, knew it even before the jailer raised his face above the margin of the paper—the face he had all the time been expecting to see, the face of Jim Dalton looking at him with a smile of sardonic triumph. And while he hurled futile curses at the man he hated, his hoarse voice could not shriek loud enough to drown Dalton's mocking words, "A lot of money is all you want, to keep things going on in the same old way?"

The silvery note of the clock on the mantel, slowly striking midnight, broke the utter silence of the bedroom. Weatherborne found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, staring desperately through the gloom at the sleeping form of his wife breathing lightly and evenly beside him. There was no slow struggle back to consciousness this time.

He realized at once that he was thoroughly, intensely awake. It seemed to him that never before, in all his days, had he been so completely, so lucidly, so horribly awake to the realities of life. The illuminating flash of that last mad dream had pierced the blindness of his eyes. With pitiless clarity his mind swept backward over the torturing hours of the evening, and read the double meaning in the ambiguous interview with Jim Dalton.

Oh, the shame, the infamy of it! The infinite, incredible infamy! Blind, blundering dupe, he had ignorantly connived at his own dishonor! He had seemed to set a price upon his blasted home, his wife's fidelity! He pressed his fingers to his throbbing temples. Why, what was the matter with him tonight? Was he going mad, that he entertained such horrible thoughts? It could not be true; it was just a part of the grizzly nightmare horror which had haunted him ever since he came to bed. He would not, must not harbor such ghastly, unspeakable suspicions. He covered his face with his shaking hands, and sat there in a huddled heap, while nervous shudders, one after another, passed slowly over him.

It may have been the trembling of the bed which disturbed Minnie, for she turned over in her sleep and half awakened.

"Jim," she murmured, in drowsy protest, "don't go! You mustn't go yet, Jim, dear!"

With a hideous new certainty clutching at his heart the miserable man leaned above the sleeping woman, straining his ear for each involuntary, broken utterance, forcing himself to keep his hands off her, and listen impassively to the end, while she convicted herself, beyond the possibility of a merciful doubt, with words which no faithful wife would have spoken, even in the unconsciousness of sleep.

Then at last, in a state of abnormal calm, Weatherborne slipped from the bed, and noiselessly donned his clothing. The feverish problems of the past months had suddenly become strangely

simplified. He had sinned for Minnie and for her alone. For Minnie and for her alone he had feared detection. Well, Minnie, his Minnie, the Minnie he had loved and served and stolen money for, had passed away; or rather she was a figment of his brain, a non-existent creature in whose place he had suddenly found a strange, shameless woman, who babbled softly of "dear Jim" in her sleep. In the same mood of hypnotic calm he passed down the hall to the sitting-room, lit the lamp, and sat down in front of his open desk. Then with a sense of great loathing, he drew forth Dalton's cheque and, spreading it in front of him, dumbly fought out the great battle of his life. His integrity, his livelihood, his very liberty, all hung upon that cheque. Yet he knew in his heart that it had become impossible for him to use it. To keep Dalton's money, flung to him in payment for a wrong without price, would be to sink himself even deeper into the mire than the man and woman, who had wantonly betrayed him. And yet the lust of vengeance burned hot within him—the primordial thirst of the human male for the blood of the Other Man who had robbed him of his mate.

Wild impulses welled up in his heart to put an end to his own wretched life, and to take with him in his exit the woman with the averted glance, the man with the contemptuous smile. But without his liberty he could reach neither the man nor the woman; and the one road to liberty lay through that cheque. And yet that bit of paper, with Dalton's name upon it, had become a poisoned thing, impossible to touch. It was the price of the last poor remnant of his manhood; it spelled dishonor in letters of crimson fire.

But gradually a saner mood took possession of Weatherborne—a humbling, chastening sense of his own unworthiness. They were both common thieves, he and Jim; both stealing the rights of their fellow man, under the temptation of a woman's limpid eyes and hair of shimmering gold.

For hours he sat there, weighing

honor against revenge. It was only when the eastern window had become a square of pale gray light, making the lamp pallid by contrast, that the truth at last broke mightily upon him that only by cleansing his own record, only by confession and atonement, could he earn the right, at some distant day, to call his enemy to account.

Deliberately, he took the cheque and tore it across, once and again and still a third time, put the fragments in an envelope, which he sealed, stamped and addressed to Dalton. Then noiselessly

he let himself out of the apartment and made his way down the stairs and out into the street, to the nearest letter-box, on the corner diagonally opposite.

As the closing mouth of the box clicked back into place with sharp finality, Weatherborne straightened his stooping shoulders with a sense of infinite relief. Whatever Brett and the world at large might say tomorrow, he had redeemed himself in his own eyes, even though the alternative he had chosen should lead him to a prison cell.



THE BOBOLINK

By Edward Wilbur Mason

IN that entrancing moon of daffodils
 When wonder clothes the green Aprilian earth,
 Then in the azure air with silvery mirth
 The very heart of music overfills;
 And leaping down from heaven, as the rills
 Leap down from distant summits to the wood,
 The skyey notes shake echo with their mood
 Till all the raptured silence thrills and thrills!

O madding laureate of lovely Spring!
 When thou art here then 'neath the spreading tree,
 And by the borders of the flowing streams,
 What dryads and what nymphs go whispering!
 As though blithe Pan himself with melody
 Called back again the golden age of dreams!



IN CHICAGO

SHE (*after six months of married life*)—Well, I suppose we'll have to get a divorce.

HE—Why, my dear?

"I'm afraid it will make talk if we don't."

THE END OF LES QUATRE

By Roland Franklyn Andrews

LES QUATRE CRAQUEURS met each Saturday night at Victor's. They were not really liars, having rather chosen that name in sportiveness, so one seldom heard the entire title. Victor always spoke of them as Les Quatre, and Victor should have known best, since they had been coming to him for five years. Indeed, they began when he had but three tables and one could scarcely call his bouillabaisse more than ordinary. And in all the five years M. Poirel never missed a Saturday night.

M. Poirel was the life of the party. True, there was M. Franchon, who had been three times around the world; M. Perreault, who could tell one of strange happenings in the career of a certain very great personage; and M. Picquart, whose fine figure and white imperial commanded the respect of even the hurrying American business men; but it was M. Poirel who always started the song at the end of the dinner, when Victor was putting the paper cover over the canary cage, and who paid the pretty compliment to Victor's wife when Les Quatre took their leave. It was never twice the same compliment.

All the members of Les Quatre loved to tell tales of the old days when they were in France and young. That was why they gathered so regularly and sat so long over Victor's red wine. But M. Poirel's tales were the best, and of these the best of all was the one he told each Saturday night when Victor himself brought the demi-tasse that he might hear.

"When I was a *franc tireur* I was a very timid young man," M. Poirel

would begin. And at this M. Perreault would nudge M. Picquart, and Victor would smile indulgently, for to look at M. Poirel, sitting very straight in his chair with his white head held high, one would know that he had never been really afraid of anything. "Yes," M. Poirel would resume, "I was in truth very timid, my friends. The battle made me sick, and when the firing began I used to feel a weakness in my knees. This troubled me greatly, for I was a loyal *franc tireur* and I wished to support the colors of France as best I could.

"But every time I went into battle there would be that trembling of the knees and my stomach would go 'boom-boom' against my heart and I would be stuffed all up with fear. This was embarrassing. Very often did I berate myself for being a coward, and yet I knew I was not a coward. Shall I tell you how I found myself, my friends? Yes?

"The test came in the little engagement we had with the Prussians outside of Bernay. We were surprised and the great big Uhlans came down the road upon us like a whirlwind. It was during the breakfast hour—a most unusual hour for the attack—and I was sitting with my tin cup of coffee and my panier on my knee when the Prussians came around the turn of the road.

"I leaped to my feet and reached for my rifle. But alas! a great, blond Uhlan was down on me with his lance before I could throw a shell into the chamber. And this was the good fortune, my friends: just as the Prussian launched at me with his lance I held my panier against my stomach, placing

it so quite impulsively, you understand, for it was there I felt that sinking feeling as usual.

"His lance struck the panier and glanced through the scruff of my red breeches. I seized the haft of the lance and pulled. The Prussian, he lost his balance and fell from his horse all in a heap. I was on him in an instant. With my hands on his throat I struggled with him.

"The Prussian was very big, as all Prussians are. And he was very strong. He tried to force my hand away from his throat. But I reached around to my belt and drew my bayonet—you remember the great, broad-bladed bayonet which we carried in the *franc tireurs*. I thrust the point through his throat and so he died there."

Always after this there was a little pause, while the other three *craqueurs* leaned forward, flicking the ashes from their cigarettes, and Victor, against the wall, drew in his breath softly. Then M. Poirel, coming back out of the past, would illustrate.

"Here was the Prussian, where this paprika pot is. Here was I, this carafe. Let the bread-stick be the lance. Pouf! The Uhlan strikes my panier with his lance and I have him down, here where this wine stain is."

That was the story, told very simply, as is fitting in one who has served the tricolor, but none the less very splendid, as is also fitting. If by any chance M. Poirel hesitated with the coming of the demi-tasse, the three other *craqueurs* made insistent demand and the honest Victor showed his desire in his eyes. So every Saturday night it came, M. Poirel sitting very straight in his chair and beginning always: "When I was a *franc tireur*—"

"Ah, my love," Victor would say to madame when the *craqueurs* had gone their several ways, "he is still all of the army. Behold the straight back, and the great chest, and the mustache, which is waxed to such points! So were the mustaches of the officers in the Hussars to which I was conscript. And see also that he fears neither the

rain nor the cold. His health is the health of a soldier."

Indeed, this was the single boast of M. Poirel that in spite of his years he needed no comfortings and silly protections against disease. "Pouf!" he would say, "a man who has slept in the trenches when they were full of water has no need of your rainshoes and your other contrivances for children. Wear them if you will, my friends, but as for me—well, I am too old to learn new ways."

And the admiring three nodded assent, but none the less M. Poirel got his feet wet one Saturday night when he was going home from Victor's, and the next day he had a cough. It was not a hard, shaking cough, but although he dosed it with cognac and very vigorously performed the setting-up exercises of the *franc tireurs*—these having been wisely designed to make the blood flow swiftly as well as to give a man a figure—it would not take itself away. When the four met on the next Saturday night M. Poirel's voice was cracked and his breath whistled when he told the story of the Prussian. But he raised the song when Victor started toward the canary cage and he made a very pretty new compliment to madame. "It is nothing," he assured the three; "I shall be well soon."

When he had gone M. Franchon shook his head. "It is too bad," he said, "but it was to be expected."

"Yes," said M. Picquart. "And you will remember how often he says 'It is not fitting that a soldier of France should show weakness.'"

M. Perreault nodded gravely. "We shall see," he said. "We shall see."

They saw very unpleasantly on the following Saturday night. M. Poirel came to the meeting of Les Quatre muffled up with a shawl about his chest, although it was quite warm. He had hardly any voice left and he said he believed he had the asthma. It was not good that an old soldier should have the asthma. It was the disorder of children and of the puny. M. Poirel was sorry that his wheezing should annoy the other three, but the disease

would leave him soon. Yes, doubtless, it would leave him soon.

He was saying this when Victor came with the demi-tasse and M. Franchon called for the story of the Prussian.

M. Poirel was silent for a moment. Then he spoke very soberly. "My friends, I am growing old. For many years I have been telling you my story of the Prussian, and now I must tell you——"

"Only tell us how you killed the Uhlan," broke in M. Picquart quickly. "That is the better tale."

So in a whisper, which was all the voice he had left, M. Poirel told once more the story of the fight at Bernay. "Here was the Prussian. Here was I . . . and I have him from his horse, here where this wine stain is."

At last one night M. Poirel came to Victor's walking painfully and looking very badly. But he had a flower in his buttonhole and he joked with M. Perreault as he drank of Victor's thin wine. With the demi-tasse he related the story of the Prussian, sitting very still and looking very white after he told of the bayonet thrust in the throat.

"Ah!" breathed M. Picquart, "that was a fight, my friends."

"Yes," agreed M. Poirel, "but that was also very long ago, and I could not struggle with him now."

"Doubtless not," said M. Franchon, "but you are seventy-six—and that is old."

M. Poirel rose. It was hard for him to gain his feet, but the *craqueurs* knew his pride and they did not offer to assist. Besides, when he had finally risen, he stood very straight with the flower in his buttonhole.

"My friends," he began, "you have often heard me say that a soldier of France should not show weakness."

The *craqueurs* nodded.

"And I say further, that if one cannot shake off disease when one is old, then it is better to give up life suddenly."

"But—" protested the startled M. Perreault.

M. Poirel smiled. "Is it not so?" he asked gently.

"Perhaps."

"Precisely," corrected M. Poirel, still smiling; and drawing a pistol from his breast pocket he shot himself in the throat—just where the broad-bladed bayonet had pierced the Prussian.

Hours after, when the *craqueurs*, who were Les Quatre no longer, were still pacing the pavement, M. Franchon broke the silence. "Yet he died quickly and as a soldier," he said. "That was something."

"Truly so," agreed M. Picquart, "and we, his friends, it is to his very great credit, that although he was not a *franc tireur* and had never been in the army of France, it gave him much pleasure to believe he had been."



THE ORACLE

By John Vance Cheney

I TELL you the secret men last discover:
 The whole of love is to be a lover.
 Pray, lover, the loved one fly, and tarry never,
 That you may follow her, follow forever and ever.

PSYCHE

By Arthur Stanley Wheeler

MISS VANE, duly accompanied by her excellent mother, was seeing the studio for the first time.

"And this?" she queried, touching with the tip of a beautifully-gloved finger the dusty Psyche in the corner. "What place has this lady among your household goddesses?"

Jorian, attentive, crossed to the side of the living goddess.

"Treat Pish reverently," he said, "for despite her present neglected condition, she represents the object of a past idolatry." He drew out his handkerchief and wiped the plaster face. "See! Believing herself adored, she smiles fatuously. And yet there's a pathetic drooping of her shoulders, and her hands, did they exist, would doubtless be held palms outward in semi-apology. Even a Psyche may perhaps guess, deep down in her heart, at the future desertion of a worshiper."

The girl frowned slightly. "I don't like her. Her expression is so silly, and her whole attitude is an invitation for some man to practise deception. Yes, and finding that she had been deceived, she would dissolve in tears—or yield to the importunities of a lawyer who urged her to bring a breach-of-promise suit!"

Jorian laid a hand on Psyche's shoulder.

"Is it a true bill, Pish?" he asked. "Are you so commonplace as that? No, I don't think so. You're a fool certainly—but I think you're beginning to know it. If you were only a fool, you wouldn't be interesting; but I feel sure that when you taste the bitterness of lost illusions you'll make

up your mind, in a queer way of your own, to make the best of things. With all your obvious folly, there's a kind of philosophy in your posture." He turned to Miss Vane. "Look at her eyelids. You can guess that the eyes beneath them are near-sighted, and that by-and-bye she will prefer to have them so."

"They seem entirely blank to me," the girl returned with a laugh. "I'm afraid I can't follow you to the top of your flight of fancy."

"Aren't you nearly through rummaging, Rachel?" Mrs. Vane complained from the other side of the room, where she had collapsed—if such an abrupt word can be applied to so stately a person—in a big chair. "Ask Richard if he won't give us some tea. Really, this musty air has made me quite faint."

The artist apologized, and bestirred himself to prepare the desired stimulant.

"Rachel, do come over here and sit down," begged Mrs. Vane. "Your gloves are a sight already, and your gown won't be presentable after swishing round in those dusty corners."

But her daughter had discovered a stack of drawings piled against the wall behind the Psyche. They were no more than rough sketches, but the first one she chanced to turn interested her.

"How very strange!" she murmured. Then, raising her voice: "Dick, what is this thing? It looks not unlike your friend Pish—and yet it's different."

"Oh—that!" Jorian glanced at the drawing, then held a match steadily to the wick of the alcohol lamp. "That's a study for a Masterpiece. I stopped work on the Masterpiece a

good while ago." He adjusted the lamp, and went to another corner of the studio. "Would you like to see the masterpieces I'm working on now? This"—showing a conventionalized young female in evening dress and a picture-hat—"is intended to adorn Bullock & Company's calendar for 1908. And here we have a beauteous breakfast scene which will soon be inserted in the advertising pages of many leading magazines. Observe the carefully-tailored clothing of the gentleman, and the chaste joy visible on the face of the lady as she lifts the spoon to her lips. The picture will call attention to the virtues of Choka-Boca, the latest health fodder."

"They seem to me very pretty indeed," his prospective mother-in-law commented; "much better than the vague things one sees in the galleries nowadays. I've always had faith in you as an artist, Richard."

"They bring in the money, at any rate," said Jorian grimly.

Rachel, however, was not to be distracted from her find.

"But why didn't you finish the Masterpiece?" she persisted.

"No time. The demands of higher art absorbed all my attention. Besides, I was—h'm—afraid of a descent by Saint Anthony the Virtuous. He's exercising his prerogative in all directions just now, you know."

"Yes, the drawing does seem rather—unclad," Mrs. Vane opined severely. "I hope you were going to give the young woman some clothes before exposing her to the public gaze."

"Was she suggested by Psyche?" asked Rachel. "Or did you have a model?"

"I had a model—and a very good one. She first attracted me because of her resemblance to the Psyche; she was exactly what I fancy Pish might have become three or four years later. My meeting her was quite a remarkable coincidence."

"Very remarkable indeed, I should say," observed the elder lady. "I think, Richard, that you had better attend to the tea-urn. The water is boiling."

Rachel Vane was a very nice girl. Jorian always voiced to himself an opinion to that effect after a call on her, and after this first visit of hers to the studio he thought the same thing. She was not "a great match," it was true; and it was equally certain that she would occasionally prove tiresome. But she was pretty and well connected—yes, and sensible. Almost too sensible, at times? Perhaps. Jorian had riotous blood in him somewhere, which rebelled now and then against the righteous Rachellian formulæ. Miss Vane's mental and moral processes were as regular as her features. From her mother—who, in spite of barbarous ignorance anent little things like Art, possessed much valuable knowledge concerning the ways of the world—she had inherited a commanding set of prejudices. Most of these prejudices could have been expressed in terms of antique proverbs, like *The Pitcher that Goes to the Well*, and *A Rolling Stone*. Practice and education had enabled her to modernize her phraseology, but they would never cause her opinions to change. When anyone of her acquaintance succumbed to disaster she was more than likely to contract her Grecian nostrils and remark, "It might have been expected." With regard to her own conduct, her papa, a small, tired man who conducted an only moderately profitable business by day and read history for amusement at night, had been known to say in an unguarded moment, "Rachel reminds me of what Disraeli once said about Mrs. Gladstone. She had no redeeming faults."

Notwithstanding these characteristics, Miss Vane's newly affianced considered that he was making a fairly good bargain. If he was not violently in love, he was at least pleasantly impressed. He had no doubt that he would be able to get along amicably with Rachel. Also, her somewhat militant virtue stood as a kind of anchor to windward; for Jorian, though by no means a vicious man, had his full share of "redeeming faults." The riotous blood aforementioned

gave him trouble at times—as, in previous generations, it had given trouble to some of his ancestors. Being a young man of average common sense, he was not prone to regard this tendency as a romantically sinister curse, but he nevertheless chose to guard against it; and the best means of guard which he could devise seemed to be an alliance with so clever and prosaic a girl as Rachel Vane. Thus, whenever mild anticipatory qualms of boredom assailed him, he subdued them with thoughts of undoubted advantages.

He was interrupted in his meditations on this occasion by a vigorous jangle of the studio door-bell.

"Come in!" he called; and there entered a replica of the Psyche—a replica, save that her expression was anything but mournful, and that she had the usual number of arms and legs, properly clad in a dress which looked as if it might have cost a good deal, but which, in reality, had mulcted the wearer exactly thirteen dollars and eighty-eight cents.

"Hello, Jorian!" said she. "What's the good word?"

"Welcome's the word for you, of course," the artist responded. "Come in, Dorine, and shut the door. Have a cigarette. Have anything you see. Why have you stayed away so long? I've missed you."

"The devil you have!" Dorine rejoined calmly. "Then why didn't you send for me?" She stripped off her gloves, surveying the room meanwhile. "Skirts?" she inquired, noting the evidences of tea-dissipation.

"Yes. Miss Vane and her mother."

"Miss Vane? Oh, yes; I heard you'd been getting engaged. Well, I wish you luck with all me heart—and there's no crossed fingers about it, either."

"Thanks, Dorine. You're a good sort. And what have *you* been doing lately?"

She had dropped into the chair vacated a half hour before by the portly form of Mrs. Vane. As she sat, with shoulders bent a little forward, she looked more than ever like the Psyche.

There was the same hair, heavy and knotted low on her neck, and her cheeks, like the statue's, were slightly concave. But though her features were childlike, the impression they gave was one of sophistication; she was Psyche developed.

"Everybody," she answered. "No, I'm a model at Mendelstein's. Been there three months."

"I don't seem to remember the name," said Jorian. "Mendelstein? What's his line?"

"Cloaks and suits."

"Oh!" He broke into a quick laugh that drew an echo from her. "No wonder I didn't remember him! . . . Then you've given up posing for the boys?"

"I never posed for any of 'em but you and Chandler. He's doing comic work now, and you didn't need me any longer, so I took this place in Mendelstein's. They pay sixteen a week. My job calls for a thirty-eight bust, but I've got a pull with one of the firm, and pads do the rest."

Jorian frowned. "I'm not strong for the pull with the firm. What kind of a chap is the one on the end of your string?"

"Speisberger? Oh, he's all right—a good spender. I've got a date with him for dinner and a show tomorrow night."

"Yes, those fellows are good enough spenders. But they always collect payment—mit interest."

She shrugged. "Don't you worry about this little girlie; she knows how to look out for herself. She's been doing it for several days now. A man can't hurt a woman much unless she likes him, and Billy Speisberger's not one of my blunders. I've only cared about three men. One of 'em I hate, and the second's dead, and you know who the third is, Dicky."

"Better switch off, Dorine," said Jorian, moving uncomfortably. "You're getting morbid."

"Nit morbid for mine. Oh, you needn't be scared that I'm going to give you the sad story of my life. I know you hate that sort of thing, and

so do I. I'm a sport, even if I do wear marked-down lingery; it's me for the Sunny Side, every time. I only wanted to let you know that I'm still your friend. I'm glad you're going to tie up, if it pleases you, and I'll never butt in. But any time you need D. Elliott again, why—" and she finished with another shrug.

"Oh, sure," he said. "And I appreciate the compliment no end. . . . Well, what do you say we go up to Berrien's and have something to eat? I have to meet a man at eight-thirty, but there's plenty of time before then."

"Steady, Dicky!" she warned him, laughing. "Don't you think you're just a few rash, for an engaged man? I could never get a place as nursery governess in one of the best families, you know, and far be it from me to make trouble."

"It'll be a pity if I can't take an old pal out to dinner," he returned. "I guess my reputation will stand the strain. Come on."

The following morning Jorian was a trifle surprised to get a note from Miss Vane, asking him to call at half-past four that afternoon. Rachel was not given to the habit of writing notes, nor did she often receive her fiancé before evening. She considered the former trick a waste of time; and as for her afternoon hours, they were usually employed in charitable undertakings—the organized entertainment of ragged urchins who did not understand their entertainer's motive, and the alleviation of certain indigent sufferers who would have preferred to remain unalleviated.

She greeted Jorian with her customary display of ultra-discreet affection.

"Sit down," she directed. "You and I must have a talk."

"With pleasure," he responded, obeying. "And what shall the subject be?"

"The subject will be yourself. You know, Dick, that I don't want to interfere with any of your harmless amusements?"

Jorian's dark eyes contracted a

little. "I hope not," he said cheerfully.

"But unfortunately," she pursued, "you don't seem to know where to draw the line. For example, you were seen last night dining in a public restaurant with a woman whose reputation is not of the best."

There was neither embarrassment nor rancor in Miss Vane's manner as she made this statement; she prided herself upon both her impartiality and her ability, when needful, to designate spades as spades *sans* flinching.

The artist met her on her own ground.

"Aren't you going it rather fast?" he asked. "How do you know that my friend"—he accented the words—"is a disreputable person? And, incidentally, who told you of the occurrence?"

"One doesn't need to go into details in order to judge a certain class of women," she answered, pursing her lips. "As for your last question, since you admit the truth of the information, I don't feel compelled to give my informant's name."

"Never mind the informant's name, then," said Jorian. "It's of no particular consequence; all busybodies are alike. Let's come to Hecuba. What is it, specifically, that you object to?"

"Specifically, Dick, I object to your committing acts which are likely to compromise yourself and me."

"You have that right, but it seems to me that your way of exercising it is a bit arbitrary. In the first place, don't you think you're giving gossip a somewhat undue importance in your philosophy?"

"We should so rule our lives," asserted Miss Vane, "that gossip cannot touch us."

"My dear Rachel," he rejoined, amused, "we can't do that. Deny gossip material, and it still makes food out of nothing. The best we can do is to live according to our consciences, and tell gossip go hang."

"A very lax creed," she pronounced. "But even by it, you are open to condemnation, for you certainly furnished food for gossip last evening."

"No more than you did when you went to the Bachelors' Dance last Tuesday night with Jack Cottrell."

"Let us not bandy accusations vulgarly. There's no logical comparison; Mr. Cottrell is known as a gentleman."

"Just so; yet if I chose, I could tell you things about him that would threaten his immaculacy. And you take my word for it that if all the world were no worse at heart than my dinner-friend, humanity would be a deal more comfortable."

"This," she said, "is a profitless discussion, save for the fact that it shows me a woeful lack of height in your ideals."

"The only point on which I disagree with you is your notion of ideals. An ideal is not a fixed thing, but a shifting one; it can never be attained. It can't even be accurately formulated in a definition, because its nature changes as one comes closer to it. Neither can you justly say, 'This man's ideal is high,' or 'This man's is low,' unless you know the limitations against which he struggles. In some cases, that which casually appears to be a drop in ideals may really be, from another standpoint, a means to a rise. For instance: before the need of making money for our marriage came, I was able and content to do the work that pleased me; now you behold me designing advertisements. Some people might regard that change as a loss in ideals."

She was looking at him penetratingly.

"And do you so regard it?"

"You yourself make me doubtful. If I'm to be under a hyper-suspicious surveillance throughout our married life, I may come to believe that my shift in method was not worth the price."

"I should certainly demand faith," she affirmed.

Jorian laughed again. "You make me think of Rufus Choate's division of humanity. He said that there were some people who perpetually cried, 'I am as good as you are,' and those he hated, while there were others whose idea was, 'You're as good as I am,' and

those he loved. You, Rachel, demand faith, but will not give it; I am willing to furnish it, but decline to be unduly questioned."

"You merely quibble with the meaning of the word 'faith,'" Miss Vane said, equably but coldly. "In fact, your whole argument is based on quibbles. I'm afraid you and I are radically different, Dick—too different to agree."

"As you please, Rachel. I certainly don't want you to marry me if you feel that my standards are so infinitely lower than yours."

"Frankly, that's just what I do feel. We should be constantly clashing over the goal to be gained, if not over trivial matters incidental to the gaining. I can't help telling you that I'm greatly disappointed; we must part pleasantly, however. I hope you will be both happy and successful."

"Thank you. I shall try to do my poor best."

"And I have no patience with the usual stilted folly of the victims of broken engagements. If you care to call on me occasionally in the future, I shall be glad to see you."

"Again, my thanks. I'll do so. Remember me to your mother, won't you?"

"Certainly. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

As Jorian went down the steps, he was grinning; the affair had its humorous side. But it was also a little disconcerting. What was he to do now? His plans had received a jolt none the less abrupt because so amusing.

Nevertheless, he did not repine. Thinking that a good meal and a bottle of wine would help to banish care, he was about to set sail for a café; but remembered in time that the small excursion of the previous evening, coupled with the inopportune necessity of liquidating a bill that morning, had exhausted the funds of his pocket. He could have cashed a cheque at his club, but preferred to go to the studio where he generally kept a couple of twenties secreted against immediate need in the tobacco-jar—a hiding-

place which any competent thief would have been especially quick to search.

The big room was dim and ghostly in the waning light. The various furnishings and paraphernalia seemed near-animate, ready upon provocation to start into life. As Jorian, having fulfilled his purpose, was about to leave, his glance fell on the Psyche, glimmering whitely in her corner. He went over to her.

"You're a pretty comfortable kind of girl, Pish," he said, stroking the concave cheek. "You're not so much on brains, and your morals may show a fleck now and then, but you're not the

worst in the world, by a long shot. Psyche—that means the Soul! Well, maybe you've got a soul, and maybe you haven't; lots of wiseacres have fallen down on that problem. I'm grateful to you because you don't bother your head about it one way or the other, for there's nothing quite so wearisome to a low-brow like me as the people whose anxiety about their own souls has struck in. One can't breathe freely in too rarefied an atmosphere."

Whereupon he went out to see if he could communicate with Dorine in time to have her break her engagement with the festive Speisberger person.



THE THRUSHES

By Arthur Stringer

OH, wee thrush a-thirstin' to sing out
 Such music an' sootherin' song.
 Such heart-breakin' longin' to wring out,
 Such swearin' the world's all wrong—
 Faith, all the lone heart that ye fling out
 Should be lovin' a whole life long!

II

Oh, wood-thrush, I listen an' listen,
 For a song from yon wee nest above.
 Since matin' your music I'm missin',
 For there's nothin' left out to sing of—
'Tis the lip that ye'll never see kissin'
Is singin' forever of love!



QUITE DIFFERENT NOW

SHE—In days gone by, when a woman accepted a man, it was a sign that she loved him. It is different now.

HE—So it is. Nowadays it isn't even a sign that she is going to marry him.

THE CHARLATAN

By Bayard Boyesen

THE little old man bustled about his room rubbing his hands together and smiling to himself. Sometimes, when he passed near the rickety desk where he had written articles for encyclopedias or publishers' announcements, he stopped to pick up a letter and read it aloud, pausing now and then to repeat, with a chuckle of gratification, a sentence or phrase.

MY DEAR MR. SHILLING:

My friend and former teacher, Mr. Readway, has recommended you as a tutor. I wish to send my son, who was graduated from college last Spring, abroad to travel for a year with a man of culture and experience. The salary would be three thousand dollars (\$3,000) and expenses. If these terms seem satisfactory to you and the position congenial, will you be good enough to call at my office at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning? I should expect you to be ready to start in a week or two.

Yours very truly,
ARTHUR BROCKTON.

Three thousand dollars and a year abroad! He was to be paid for his enjoyment. No more intricate anxieties to waste his strength in the mere effort of keeping alive or barb the few pleasures he sought, no more hours to be spent at his desk writing until his back ached and his cramped fingers refused to move; and oh! no more hours of loneliness and fear. He could think now, with a sort of melancholy pleasure, of the evenings he had sat staring at his watch wishing that he might move the hands forward while a terror at the desperate speed of time chattered in his heart. He remembered how he had hoped, on such evenings, that someone would come for him; how he had listened when the doorbell rang, and though he knew it was

only the journalist who lived on the floor below returning from a spree, sprung to his feet and stood alert at the door, straining to believe the steps on the stairs would mount to his room. And often, when he had waited long and the knowledge that no one would call for him was very certain, he had gone across the street to the tobacconist's and asked for some brand he knew was not kept there in order to linger over the counter in talk.

He would never forget one day when the steps had stopped at his room, and a young man entered with a commission from the publishers to write philological articles for a new encyclopedia. How surprised the visitor had been at his boisterous gratitude for such ill-paid work!

But now he would be constantly needed, he would be constantly of use. That was the sweetest thought of all—he would be of use. He would open a young mind in the world; he would add up for it the sum of the past, allay the violent voices of youth in a pleasant converse of religion, honor and noble living, and prepare it for whatever the future might bring of storm or sorrow; if, indeed, life could bring anything but ease and pleasure to a young man so fortunately circumstanced.

He was suddenly startled by the thought that it might be eleven o'clock. What would Mr. Brockton think of him if he were late? He put his hand into his pocket and remembered that he had pawned his watch the night before in order to buy a new overcoat and necktie. But the time—he was forgetting the time again. He would ask the landlady.

May, 1907—8

On the landing he paused; it would be more dignified to call than to go downstairs.

"Mrs. Perth, Mrs. Perth!" He tried to give a commanding tone to his voice, but he emitted a squeaky staccato.

"Well, well, what's the noise about?"

"You'll be good enough to tell me the time." He felt his forehead dampen with sweat. What would he do if she answered impertinently?

"Hocked your watch, eh? So you've got to call out and wake all the respectable people in the house? Mr. Lawton'll give it to you, all right. And it's only nine o'clock at that."

Always Lawton! The whole place was run for that journalist.

"I'm sorry if I disturb people. It won't be for long. I shall go abroad in a week or two."

"You!"

"You may send my bill up at your convenience."

He hastened into his room lest he should hear a mocking answer.

Two hours to wait. He sat down at his desk and tried to sort his papers. He must be ready to start in a week. But his hands trembled, and his thoughts wandered over Europe, pausing here and there to insist upon some welcome recollection of his youth. He wondered whether Paris had changed during the thirty years since he had studied at the Sorbonne. And he saw himself again at the shabby little café just off the Boulevard Saint-Michel, where the students used to meet and quarrel so violently and so pleasantly about the first volumes in the Rougon-Macquart series, or on Montmartre, at the Nouvelle Athènes, discussing the strange new painter who was soon to make the name of Manet the shibboleth of a school of art. What had become of all the lavish enthusiasms and hopes of those days, the plans that were builded between nightfall and dawn and fell only to be builded again? Had they fallen for good now? And Laverel and Picard and the rest?

He remembered the Sundays in Spring when he would walk in the Bois with the poet Laverel, and watch the

fashionable carriages whirl by on their way to the races. But now he would himself be driving. Why, of course, young Brockton would have a *voiture de remise*, and they would live at the Continental or the Ritz. No tiny *chambre meublée* for him! He would have a suite of rooms and servants to order about.

As his memories were pierced by the swift visions of the future, his body became intricately alive and a sense of youth swam in his veins. He laughed aloud at the recollection of his immediate past and especially at the inordinate self-criticism which had made the events of his life an ordered procession for audiences which never looked save to jeer, and giving himself completely to delight, consciously urged his imagination until it dazzled him with a riot of pictures just distinct enough, however, to allow himself to emerge always as a prominent and eminent feature. He knew that he was exaggerating the slights he had endured with such a semblance of humility, but he was willing to deny his knowledge in order that the new joy of revenge might make his dreams more wildly sweet.

But why delay? He would begin his triumph here, now. Lawton, while he lived in the sunny room below, might call him "the little old man of the garret," but he could scarcely speak thus of a man about to travel round the world. A man of culture and experience—that was the phrase Mr. Brockton used.

He scampered downstairs, knocked on Lawton's door, and without waiting for an answer, entered.

"What brings you at this ungodly hour?"

The question was embarrassing; Lawton would only laugh if he frankly told him of his good luck.

"Well?"

"I—I thought you might possibly—want some help with one of your articles." He smiled proudly as he finished the sentence. He was a match for his enemies at last.

The journalist threw down his book, swung round in his chair, and said

abruptly: "Sit down. Now tell me what's the trouble. What are you here for?"

He would have preferred to stand or lounge easily on the arm of a chair, and he looked across the room at the bureau wishing he had the courage to go over and sit on it, kicking his heels against the drawers with the same jaunty manner that Lawton assumed in his room.

"Sit down, Shilling. You make me nervous. Now, out with it."

He sat down submissively in the chair to which Lawton pointed.

"There's nothing to 'out with,' as you express it. I merely thought I might be able to do something for you when—when I go abroad."

"What!"

"I am going in a week."

Lawton leaned forward eying him keenly—ferociously, it seemed to Shilling. Had the little old man of the garret gone quite out of his senses?

"I'm going as a tutor and companion to Mr. Brockton's son. You may have read of him in the papers. He wants a man of culture and experience, he said. My reputation made him think of me."

"You'd better go back to bed. You're not awake yet."

Shilling drew the letter from his pocket and held it out with a stiff assumption of arrogance. The journalist took it, read it attentively, looked critically at the signature, read it again, and commenced to chuckle to himself.

"So you don't believe—" Shilling began.

"Oh, it's perfectly *bona fide*. There's no question of that. But what a silly old chap you are! You receive a letter and before you even get the job, come here to brag, to posture, to try and make me feel small. Why, man alive, do you think your antics affect me?"

"I didn't come here for that. Oh, I didn't," he repeated. "Really, I didn't." If only he had not come! Lawton always forced him into a distressing position.

He tried to snatch the letter. Law-

ton held it out of reach and read it again. Then he tossed it to him.

"You're ashamed now and want to run away. Well, good luck to you. Only, don't let old Brockton understand you as easily as I do."

Shilling picked up the letter and went quietly upstairs to his room. But as soon as he entered it, he felt he could not remain there. It would be impossible to sit still without thinking of Lawton, and he knew that the reflections which would follow his interview with him would sap the courage he needed to meet Mr. Brockton. He wondered how he could have looked forward with pleasure, only a few moments ago, to that meeting.

He put on his new overcoat, and as he looked at himself in the mirror, his confidence rose. Everything would turn out all right. It was foolish to allow that journalist to disturb him. Lawton was simply jealous and had vented his jealousy in an assumed scorn. And, after all, what connection could there possibly be between Lawton and his present errand? He would go out and dismiss him from his mind once for all.

The clock in the tobacconist's shop opposite was sounding a jangling ten. There was ample time to walk, and exercise would aid in clearing his thoughts. He set out.

The day was sharp with Autumn, the sky a hard blue, and distinct against it, the high buildings seemed haughtily to insist on the harsh pitch of their lines. He felt exhilarated and strengthened, and for a long time he was conscious only of this exhilaration and a delicious sense of activity and importance. He wanted to call out to the people who bustled by him and tell that he, too, was busy and had an urgent errand. He saw an old man at a news-stand and stopped to buy a paper of him.

"What a splendid day!"

He was surprised that the man grumbled in reply. If people could only know. Something lucky always happens just as we think we're most unfortunate. He wished he had given

the man the nickel without waiting for change. That would have made the newsdealer lucky and it was a pity that anyone should be unhappy today.

But as he strode on, he quickly forgot the newsdealer and his mind became again an exhilarated blank until, having turned into Broadway in the business section of the city, he was conscious of an uncomfortable proximity to the people about him. He tried to pause and collect his thoughts, but he was jostled from side to side, and the sense of being swept on against his will made him tremble with bewildered anxiety. His high mood collapsed.

After many futile efforts he contrived to extricate himself from the crowd, and leaning against one of the pillars of a building, take out Mr. Brockton's letter. He stood for a moment, the letter in his hand, wondering why he had wished to read it. But as he looked down and saw his name upon the paper, he felt that he had needed some confirmation of his identity, some outward sign that would assure him of himself and his purpose in this compulsive throng. Even now, while he stared at his own name, he found it almost impossible to allocate with any feeling of definiteness the sounds and sights before him. They seemed, at the same time, to have become part of himself and to oppress him from without. It was difficult to distinguish sight from sound: the haze in the air from the hoarse, insistent hum that seemed to hang over the street, forcing all other sounds down into this dangerous chasm between the high buildings. Even the clang of the cars, after beating about for place in an atmosphere already too densely compacted, seemed to sink down with sudden and complete exhaustion.

Shilling dared not think of going out into the crowd again, though he knew that the hour of his appointment must be imminent. He tried to fasten his attention upon some stable point, and failing that, his mind upon some idea; but the sensation of hurried, inconsequent movement, which the sight of the crowd forced upon him, pulled

at his thoughts until they seemed to be parts of the tangled patterns of the people weaving in and out on the street. He could not severalize the people; all their faces seemed to wear the same look of coerced but proud resignation to strain and unreflective labor, their words to have the same jerky and fragmentary snap, their gait the same nervous intensity; and he saw them only as a scrambling multitude tossed hither and thither by energies whose inscrutability heightened the sense of their might. Their differences were not of character, but degree; and to Shilling their appearance of impersonality brought a feeling of terrible loneliness and littleness such as one might experience who saw for the first time a forest frenzied by the invisible winds, or came, on a still Summer day, upon excessive seas in tumultuous upheaval long after the storm had drawn away.

In all this agitated scene only the buildings were fixed. And suddenly he thought of the giant personalities within them, they, too, fixed and silent, dominating and directing the war of the crowds—harsh, truculent, bold and violent as the houses of their labor, and like them towering above the multitudes they shut in. And he, Shilling, must break into their mystery. Oh, he could never attempt it, never!

He would go home. But even while he repeated his decision mentally he knew that he was treating himself as a mother treats an unhappy child with comforting and meaningless phrases. He never really questioned the fact that he was going to Mr. Brockton or experienced a feeling of decision. He waited.

A sudden congestion in the crowd caught his attention. Instinctively he pushed forward toward the spot about which a hundred or more people were already revolving in hasty efforts to get closer to the centre. Something terrible must have happened to check and divert that flood of men. But he saw only a fakir, in the middle of a noisy, laughing throng, exhibiting some mechanical animals which hopped fantastically on the pavement. He looked

quickly about. There was nothing else. Then he understood, with a sudden, sharp perception, that something terrible had happened: he had seen the rebellion of the individuals which make a crowd and had heard them cry out for a momentary escape. Before he could pause to consider his perception, the throng had swung into its former rhythm and was bearing him along.

He noticed a number on a building and it seemed to be associated with something in his mind. Mr. Brockton's address! He disengaged himself from the crowd with a quick movement and passed in.

For a moment he paused to allow a feeling of pity for himself to submerge the bewilderment of his mind. Then he turned into an elevator. He was glad it was nearly empty and that it rose so swiftly: the close, heavy touch of the crowd was washed from him in the rush of air, and there was a feeling of relief in being so high up. After all, he was not like the people on the street; he had been chosen from many and sent for.

He entered the office hastily lest any untoward incident should quell his rising sense of importance; but the clatter of the typewriters and the office-boy's brusque "What's your business?" were like twinges of pain.

He sat down on a bench to await the boy's return, and was instantly aware of a great bodily weariness. He watched the people hurrying in and out and reflected that he might easily slip away unnoticed. But it was better to sit still and rest; and he began to hope that Mr. Brockton would keep him waiting.

"Come right in, sir. Mr. Brockton'll see you immediately."

Shilling was quick to detect the note of deference in the boy's voice, and he smiled maliciously as he observed his almost obsequious manner. He followed him through a swinging door, another office, another door, and found himself alone with Mr. Brockton.

"Good morning. You're—you're Mr. Shilling, are you?" The voice

seemed to insist upon a negative answer, and Shilling felt that he would give almost anything to be anybody else for just one moment.

"Well?"

"Yes, sir. I—I'm Shilling." He looked down in order to avoid his interlocutor's eyes, and caught himself twisting the bottom of his coat.

"You received my letter? You read it?" The questions were a needless twist to his torture. Oh, he wouldn't be engaged! He wondered how he had ever dared to hope that a man of affairs would desire his aid even to teach his son.

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Brockton, I read it. But I'd be willing to go for a smaller salary."

He knew that he had said the worst possible thing, and it seemed to him that he had known even while he was speaking.

"Well, I've been thinking the matter over. I've decided to engage a younger—a man nearer the boy's age. Not on my account, you understand, but Harold seems set upon it. I'm sorry to have given you all this trouble for nothing. I'm quite aware that your time must be valuable."

Was he being jeered at? His whole being contracted into a wild animosity.

"I haven't kept you from a more important engagement?"

"Oh, you needn't laugh at me. You knew you didn't want me, you knew it! You only wanted to ridicule and mock me." He felt as though he were being choked, but the thought that he had asserted his dignity as a man in that petulant outcry filled him with exaltation. He dashed out.

As he hurried through the outer office, though he looked neither to left nor right, he was certain that everyone was smiling cruelly. At the door he bumped into a man and stopped instinctively to apologize. The man bustled by without listening. People didn't want even his apology.

When he reached the street, he set off at a swift space. He no longer noticed the crowds. There was only one thought in his mind; he must get

to his lodging as quickly as possible, for he knew that there were other thoughts waiting to harry and overcome him. He saw a subway station and immediately entered it.

As soon as he was in the train, he wished that he had walked. Everyone looked at him, and their indifferent glances hinted of pitying amusement. They meant so plainly, "Poor little old man; poor little old man!" And he found himself repeating, "Poor little old man!" Fortunately, all the seats were occupied and he didn't have to sit down and meet those glances.

A boy, prompted by his father, rose and shyly offered him his seat. Was he so old, did he look so feeble that strangers could perceive his inability to stand? He sat down without thanking the lad. And straightway he felt a quick thrill of pleasure, and his bitterness was diffused in a warm, rising sensation of gratitude. These two, of all the people he had seen that day, had read beneath his clothes, and they wanted to be kind to him, they *had* been kind.

"I'm deeply grateful to you and your son. You've a fine boy there." In praising the boy, he had assumed a superior position and he had a feeling of personal ascendancy until, as he saw the luminous smile of appreciation in the father's eyes, he was filled with shame at so mean a pleasure. The painful consciousness of himself which had oppressed him all morning slipped into a delicious sensation of kinship with this man, and through him, with mankind. He wanted to take the boy in his arms and hug him, to seize the father's hand and pour out all his troubles before him. *He* would understand.

He commenced to speak volubly and rapidly. He knew that his speech was incoherent, that such profuse thanks for so small a favor was ridiculous, that the boy was staring at him in wonder, that the people about him were smiling indulgently; but he knew also that when he ceased talking this wonderful new feeling would vanish. He must draw it out to the last possible

moment. The father understood; nothing else mattered.

"Fourteenth street!"

He rose and bowed with an easy courtesy that surprised him. The next instant he was in the crowd pushing out of the car.

"What a funny old man, father!"

It was the boy's voice. A child, a mere child, he told himself, but the father—he strained against the people behind him. He must delay until he heard the father's answer.

"Step lively, there! What's the matter, you?"

Oh, why didn't the father reply? It seemed to Shilling as though his life were poised on the words as yet unspoken. He must hold the crowd back another second.

"Yes, my boy, a very funny old man indeed."

He bolted forward, squirmed through the throng, ran up to the street, and did not slacken his pace until he found himself breathless, exhausted, in his room.

He stood and looked about him; and as he gazed at the desk where he had labored for so many years, at the bed where he had lain, the chair where he had sat, he experienced an unexpected relaxation, a sense of simplification and a consequent easing of the mind. But this new feeling, in itself a relief, aggravated the sense of his personal littleness and peculiarity. He was unhappy, he knew that he was very unhappy, but he was sure that other men did not suffer thus; they would have done something, they would have broken into wrathful passion or at least have been pierced by a terrible pain. *He* could only stand helpless, bewildered, dulled.

He sank down on his bed. His body was very heavy and there were weights pressing down on his brow. He felt cramped and very old, but he dared not stretch out; for though he envied the intensity of feeling which he fancied other people would have experienced, he was afraid that a movement of body or limb might brush aside the blur of thought in his mind and joggle him

into a realization of his pain so acute that he would not be able to endure it. He no longer wished to arrange his thoughts; he was content that the events of the morning, the light that ached in his eyes, the furniture of the room, the vague ideas that floated somewhere in the distance, should be huddled together in his brain. Time had stopped. He would wait until something happened to start life again on a comprehensible plane.

He gazed at the ceiling, trying to fix his attention, but the desk where a long time ago he had begun to sort his papers for a journey abroad, swam in his eyes. He wondered why the desk should swim in his eyes when he was not looking at it, and what all those papers upon it meant. Yet it was a pity that all that labor should go to waste. He would like to explain to someone how that philological treatise might be finished. He could speak to—oh, never, never Lawton!

He sat up straight, his body taut, his mind eager and terribly clear. He must not meet Lawton again. A sneer or a patronizing speech—he could not stiffen his mind to endure that. He must get out of here before Lawton saw him. But no, he would pretend he had been engaged, pack his belongings, and in a week or so move to another lodging-house. If he should be found out? Lawton was shrewd and might guess the truth from his appearance, for it was not possible that he looked the same after the tortures of this day.

He ran to the mirror, and was at the same time shocked and pleased at the disrupted expression of his face. The eyes were unnaturally dilated, the cheeks seemed to hang lower, and beneath the cheek-bones there were deep hollows. After all, he must have suffered just as acutely as anyone else would have suffered in the same situation.

He commenced to pack his belongings, and the delight in the idea of outwitting the clever journalist made his movements brisk and cheerful. He would seek Lawton out that very day.

He went over all the things he would say to him. Mr. Brockton had received him courteously as a man of the world receives a comrade, with just an added note of respect for the scholar. He had thought the sum named inadequate and had raised the salary to four—to five thousand in order to show his complete satisfaction. Mr. Brockton's son was a charming lad with an inclination toward a literary career. They had asked Shilling to dine with them and meet Mrs. Brockton.

A quick knock at the door. The journalist swung into the room. Shilling felt his heart thump violently.

"Why so busy?"

"I told you; I'm going away."

"Oh, changing your lodgings, eh?"

"No, not at all, I'm—" He met Lawton's eyes and was suddenly abashed. There was a gleam of laughter in them, a suggestion of confident flippancy that disconcerted him.

"Come, come, old man, don't try that on me."

"What do you mean? Do you insinuate——?"

"I know you didn't get the job."

"I did."

"No, I did."

"You!"

"Why not? I knew you wouldn't get it; so I followed you down. When I saw you come out, I was sure. Then I went in."

"You're lying, Lawton. It's impossible. He didn't even know you."

"So much the better. I made him take me at my own estimate."

"I don't believe you. I wouldn't care if it were anyone but you—no, I won't believe it, I won't!"

"What's so strange about it?"

"Oh, Mr. Brockton could never have taken you. I know all about you. He couldn't have."

"Yes, I told him you knew me very well and would write a reference for my moral character and that sort of thing. He said you had been well recommended and he had no doubt you were an honest and worthy man, though your actions were a bit—peculiar."

"Do you think you can force me to write——?"

"As I dictate. It's a matter of fifty dollars to you."

Shilling felt his head whirl. He swayed backward. The journalist helped him into a chair.

"Come, I'll make it seventy-five. I'm really sorry for you, in a way."

"Oh, I don't understand; I don't understand anything at all. A writer of hack articles, a pot-boiler, a man of no education, a charlatan, immoral—Oh, I can't understand that."

"My dear man, it's just because I have a morality, a personal morality, and you have none, that I got the job. You went to Brockton cringing and humble, and he knew he could buy you cheaply, and he didn't want cheap goods for his son. You couldn't keep your equilibrium; you accepted his standard."

"But you——"

"I'm all you said. I write hack articles galore because the public wants them, but I never accept the public's valuation. I laugh while I write. For I have something better than scholarship—I have an attitude of my own toward life. I'm great. Oh, yes, I am. I've added nothing *you* could see to the world, not even a philological treatise. But I'm great, and I look at life as a challenge to my greatness. Even life can't overwhelm me. I accept it as it is, without sentiment or melancholy, and conquer it on its own terms. That's greatness. You see life through other people's eyes, and, God help you, accept their standards. Charlatan, eh? I impose my ideas on other people; all your life long you've imposed on yourself the ideas of others. Who's the real charlatan, do you think, you or I? But come, I must take my reference back. Write as I dictate."



THE ANNIVERSARY

(THE WAIL OF A WAITRESS)

By Ethel M. Kelley

HE'S clean forgot what day it is today—
 What I've done mean I guess I've got my pay;
 He would of wrote, or else he would of came
 If things that was could ever be the same;
 If he'd of cared he couldn't stayed away.

A year ago he took me to a play;
 Them was the times when we was pretty gay;
 It ain't so strange that ev'nings now seem tame—
 He's clean forgot.

It's only girls that mean the things they say;
 Sometimes I think the fellows only play
 At makin' love as if it was a game;
 When we split up I was the one to blame;
 I'll be the one remembering till I'm gray—
 He's clean forgot.

PLACING A PLAY*

By Harry P. Mawson

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Playwright.
A Star (Male).
A Manager.
A Mutual Friend.
A Waiter.
A Messenger Boy.
Actors and their Friends.

SCENE—Grill Room, the Thespians' Club. A stairway winds up on one side of the room. Time, the present day on a clear Winter afternoon. At the rise of the curtain a numerous company of actors, authors and other hoi polloi, seated at circular tables, smoking and drinking. They are listening ad lib. One table is not in use, and three gentlemen come downstairs and slowly to this vacant table. These are a Star Actor, a Playwright and a Mutual Friend.

(MUTUAL FRIEND raps on table. A waiter approaches.)

WAITER—Yes, sir.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Three steins!

WAITER—Very good, sir! (Leaves table.)

STAR (with a long-drawn sigh)—I tell you the game is harder than it ever has been. In the old days——

MUTUAL FRIEND—Don't let 'em know you date back as far as that, or you'll soon cease to be a matinée idol.

STAR (indignant)—I never have been a matinée actor. Temperament and art, sir, is the combination by which I have achieved my—but what is the use of talking? We have fallen upon parlous times—when a route is a bigger thing than the actor or the play.

* Acting rights reserved by the author.

AUTHOR (*chiming in tentatively*)—Are you looking for a play, Jimmie?

STAR—I am always looking for the play, Charlie. In fact, I always have everything BUT the play.

AUTHOR (*triumphantly*)—Then I have the very play.

ACTOR—Will the part suit me?

(A pause.)

AUTHOR (*eyes STAR attentively and then speaks with due effect*)—I cannot imagine how I could see anyone else but you in the part.

STAR—Charlie, I have a manager who can get a route with either one syndicate or the other, he's so popular.

(A pause.)

AUTHOR (*with due impressiveness*)—And—I—have—the play.

MUTUAL FRIEND—How good is this one?

AUTHOR (*gasping*)—Good! Good! Why, you know what I have done, don't you?

(Turns to STAR.)

ACTOR—Of course.

MUTUAL FRIEND—That last one of yours was a naughty boy, I'm told. Died at Buffalo, didn't it?

AUTHOR—Wouldn't anything die in the theatrical graveyard of America! Besides, listen to this. That show went into Murphysville, Illinois, with two carloads of scenery, and the only thing they could put up on the stage was one set tree! Wouldn't that kind of management break your heart?

(A pause.)

MUTUAL FRIEND—So now you've got a manager that can get a route with either syndicate and you can jump from one to the other; won't

that be a real grapevine route—ideal, eh?

STAR (*smiles audibly inside his stein. A pause*)—Now, honest, old man, does the part suit me?

AUTHOR—Read it. It will be the greatest thing you ever did.

MUTUAL FRIEND (*smiles and looks from one to the other*)—We are losing sight of the play.

STAR—You have said that to me about every play you have ever written.

AUTHOR (*protesting*)—Oh, no, Jimmie, this part suits you. Why, no one else is possible in the part.

(A MANAGER enters at the front door. Dead silence ensues on the part of Omnes. The MANAGER saunters slowly down to the front of the room where the foregoing are seated, gives them a careless nod and exits upstairs. All watch the MANAGER exit. A pause.)

MUTUAL FRIEND—How many actors in this room at this moment are suing him for back salary?

(A pause.)

AUTHOR—Knocker!

MUTUAL FRIEND—Friend of yours?

AUTHOR—Every author is a friend of every manager so long as he has an unacted manuscript in his trunk.

STAR—Speak gently, tread softly, friends; he is my manager.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Since when?

STAR—The contract dates from the moment we find the play.

(A pause.)

AUTHOR (*rises, and speaks very solemnly*) Jimmie, I do not believe in mere coincidence, but this is a great moment for you and me. By the merest accident—in fact intending to read it elsewhere this afternoon, I have a copy of that play with me.

(*Rises, crosses to coatroom and hands check. A hall attendant hands him overcoat. He fumbles in the pocket.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND—Really, this grows interesting.

STAR—Yes.

AUTHOR (*finds manuscript in coat pocket; crosses back to table*)—Here, Jimmy, go uptairs and read it—to him—

STAR (*hesitates*)—But, I know nothing

about your damned play except what you tell me, and that does not count for much with me.

AUTHOR (*much injured*)—I tell you—I can't—I—I—can't see anyone but you in the part.

STAR—But until I have read the play I cannot tell whether I can see myself.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Read it to that janitor upstairs and find out whether he sees you in the part, Jimmie.

AUTHOR—I take exception to the word janitor, but that is my idea.

(A pause.)

STAR—Well, give me the manuscript.

AUTHOR (*hands manuscript to STAR*)—Now, Jimmie, brave and confident. Playwrights are compelled to be meek and lowly in the presence—but stars, Jimmie—stars shed their refulgence, and blind the manager. Now, then, up you go, and read it.

STAR (*astonished*)—Are you not coming up with me?

AUTHOR—Why, no! I want you to have him all to yourself. He'll expand more to you. Sometimes the presence of the author is a cold douche.

STAR—Very good. (*Starts to go upstairs.*)

AUTHOR—One moment. Is there any exit save these stairs by which he can leave the clubhouse?

STAR—No, he can't escape—us.

AUTHOR—Good! Then we've got him just where we want him. He can't get out until he has heard all of the play—except over my dead body.

(STAR *sighs a melancholy sigh; starts upstairs, very lugubrious.*)

AUTHOR (*looking after him*)—Cheer up, Jimmie; this is not a funeral you are going to.

STAR—You never can tell in this game—(*Exits. A pause.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND—Well, am I to be a witness to the real sale of a play? I have heard of such things, but never saw one in my life—

AUTHOR—You're a cheerful sort of optimist—you—

OMNES (*at nearby tables, mostly actors, rise as one man and chorus*)—Charlie, is there a part in your play for me?

AUTHOR—Knockers!!!

(*With smiles and winks and nods all reseal themselves. A pause.*)

AUTHOR (*walks the floor and mops his brow nervously; looks at his watch.*)—They are on the first love scene—Act I. (To MUTUAL FRIEND) Best thing of the kind I have ever done.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Isn't it rather early for the great love scene?

AUTHOR—But I have a great love scene in each act—cumulative—building up the heart interest—

MUTUAL FRIEND—Oh!

(*A long pause. Finally STAR enters tripping downstairs, all smiles and elation.*)

AUTHOR (*gasps*)—Well!

STAR—Act I makes a great impression!

AUTHOR—What's he doing now?

STAR—Thinking it over.

MUTUAL FRIEND—For heaven's sake don't interrupt his thinking for at least two minutes.

(*AUTHOR takes out his watch, and there is a dead silence. A pause. Nods head at the STAR; closes his watch. STAR exits upstairs two steps at a time.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND—It's a good start, Charlie, when you make 'em think at the end of the first act.

AUTHOR—Knocker!

(*MUTUAL FRIEND smiles genially.*)

AUTHOR (*up and down room again, looking at watch, etc.*)—If we get through this act—the play will go on all fours with him.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Sure of your third act, are you?

AUTHOR (*disgusted*)—You're a bally kind of a capper—I don't think—to sit there and throw cold water over me.

MUTUAL FRIEND—Well, are you not feverish? Come here and let me feel your pulse.

AUTHOR—You go to—

MUTUAL FRIEND (*smiles genially*)—I prefer the other place, although, being in this business, I shall find friends in both.

(*STAR reënters on stairway, this time not so chipper, and his smile is fading.*)

AUTHOR—Already?

STAR—Says that act is very fine, but over their heads.

AUTHOR—What! Over—o-h!

MUTUAL FRIEND—He understood it, didn't he?

STAR—*Dee*-lighted!

MUTUAL FRIEND—Then how can it be over their heads? (*A pause.*)

AUTHOR—Get back as quickly as you can. He must like Act III.

STAR—I'll try it on. (*He goes upstairs two steps at a time and exits. A pause.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND—Great thing to be a playwright up to the time you finish your play, and you look for a market. Then a beautiful profession becomes a devil of a business.

AUTHOR—Oh, for God's sake, talk about something cheerful!

MUTUAL FRIEND—Certainly—let's agree upon the royalty you mean to ask.

AUTHOR—No, that's a hoodoo. Besides I always arrange the royalties with myself before I write the play.

MUTUAL FRIEND—So as to inspire comic relief in the piece; or perhaps to compare after signing a real contract—the difference between your status as a dramatist before and after, eh?

AUTHOR (*in a fine frenzy of rage*)—Take him away—for God's sake, take him away—throw him out—macerate the wretch!

MUTUAL FRIEND (*smiles genially and lights a cigarette*)—If your third act makes as great an impression as you are making upon me at present, I believe there may be something doing.

(*Off stage and overhead a crash and a thud as if a human body had fallen. Tense silence, and suspense. All look at one another. A pause.*)

AUTHOR (*in broken accents*)—Wha-what—do—you—suppose—has—happened?

MUTUAL FRIEND—Either the play or the manager has dropped dead. (*Smiles genially.*)

AUTHOR—Brute—brute!

STAR (*reënters on stairway, laboring under great emotion; he attempts to speak, but fails.*)

AUTHOR (*in agonized accents*)—Who

is dead? Speak—speak the truth—my play, the child of my brain?

MUTUAL FRIEND—Give someone else a chance to act, Charlie!

STAR (*recovers his voice, but still overcome*)—The third act finished him. He—he—so excited fell over a chair—now on sofa, overwhelmed—resting—accepts play! (*Exits.*)

(*All rise and cheer and form a circle about AUTHOR; dance a-ring-around-a-rosy, and ad lib smother him with congratulations; then resume seats.*)

AUTHOR (*much fussed*)—Ladies and gentlemen—

MUTUAL FRIEND (*laughs*)—Charlie, boy, you are ahead of the game—this is not your first night.

AUTHOR—Knocker!

(*Reënter MANAGER and STAR. Former has manuscript of play sticking out of his overcoat pocket. STAR looks depressed and dazed. MANAGER crosses down stage and puffs at cigar, takes one folio of manuscript from his pocket and turns over the leaves.*)

AUTHOR—What does he say, Jimmie?

STAR (*dejected*)—Say? Asked who controlled play, told him you did, but that I wanted to play part.

AUTHOR—Well—

STAR (*with a furious, sidelong glance at MANAGER*)—Says I cannot play one side of the part.

AUTHOR—Did he say that?

STAR—He did! (*A pause.*)

AUTHOR—Then I don't think you ever will. (*He is very affectionate and sad.*)

STAR—I am out of it—land him if you can.

(*AUTHOR wrings STAR's hand effusively and crosses toward MANAGER and coughs. MANAGER turns his head*

slightly and gazes at him. Omnes intently watching these.)

AUTHOR (*with a half-smile*)—Heard my play?

MANAGER (*turns a little more*)—Yes.

AUTHOR—Like it? (*A pause.*)

MANAGER (*assumes an indifference he does not feel*)—Pretty fair—possibilities. I'll see you.

AUTHOR—No time like the present. (*A pause.*)

MANAGER—What are your terms?

(*AUTHOR looks carefully around at Omnes; crosses to MANAGER, forms a shell over the latter's ear with his hands and whispers.*)

MANAGER (*after hearing*)—Outrageous!

AUTHOR—Let us exchange ideas, then. (*MANAGER also whispers.*)

AUTHOR (*after hearing*)—Outrageous! I'll tell you. (*Does business as before.*)

MANAGER—Say that again!

(*AUTHOR does business as before.*)

MANAGER—Send me your contract. (*They shake hands.*)

AUTHOR—Now we'll go to a cool secluded spot, (*in a loud voice*) and select the cast. (*AUTHOR and MANAGER exit together.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND (*with a genial smile*)—There's many a slip—

(*Telegraph boy enters and calls STAR's name and hands him a message.*)

STAR (*opens telegram and reads*)—"Have booked you twenty weeks over my circuit—Moses."

MUTUAL FRIEND—In what?

STAR—In vaudeville! (*Collapses in chair.*)

MUTUAL FRIEND—Waiter, two steins.

CURTAIN.



DOUBTFUL

IRENE—Reginald told someone that my refusal to marry him had made a man of him.

LENA—Is it possible? I don't suppose that you can get him now.

NOCES D'OR

Par Édouard Rod

ILS s'étaient installés, il y a cinq ou six ans, dans le haut de la rue La Fontaine, à Auteuil, venant on ne sait d'où. Ils s'appelaient Walter; un de ces noms cosmopolites, qui ne trahissent pas leur origine, et leurs curieuses personnes occupaient ce paisible quartier, où l'on commère un peu, comme en province. Deux fois par jour, à onze heures et à cinq heures, on voyait M. Walter partir pour sa promenade hygiénique, très droit et le pas leste malgré ses soixante-quinze ans, la figure d'une fraîcheur artificielle de pomme conservée, serré dans une redingote correcte à la boutonnière ornée d'un ordre étranger. Les jours de pluie, il abrégait sa promenade, entrait dans un café, parcourait les journaux et échangeait quelques mots avec les habitués. Il avait la voix brève, et un certain accent aussi discret que son nom, où passaient presque imperceptibles, des sons légèrement gutturaux qui pouvaient être allemands, des diphthongues qui pouvaient être anglaises, et des aspirations qui venaient, peut-être, du russe. "D'où diable peut-il venir?" demandait-on derrière lui. Et les suppositions d'aller leur train: pour sûr, c'était un Allemand, qui cachait sa nationalité;... ou plutôt un Anglais qui ne dit pas la sienne parce que "ça ne regarde personne" ... ou peut-être encore un Russe, qui fait du mystère par goût du mystère...

Quant à Mme Walter, elle ne sortait que pour ses commissions, et ne s'oubliait jamais à babiller avec les fournis-
seurs. De quelques années plus jeune que son mari, elle était plus cas-
sée, les cheveux tout blancs, le teint brouillé; la taille voûtée, les yeux demi-

éteints, et, dans ses allures, dans sa démarche, dans son air, ce je ne sais quoi de douloureux qu'ont les êtres vieillis dans la souffrance. Elle ne se faisait aider dans son ménage que par une femme de charge, du nom de Marianne, femme d'un ouvrier tapissier, qui venait le matin et partait à midi, au moment où M. Walter rentrait de sa promenade hygiénique pour se mettre à table. Marianne ne s'occupait que des chambres et des gros ouvrages. Car Mme Walter faisait elle-même la cuisine: une cuisine bourgeoise, mais très soignée, où entraient des plats exotiques: des "risottos" milanais avec des foies de volaille, des crêtes de coq et des truffes blanches; du "carry"; de petits morceaux de mouton en brochettes, comme on en mange à Constantinople sous le nom de "cheps-kebas"; des fritures d'anchois et de fromage blanc qu'on appelle "sphinx" en Sicile, bref, des mets cosmopolites qui, pas plus que le reste, ne trahissaient l'origine des deux époux. De leur vie, Marianne ne voyait rien; une fois, étant remontée chercher un objet oublié, elle entendit la voix irritée de M. Walter tonner dans la salle à manger. Deux ou trois jours après, elle voulut renouveler sa fausse sortie sous un prétexte quelconque, et entendit encore la voix grondante. Mais Mme Walter lui ayant signifié que, si elle rentrait jamais dans l'appartement en dehors de "ses heures," elle recevrait son congé, elle réprima sa curiosité. Du peu qu'elle avait vu, elle conclut pourtant que M. Walter était gourmand et exigeant, et que sa femme se condamnait à rester seule avec lui pour cacher aux étrangers les querelles de

leur ménage. Aussi fut-elle fort étonnée quand un jour Mme Walter lui dit :

— Pourrez-vous rester toute la journée demain, Marianne? ... J'ai un dîner et j'ai besoin de vous.

Marianne savait que ses questions demeuraient habituellement sans réponse; pourtant, elle demanda, dans un paroxysme subit de curiosité.

— Madame a donc du monde?

Et au lieu de la foudroyer de son regard qui imposait silence, Mme Walter expliqua :

— Non, mais nous célébrons demain nos noces d'or et nous nous accordons une petite fête... Ce jour-là, je voudrais dîner sans me lever de table... Vous comprenez?...

Marianne comprit : sa finesse populaire que démêle d'instinct les problèmes compliqués de la conduite du prochain, lui dit tout de suite qu'il y avait là un mystère, et que ces noces d'or seraient originales.

Cette idée des noces d'or venait naturellement de M. Walter : un jour, après des observations désagréables sur un "goulasch" qu'il ne trouvait pas assez épicé, il avait dit à sa femme :

— A propos... savez-vous que c'est bientôt le 14 octobre?

Depuis longtemps, elle ne célébrait aucun anniversaire, et c'est à peine si les grandes fêtes, Pâques, Noël, et le Nouvel-An, se détachaient sur la monotonie de ses jours :

— Eh bien? fit-elle, sans comprendre.

— Comment, eh bien? ... Cette date ne vous dit rien?... Je vous reconnais bien là : aussi peu de cœur que de tête... Le 14 octobre est l'anniversaire de notre mariage ... le cinquantième, ma chère... Les noces d'or... Il s'agit pourtant de les fêter hein?... Un bon petit dîner comme vous savez les faire dans vos bons jours, avec une bouteille de champagne au dessert... Eh! eh! ça nous rajeunira...

Un bon petit dîner avec du champagne au dessert, c'est là tout ce que M. Walter voyait dans cette date que sa gourmandise lui rappelait tout à coup. Comme il ne s'occupait jamais

de sa femme, il ne remarqua pas qu'elle pâlit et ne mangea plus rien. Et tranquille, il attendit le "grand jour."

Mme Walter, elle, était bouleversée. Cinquante ans! était-ce Dieu possible? Il y avait cinquante ans, un demi-siècle, la durée de deux générations, qu'elle traînait ce lent sacrifice de sa vie; cinquante ans qu'elle vieillissait en attendant du lendemain un éclair de bonheur ou d'affection qui ne jaillissait pas; cinquante ans que des idées de révolte germaient sourdement, puis avortaient au fond d'elle-même. Il y a cinquante ans, jeune, blonde, jolie, et l'esprit si éveillé et le cœur si ouvert, elle mettait sa main dans la main de cet homme... Cela se passait très loin, n'importe où, dans un pays du midi, par un jour de soleil, par un jour de chaleur, parmi les sourires d'une nature épanouie, avec des chants, des rires, des gaietés et des danses... Il était jeune. Elle l'aimait. Elle croyait en lui : devant eux, un bel avenir facile déroulait ses horizons bleus... Et la déception commença le lendemain des noces, quand dans le cœur de cet homme orné par elle de toutes les délicatesses, elle vit régner et s'étendre un monstrueux égoïsme; et la déception s'accrut de jour en jour, de mois en mois, d'année en année, à travers les ruines où les précipita la suffisance de l'homme qui ne croyait qu'en lui-même, à travers les voyages où il la traînait d'un bout du monde à l'autre, à travers leurs deuils communs qu'il ne partageait pas, habile à écarter de son chemin tous les obstacles à son bien-être. Cependant, malgré les angoisses qui prolongent les heures, malgré les larmes lentes à tomber, le temps avait marché, marché si bien, que la vie, finie à présent ne récélait plus rien dans le peu d'inconnu qu'il lui restait à révéler, et qu'il n'y avait plus d'espoir que ceux des mystérieux au-delà... Encore ces espoirs suprêmes, la sécheresse égoïste de l'homme ne les avait-il pas détruits comme le reste? N'avait-il pas souillé sa foi des mêmes railleries dont il bafouait ses rêves de jeune fille?... Et maintenant, debout sur ces décombres, dédaigneux de chercher aucun

bon souvenir parmi les cinquante années mortes, détournant le regard de celles qui lui restaient à vivre, indifférent aux regrets du passé comme aux menaces de l'avenir, il demandait un bon dîner, avec du champagne au dessert... Ah! ce dîner!... S'il pouvait être une vengeance!... Si la pauvre femme y pouvait servir toutes ses amertumes, tous les poisons absorbés goutte à goutte!... S'il pouvait être le dernier de leur vie commune!... Si elle y trouvait le courage de réaliser tardivement le projet tant de fois ébauché de secouer sa chaîne et de partir et de le laisser seul, et de vivre ses derniers jours loin de lui!...

Dans l'attente du petit dîner "comme sa femme savait les faire" et comme il les aimait, M. Walter fut de belle humeur tout le jour de ses noces d'or. A vrai dire, sa belle humeur ne valait guère mieux que l'autre: elle se manifestait par des plaisanteries d'un goût spécial, aigres, felleuses, qu'il soulignait d'un petit rire grinçant de crécelle qui était comme l'exacte expression de son âme. Trois ou quatre fois dans le cours de la journée, il dit à sa femme, sur ce ton-là, en mots qu'il croyait couverts et spirituels, qu'il ne l'avait guère aimée, qu'elle n'était bonne qu'à surveiller le pot-au-feu, et autres gentillesques qui cinglaient comme de grossières insultes. Comme d'habitude elle ne lui répondit que par un regard navré, dont il n'avait jamais compris le douloureux reproche; et les heures passèrent.

Enfin, la vieille pendule Empire qui les avait suivis partout, scandant leurs journées de son timbre vieillot, sonna six heures: et au dernier coup, M. Walter, qui rentrait de sa promenade hygiénique avec la régularité d'un palais ennemi des sauces brûlées, ouvrit la porte de la salle à manger. La table n'était pas dressée...

Il n'y a rien de plus décevant que de voir se prolonger l'attente d'un plaisir caressé d'avance; et, à l'aspect de cette chambre vide qui menaçait d'un long retard, M. Walter entra tout de suite en fureur. Agité, le sang au vi-

sage, prêt aux injures, il courut à la cuisine mais il resta stupéfait d'y trouver Marianne et de n'y trouver qu'elle.

— Et madame?...

— Madame est sortie.

— Comment, sortie?... Où?... Qu'a-t-elle dit?

— Madame a dit qu'aujourd'hui on ne dînerait qu'à sept heures...

... Sept heures!... Une heure d'attente!... Et sortie!... Pourquoi?...

L'heure fut longue. M. Walter n'avait jamais eu de contrariété plus vive. Il arpenta son cabinet dans tous les sens, creusant l'énigme insoluble qui obsédait son esprit: pourquoi sa femme était-elle sortie, ce jour-là justement, en changeant l'heure du dîner?... L'énigme grandissait, s'aggravait, de telle sorte que lui, le moins imaginaire des hommes, finit par concevoir de folles inquiétudes: l'idée lui vint que sa femme avait perdu subitement la raison, et il entrevit les troublantes conséquences d'un tel accident. Quand la pendule eut sonné sept heures, et que l'aiguille continua de marcher, son cabinet fut trop étroit, il parcourut toutes les chambres de l'appartement, ouvrant et fermant les portes, comptant ses pas pour se distraire; et il finit par retourner à la cuisine. Il comptait que Marianne lui dirait quelque chose. Elle s'en garda bien. Elle le regardait en-dessous, d'un air un peu goguenard, qui lui échappa, heureusement, car il était trop personnel pour être observateur. A la fin, il l'interrogea:

— Eh bien, elle ne viendra donc pas?...

— Ah! j'ai oublié de dire à monsieur... Madame m'a dit de dire à monsieur que monsieur ne s'inquiète pas si madame était un peu en retard...

... Un peu en retard!... Une heure sur l'heure habituelle, et plus de vingt minutes déjà sur l'heure convenue!... Et ce dîner, ce dîner de fête, ce dîner de leurs noces d'or, confié à une femme de ménage dont il n'avait jamais goûté la cuisine! Il demanda bourru:

— Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, pour le dîner?...

Et Marianne, toujours sournoise:

— Madame m'a dit de ne rien dire

à monsieur, parce que c'étaient des surprises...

Des surprises... Ce mot fut un éclair: sans doute, sa femme était sortie pour lui chercher quelque chose d'exquis, de rare, qui venait de loin, qui arrivait par un train de l'après-midi, qu'on ne pouvait avoir plus tôt... Bonne femme, tout de même! Et sa colère se fondit en un vague attendrissement, qu'augmentait son grand appétit...

Un pas dans l'escalier, la porte s'ouvre, Mme Walter est là, un peu pâle, essoufflée par les quatre étages... Elle a les mains vides; il n'y a pas de surprise.

— Ah! vous voilà, enfin!... Il est près de huit heures... Qu'est-ce que cela signifie?...

— Rien... Je préférerais dîner tard, aujourd'hui... Vous pouvez servir, Marianne...

Il avait pris son plus grand air de despote en courroux; le calme inaccoutumé de la réponse le déconcertant, on se mit à table silencieusement. Marianne apporta la soupière fumante...

— De la soupe au potiron!... au potiron!... Et vous savez que je la déteste!...

— Moi, je l'aime beaucoup, et il y a plus de trente ans que je n'en ai pas mangé...

C'est dit du même ton posé, réfléchi, qui n'admet pas de réplique; et M. Walter, abasourdi, reste la bouche ouverte, sans trouver un mot à dire, tandis que sa femme mange lentement, avec effort, quelques cuillerées...

— Et voici le poisson!...

— ... Ah! ça, tu te moques de moi!... Un brochet!... En sauce hollandaise, encore!... Comme si tu ne savais pas que je n'aime que le poisson de mer!...

— Moi, je n'aime que le poisson d'eau douce...

Et pourtant, elle ne touche pas à la part qu'elle s'est servie. Les yeux vagues, elle regarde dans le vide, dans le grand vide qu'elle a derrière elle, dans le vide qui a engouffré sa jeunesse, sa beauté, son esprit, son amour

et ses forces, dans le vide de ces cinquante années d'esclavage qui sont toute sa vie. Elle a le cœur plein de haine, et quand son regard retombe sur son mari, ahuri devant son assiette, humilié, effrayé d'un vague effroi, elle jouit de cette tracasserie enfantine qui est sa seule révolte et toute sa vengeance.

"C'est gai, les noces d'or," se dit Marianne en apportant le civet de lièvre.

Cette fois, M. Walter lui dit:

— Mais, c'est une gageure!... Tu as cherché tout ce que je déteste...

— ... Tout ce que j'aime...

— On dirait que tu l'as fait exprès...

— Tu t'en aperçois enfin?... Oui, je l'ai fait exprès...

Il est debout, la face congestionnée, le poing levé, tandis qu'elle répète, de sa voix blanche:

— Oui, je l'ai fait exprès...

Et cette révolte et ce calme lui semblent si énormes, qu'il se rassied, apaisé, terrifié:

— Voyons, fait-il, explique-moi, je ne comprends pas... Es-tu devenue folle?... Sais-tu ce que tu dis?... Ne sont-ce pas mes noces d'or?...

— Les miennes aussi, hélas!... Je ne suis pas devenue folle, va... Et si tu veux savoir ce que j'ai pensé, je vais te le dire... Pendant cinquante ans, tu m'as plié à tous tes caprices, tu m'as imposé tes volontés, sans jamais supposer que je pusse avoir une idée à moi, un sentiment que tu blessais... Pendant cinquante ans, j'ai été ton esclave... Eh bien, j'ai voulu que tu sois le mien... une heure, rien qu'une heure, et pour les plus petites des choses de la vie... Après, tu reprendras ta liberté... et moi, je reprendrai ma chaîne... J'aurais voulu la secouer tout à fait, partir, te laisser seul... Je ne puis pas: je suis vieille, j'aurais peur... Tu comprends, à présent?...

Elle tremblait de tous ses membres, et ses regards déjà demandaient grâce pour sa hardiesse. Pendant qu'elle parlait, la figure de M. Walter s'était éclaircie: ce n'était que cela!... Une crise à laisser passer, qui ne serait pas

longue; même, il eut l'intuition qu'elle était passée, qu'il pouvait se fâcher, gronder, crier, et que sa femme lui demanderait pardon; et pour la première fois de sa vie, à cause sans doute de la détente de ses nerfs crispés par ses craintes vagues, il fut généreux: il eut un sourire presque aimable, il murmura, avec un haussement d'épaules:

— Les femmes sont femmes jusqu'au bout!

Quelques larmes avaient roulé des yeux de Mme Walter dans son assiette vide. Elle s'essuya les yeux, et demanda, timide:

— Faut-il faire apporter la suite?...

Il y a quelque chose qui ne te fâchera pas... Un pâté de canard...

Les yeux de M. Walter s'égayèrent tout à fait:

— D'Amiens? dit-il...

Et, sur un signe affirmatif:

— Tu m'avais coupé l'appétit... mais ça reviendra... je pense... Et le champagne, l'avais-tu supprimé?...

— Non, il est là... frappé...

La figure du vieux bonhomme acheva de s'épanouir:

— Frappé! s'écria-t-il joyeusement... Cette fois, je te reconnais... Et je ne t'en voudrai pas, va, je te pardonne!...



BROTHERS

By Aloysius Coll

A BLEND of hoof-falls on the leaves;
A horn not of the chase;
A sniff of steeds; a grip of swords—
And we were face to face!

A brown loaf, share and share alike;
A smile, a sip of wine;
A word or two; a snatch of song—
And you were brother mine!

For friends may meet that never met,
And in an instant be
Brothers of all the years gone by,
And for eternity!



SHE OWED HER ONE

BLANCHE—I understand that you refused two young men last evening.
GRACE—So I did. What of it?

“Oh, nothing; only I was told that they both went off and got sober together.”

May, 1907—9

THE ATONEMENT

By Kate Masterson

HE had once loved all women for the sake of one, and so he hated them now also for her sake.

She had wound her spell upon his heart and he had made her his Princess. And with jewels in her hair and roses at her breast she had smiled upon his dearest friend.

And they had been false to love and to friendship both, and his heart was on fire.

Then with his sword he slew his friend at her feet and drove her from the castle gates, though a storm raged and she pleaded for forgiveness.

With love and friendship slain and the pride of his blood and of his race trampled in the dust he shut out the world and lived alone.

His hair was white in a year, although he was yet young, and he read many books that he strove to understand so that he might live with the monks and end his days in penance for his deed.

For he mused that it was her crime alone and women such as she should be put to death, not men whom they lead into their nets.

And reading deep in histories and volumes of strange languages and songs that had been written centuries ago, he learned that life was cruel to humanity; that Fate brought bitterness to men and to women, and there was but one law—that the strong should protect the weak; and one rule—that Love was stronger than hate; and one truth—that cruel as life was to man and bitter as disloyalty and death, all were as nothing to the sorrow of women.

Since Mary of Calvary women had

been a living sacrifice on the altars of the world. Love brought them anguish; they bore children only to weep for them, dead or dishonored.

They gave tenderness and truth and reaped shame and suffering. And withal they were braver than men and kinder, or they would have turned on their tyrants and killed them while they slept until the earth was desolate.

And the Prince sorrowed that he had not known these things when he turned his Princess out in the tempest to die.

Then he called the old priest of the castle, and confessed his sin to him and asked what he should do to atone in sacrifice.

The cell of a monastery and a life of renunciation were but poor offerings. The priest told him to go out into the world and seek some soul more unhappy than his own whom he might serve, and thus would he be saved.

And he who had hated all women then swore a great oath—that he would go out in the lanes and the byways and seek the lowest and most wretched of women and make her his Princess.

The priest blessed him and gave him the garb of a monk. He drew the cowl over his face and set out on his pilgrimage.

And he sought out the wantons of his kingdom who knew him not, and in his priestly garb endeavored to learn from them of their unhappiness.

But they wreathed garlands about wine-cups and hung roses in their hair, and none would say she was unhappy.

"I have love!" sighed one in ecstasy.

"And I beauty!" smiled another.

"Wonderful jewels are mine!" laughed a girl with a wreath of poppies.

"Life is song!" chanted another over her lute.

Then he sought a hamlet where women served and worked in the fields and wore coarse linen. And he questioned a girl gathering fagots. She looked in wonder at him.

"Why should I be sad?" she asked. "I have youth!" and she broke into a merry lilt.

And one old crone carrying a heavy burden turned and cursed him when he spoke, and bade him begone.

"Unhappy!" she croaked. "I have a son who is a man today! Yonder at the tavern you'll see him drinking with his cronies!"

At a poor cottage door a wan girl with an infant at her breast sat rocking it to sleep. It was ill and moaned pitifully, but she smiled above it when the Prince asked her if she were wretched in her poverty.

"I am the happiest woman in the world!" she said, and hushed the baby again softly.

And so he wandered on until evening, and each one that he met, even the lame and the beggar with her crust,

refused to admit unhappiness, little heeding that a crown was hers for the taking.

At sunset he came to an old garden where a woman walked under the trees alone. Her face was drawn with anguish, although she had once been beautiful, and her eyes were dim with tears.

And the Prince, trembling strangely, spoke to her gently and said:

"You weep for vanished happiness?"

"I weep because I *am* happy," she whispered.

"But you are lonely?" he said.

"And I am glad to be lonely and to have lost beauty and youth and all but the love that is in my heart for one I wronged. It is my atonement."

"Does atonement, then, bring happiness?" he pleaded.

She smiled and kissed the cross that hung upon her breast. "I have my memories!" she said.

And as she raised her hand he saw upon it the signet-ring with which he had wed his Princess. And he knew then that he had found her whom he sought.

And he put back the hood from his face and took her hands in his and they went together, down the road toward home.



THE MOON AT MIDDAY

By William H. Hayne

FAR from the dark domain of night
The young moon shows her cloud-like face,
A phantom boat, whose spectral light
Haunts the unfathomed sea of space.



QUICK WORK

SHE—They married in haste, I understand.
HE—Yes, between quarrels.

TITAN-WOMAN

By John G. Neihardt

O GREAT, kind Night,
Calm Titan-Woman, Night!
Broad-bosomed, motherly, a comforter of men!
Reach out thine arms for me
And in thy jeweled hair
Hide thou my face and blind mine aching eyes!

I hate the strumpet smile
Of Day; no peace hath she:
Draw thou me closer to thy veiled face.
For thou art woman-like,
A lover and a mother.
And thou canst wrap me close and make me dream,
As one not cursed with light.
I shall forget my flesh,
This flesh that burns and aches
And fevers into hideous, shameless deeds!

And in the sweet, blind hours
I shall seek out thy lips,
I shall dream sweetly of thy Titan form;
The languid majesty
Of smooth, colossal limbs
At ease upon the hemisphere for couch!
And of thy veiled face
Sweet fancies I shall fashion;
Half lover-like I seek thee, yearning toward thee:
For I am sick of light,
Mine eyes ache, I am weary.

O Woman, Titan-Woman!
Though lesser ones forsake me,
Yet thou wilt share my couch when I am weary.
Thy fingers—ah, thy fingers!
They touch me! Lift me closer,
Extinguish me amid thy jeweled tresses!

Thou wert the first great Mother,
Thou art the last fair Woman:
White breasts of flesh grow cold, soft flesh lips wither:
O First and Ultimate,
O Night, thou Titan-Woman,
Thou wilt not fail me when these fall to dust.

The moon upon thy forehead,
The stars amid thy black locks;
Extinguish me upon thy breast, amid thy tresses.

THE BITER BIT

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE Amalgamated Brotherhood of Egotists was holding one of its regular afternoon sessions at the Hyperion Club, and Arthur Henderson McGuffey, the novelist, having started to talk before anybody else turned up, according to the rules of the organization, had the floor. When the rest of us entered he was addressing in a more or less intimate fashion, the mantel-piece and a couple of chairs with an occasional aside to an adjacent writing-desk, and seemed to be holding their attention pretty well, but I was rather put out about it none the less, for I had myself come in early in order to get started on a little personal experience I wished to narrate before my fellow Egos got a chance. Still, as McGuffey went on with his tale of adventure I forgave him for getting ahead of me, for there is no doubt about it that his story had in it several most appealing elements, especially to one who has suffered as much at the hands of book agents as I have.

"The thing happened only last week," McGuffey was telling the mantel-piece as we straggled in. "I was sitting in my library at home one evening putting the finishing touches to my new novel, 'The Bangers,' the which, by the way, is going to be one of the six best-sellers next season, if I mistake not, because it is full of gloom, and the publisher has promised to put it out in a red cover.

"I was just slaying my heroine with a pleasing compound of powdered glass and potted ham, and had arranged matters so that the police should nab Algernon, the hero—who had nothing at all to do with the crime, but he was

going to hang for it nevertheless—when the front-door bell rang, and Norah, our new maid, who is so infernally green that we don't seem to be able to fire her, although we've tried to do it eight times, ushered a book agent into my sanctum. He was one of the shameless kind who don't make any bones about admitting that he is a book agent, but on the contrary rather glories in it than otherwise. He was too healthy to remove by force, so I consented to a parley with him. When a man is six feet two in his socks and broad in proportion, it is safer to use your vocabulary upon him than to put up your fists.

"'Mr. McGuffey?' said he, sitting down without waiting to be asked, and offering me a cigar as a sort of preliminary to what he expected to say.

"'That is my name,' said I. 'Given to me by my sponsors in baptism more years ago than I like to think of. What can I do for you?'

"'I have come here, Mr. McGuffey,' said he, leaning over and beginning to untie a brown paper parcel which my practised eye taught me contained sample copies of Professor H. Bulger Jones's Cyclopedia of Famous Selections from the Literature of the Occident in twenty-seven volumes, Four Appendices and a Map of Siberia, or something else of similar literary value. 'I have come to talk with you about a little matter concerning a certain famous literary venture——'

"I realized at this point that the time for action had come. It was to be a fight to the finish, I could see that, and victory would fall only to him who rushed in like an angel of war fearless

of where he trod, and simply smothered his antagonist by the overwhelming force of his onslaught.

"'Good!' I cried, springing from my chair and grasping both his hands in mine and shaking them until his teeth chattered. 'I am dee-lighted. It's very good of you to come, Mr.—er—ah—'

"'Woozleton,' said he, chattering the name as clearly as the seismic seizure I had treated him to would permit.

"'Thanks,' said I. 'I repeat, Mr. Woozleton, it is very good of you to come. In most cases we poor authors have to go out upon the highway by proxy and ram our wares down the throats of reluctant purchasers, talk them into a state of coma, and, before they come to, secure their signature to a blank subscription form by which they bind themselves irrevocably to pay one dollar a month for seven years in order to acquire a complete set bound in half-morocco of the works of our pen. That you should come to me voluntarily—'

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. McGuffey,' said he, 'but—'

"'Now don't be too modest about it, Mr. Woozleton,' I retorted. 'You have done a kindly act and I'm going to show you that I appreciate it. Just sit still and I'll give you the whole proposition in a nutshell. You deserve as much, and no man shall ever say that I did not return to him in full all that was his due.'

"I pushed him back on the sofa as I spoke and hurried along.

"'You have doubtless seen, else you would not have come, the announcement of the publishers of the *Baltic Magazine*, that as a special inducement to subscribers they will give for every three-dollar subscription received between now and Christmas a complete set uniformly bound of the works of Arthur Henderson McGuffey, otherwise your obedient servant, one dollar down and the balance in decennial payments of twenty-five cents a decade until the whole is paid,' said I. 'It is one of the best literary propositions in sight. My works alone are worth

the money, to say nothing of the *Baltic Monthly*, which as its slogan says is Able, Accurate, Alert and Antagonistic. The twelve monthly numbers of that magazine, Mr. Woozleton, contain fiction from the most distinguished pens of modern times, its department of humor rivals the best comic output of the world, and I assure you it is the only magazine in the world that prints diagrams with its jokes. Each number of the magazine contains the opening chapters of six serials with synopses of the concluding chapters tacked to the tail end thereof, in order to relieve the reader of suspense as to what is to happen to the leading characters in succeeding chapters, and save the busy man the trouble of reading further. It is a novel scheme and, if I may be permitted to say so, my own invention. But this is not all. The poetry of the *Baltic Magazine* is never dull, dark nor depressing—in fact, it contributes somewhat to a sort of mental exhilaration which does not often follow the reading of a magazine poem, since the publishers each month offer a reward of twenty-five dollars, payable in money, silver watches, fountain-pens and annual subscriptions, to the subscriber who in ten words can most lucidly explain what any single one of the poets meant to say when he sat down to write.

"'You, see, Mr. Woozleton, that we give in addition to the vast stores of knowledge spread forth upon our pages monthly a chance to the alert-minded reader to earn four hundred dollars a year by light, easy and genteel employment without leaving home. Rather a nice idea, eh?'

"'Well, Mr. McGuffey,' Woozleton gasped, struggling to his feet, 'I have—'

"'That alone would be worth the gamble of a paltry three dollars,' I interrupted, again pushing him back on the sofa, where he sat gaping at me with bulging eyes that suggested a fish out of water rather than a highly self-confident book agent soon to lure a possible purchaser from behind the breastworks of immunity. 'But the

publishers of the *Baltic* do not stop there. They are willing to buy circulation, Mr. Woozleton—they wish their magazine to carry its messages of hope and opportunity for the increase of income into every home in this broad land, high or humble, it matters not to them. Hence they offer for a limited season, as a sort of bonus to subscribers, my complete works, in uniform binding; works which, even if I do say it myself, cover every known phase of human life from the fauna and flora of Packerstown to the Influence of Newport upon the Moral Nature of the Hottentots. The set is in twenty-two handsome volumes, green cloth covers, with yellow labels, and a portrait of the author, in photogravure, as a frontispiece to each volume. You not only get the books, but twenty-two portraits of myself into the bargain. Let me show you the set—I happen to have one of them here——

"I grabbed him by the arm, and led him limply to one end of the library where I kept the set in question.

"Look at that, Mr. Woozleton," said I, thrusting the first volume into his hand, which he took unresistingly. "That is a copy of 'Charlotte, the Charlatan,' which you may remember ran through seventy-two editions a week before it was published—the literary sensation of the year 1898. Following this is 'Maude, the Flower Girl,' who, starting from a gipsy camp on the banks of the Nepperhan, in five years became the wife of a member of Congress—a nice, bright, hopeful little story which is still a favorite in all the department stores from Syracuse to Seattle. That goes with the rest. Next in rapid succession we have 'Caroline, the Chauffeur's Bride,' 'Grace, the Garage Girl,' 'A Voyage to the North Pole by Pneumatic Tube'—a sort of Jules Verne's production—and three volumes of my best collections of poems—'Hints from Helicon,' 'Weeds of Parnassus' and 'A Bucking Pegasus,' containing in all three hundred and sixty-five separate titles, or a poem a

day for every day in the year. Let me read you one of them——"

"'I hate to trouble you,' he faltered.

"'Trouble's a pleasure, sir,' I hastened to assure him. 'Here is one of them.

"'Vex not thy soul o'er things gone past,
Nor worry o'er the future.
Somewhere in life you're sure to find
Something to suit you.

"'It may not be today or now,
It may not be tomorrow,
But it is surely somewhere, so
Why give way to sorrow?

"'I call that 'Hope,'" I continued. 'It is rude, almost Whitmanesque in its straightforward simplicity—yet how full of encouragement to the unappreciated soul that sees only discouragement in its path! I tell you, Mr. Woozleton, what that poem lacks in technique it more than makes up in inspiration.'

"'It is very sweet,' he stammered, passing his hands over his eyes in a dazed sort of fashion. 'But I——'

"'And as for the type, and paper—you see,' I went on, spreading one of the volumes wide, 'the books are the perfection of the book-maker's art. We have spared no expense in making this set a gem fit to rest as securely upon the shelves of the Bibliophile as within the hearts of my loving readers. You will observe, too, that the volumes of the set are not numbered. The special object of this is that unnumbered, single volumes of the set can be given away as Christmas or birthday presents. The gilt tops make them suitable gifts for a golden wedding; the silver titles on the sides make them appropriate remembrances for silver wedding celebrations and, if I may say so, the singular lucidity of my style renders them fit for presentation to a bride and bridegroom celebrating their crystal anniversary. There's the proposition, Mr. Woozleton, the *Baltic* and the books, all for three dollars, one dollar down, the balance in decennial payments of twenty-five cents a decade, we to keep the books until the whole is paid. All

that remains now is for you to affix your signature to this blank, for which we make no charge."

"I rushed him back to my table, settled him in my chair, and thrusting my fountain-pen in his hand secured his autograph to the blank form.

"One dollar, please," said I, rubbing my hand over the blotter placed over his signature to dry the ink.

"With palsied fingers he searched his vest pockets, produced two quarters and a fifty-cent piece, and shaking like the victim of fever and ague, tottered to the front door and disappeared into the night before I had time to thank him. As for myself," McGuffey continued, "I was almost as exhausted as he, and was unable to write more than ten thousand words before retiring for the night. Nevertheless, I went to bed a proud and happy man, for I had not only sold a set of my own books and secured a new subscriber to the *Baltic*, but had escaped the disgrace of having Prof.

H. Bulger Jones's Cyclopædia of Famous Selections from the Literature of the Occident in twenty-seven volumes, et cetera, upon my shelves."

"He took it with him, did he?" I asked.

"No," said McGuffey. "He left it behind him when he tottered out, but not having paid for it I felt that I could use it for kindling. It burns well."

"Suppose he comes back after it?" demanded old Dobbs, the painter.

"He won't," laughed McGuffey. "When he comes to—if he ever does—either his mind will be a blank as to that particular transaction, or his nerve will desert him before he gets within a mile of my house again."

Whereupon McGuffey spent a dollar upon refreshments for the club, an incident so rare as to make me incline to the belief that his story was a true one. If it had been his own dollar McGuffey would never have been so extravagant.



A MEASURE OF SAFETY

"AW, shucks!" said square-headed old Brother Utterback. "I has been uh-listenin' to de transplavications of Brudder Spinner, dat has lately got back fum away out West som'ers, I dunnuh whuh; and judgin' by his nach'l ferocity for tellin' big stories, and what little I knows, muhse'f, about dat po'tion of de moral vineyard, he's a liah by de watch!"

"Den, w'yn't yo' brustle up and tell him so, right to his face?" inquired young Brother Fagg, "and dee-stroy his rippertation for troof and vilocity, out-uh hand?"

"Uh-kaze, muh son," replied the old man philosophically, "dess uh-kase muh nose am of a ding-busted sight mo' impawtance to me dan Brudder Spinner's rippertation is to him. Dat's why!"



DYER—They offered me an interest in the business, but I refused.
RYER—Why?

"I was afraid I wouldn't be willing to pay myself as large a salary as I'm getting now."

A SENTIMENTAL STORY

By Ludwig Lewisohn

THE red glow of sunset shone upon us as we sat around my fire.

Hellmund went to the window and watched, with intense eyes, the last rim of the sun's crimson hemisphere dip into the Hudson. Then he came back, satisfied with that vision of high and heroic glory, sat down gently and lit a cigar. Malvers looked with nervous irritation upon the other's deliberate equanimity and I pushed toward him whisky and siphon, for I knew that Hellmund would speak quietly through the soft dusk. We three talked of all things under heaven, but Hellmund's words alone are worthy of record. About them hovered always I know not what of depthless understanding, of experience, of a firm consciousness, amid all the turmoil of his life, of the eternal things.

Malvers moved uneasily in his chair.

"Well?" he asked, for he saw a glow gathering in Hellmund's tranquil eyes.

Then the other spoke, with the fine precision of one who uses a tongue which is not native to him but of which he is complete master.

"Do you know anything of boarding-houses—cheap boarding-houses in Harlem?"

"A little," I answered. "Why rake up dead, disreputable history? We've all been there in our callow days."

"A hall bedroom?" Hellmund went on, "and the reek of cabbage and burned beefsteak?"

Malvers drank deep.

"You make me sick."

But Hellmund was relentless.

"I had advanced to a front bedroom in the days of which I speak. I was comfortable, and, I suppose,

jaunty. The fly in my ointment was the uncertainty of my tenure of the room. Copy on economic and historic subjects, written in faulty English, isn't always easy to sell. I had ups and downs."

"The self-satisfied reminiscences of a man who has arrived," I said.

But Hellmund was not to be perturbed.

"This particular boarding-house was just off Morningside Park. The shade of the heights filled the street, and hence the rooms were dark and damp. The landlady used opium; the cook was a West-Indian nigger who brewed slops. But I had a front bedroom with windows to the street. That was true splendor. Goethe says——"

"Never mind what," grunted Malvers. "Go on!"

"That was not the first place of its kind I had inhabited, and the most striking characteristic of them all was their colossal monotony of sordidness and of the commonplace. You would suppose that hither, to such haunts, would drift strange waifs and strays of humanity. Not so! Constant types complete in their boundless banality alone. . . . Unless, perhaps, one looked deep enough into each soul, lonely and estranged forever in a homeless world . . ."

Hellmund was silent for a little space and his cigar glowed fiercely.

"I won't give you a list of my fellow-boarders. I saw little of them. There was a one-eyed dentist who drank; he had a handsome wife who despised him and went along strange paths. There was a buxom grass widow who dilated upon former luxuries and the

defection of her husband. We were a rum crowd. I learned to disregard these people to save myself from the annoyance of their presence. So all went smoothly. I reached a point where I no longer noted changes in our company. These comings and goings were without significance to me until one day a new face appeared opposite me at table—a face on which dwelt the shadow of the wings of another life, another world, immeasurably beyond the grime and noise of our Harlem house”

A gentle solemnity veiled Hellmund's voice. Malvers and I bent forward.

“She could not have been less than fifty. Her skin was pale and wrinkled; her hair gray——”

Malvers began to hum, but a stern look from Hellmund silenced him.

“She wore a plain black alpaca dress with a bit of starched linen at the throat and wrists. She was elderly and homely and poor.”

Hellmund drank from the glass at his elbow.

“God rest her soul,” he said. “Yes, she was elderly and homely and poor, but withal she had an air of gentle dignity, of noble self-possession, of exquisite pride. Whatever had been her fate, so much was evident, that the weary fever of the world's strife did not burn in her veins, and that a possession of gracious memories, the more beautiful and lofty for that she never spoke of them, illuminated her soul. A meeting with her in any other and fairer place would have been of less significance, would not so deeply have found its way into my heart. But here! You can imagine, for instance, the conversation at table—of ‘shows,’ of dress, of the politics of ruffians and of thieves. She sat there, irrevocably detached from all that, yet wonderfully courteous in an almost wordless way. Even the brazen tongues about her, even those hearts forgetful of their own ignobleness, must at times have felt a breath of her pure spirit.

“From certain whispered but voluble communications of our landlady it appeared that Miss Wayne, origi-

nally from some ruined home in the far South, had for some years been teaching music in New York, but as strength grew less, and middle passed into old age, her pupils had become fewer, her terms lower, until now she was here in the smallest of hall bedrooms. But she went out in all weathers to her pupils, daughters of shopkeepers and mechanics, and came back late and worn.

“I had even then too much true feeling to wish to startle that shy and delicate spirit, but I wished to know her, to speak to her, to learn something of the secret by which she transfigured the ugly and unfortunate conditions of her life.

“Her own need brought her to me at last, for she was too finely tempered not to ask such slight favors as she herself would gladly have bestowed. And so, at the end of a miserable day of snow and sleet, she came to my door with a gentle tap.

“‘I have no matches, Dr.—Hellmund,’ she hesitated. ‘It was foolish to forget them.’

“‘Won't you come in?’ I asked.

“She seemed gently to reproach me for my importunity. Then her eyes sought, instinctively, my tall, filled bookshelves. I turned about.

“‘I don't know where my matches are, Miss Wayne, but if you will sit down a moment I'll find them.’”

“Then, quite deliberately, I said a cruel thing:

“‘Stay a while; it must be cold in your room.’

“A moisture seemed to come into her eyes—eyes that were brown and clear and virginal. But it passed, and with perfect composure she conceded the fact of her poverty.

“‘Yes, it is very cold—in there; if you will really look for the matches I shall rest for a while.’

“In the warmth and glow, in the rare restfulness of the presence of a kindred and understanding soul, she forgot the petty conventions; or, perhaps, she had learned in her years of struggle when to rise above them. She stayed and we talked long.

"That was the beginning for me of a strange and brief and lovely life. To me this lonely woman spoke words that had been long silent; to me she communicated the memories that made her lot bearable to her. Gradually she opened unto my eyes a window into the past—hers and her people's past. We sat by that window of imagination and memory—she and I—we sat amid the shabby horrors, the loathsome materialism of a Harlem boarding-house, and saw—league after league of sun-drenched fields, white with cotton, or golden with the flashing blades of corn; and at their end, in a grove of mossy pines, beside a slow and radiant river, we saw a stately mansion of the elder years, beautiful, benignant and serene. We entered those broad halls and lofty rooms in which Arabella Wayne had been a child and a girl; we explored the house, with its antique furniture, with the beautiful sanctity of graceful manners that reigned in it; we visited it in sacred seasons of the birth and resurrection of the Lord; we tasted to the full the loveliness and dignity, the charm and pathos of the life it held. Day after day we lived in the harsh present, amid the clangor and the haste of Babylon; evening after evening we fled to sunny fields, or to the portico, upheld by great columns, whence we looked out upon the river under an amber moon, and heard the negroes chanting hymns.

"I came to know through her memories her parents and her brothers and sisters. But of these my vision was dimmer, as of transfigured shapes in a dream. It was the scene that we dwelt in—its atmosphere of supreme and priceless peace. As life grew more difficult for each of us during that bitter Winter; as I failed again and again to sell my barren scribblings; as her pupils became fewer and fewer, we foregathered, as by a silent compact, earlier upon each evening and returned to the dear land of our dreams. We fled from the needs and indignities of the world in which we lived, and warmed our hearts and hands at fires long spent and cold.

"An evening came on which her quiet dignity seemed to melt into something softer. A shadowy pathos seemed to veil the clearness of her eyes. I was loth to break through the reticence which she observed as to her present circumstances, but the involuntary piteousness of her wan face compelled me to speak, and so I spoke abruptly.

"'Dear friend,' I said, 'my store may be larger than yours . . .'

"'But she would not let me go on. Her thin hands plead for her.

"'It is simply,' she said, 'that I am not very well—and a little tired.'

"'But somehow we could not quite lose ourselves in our dreams upon that evening. Our words were halting. Her memory, my imagination, were weak and disturbed, and I went to bed with a strange feeling of homelessness. That sunny window into the past was closed, and I was left alone in the inhospitable bleakness of New York. I tossed in my bed; I tried, as a man will, to argue myself into reasonableness, but I was haunted by a lost paradise, by the soft sunset over unseen fields, by the sound of perished laughter . . . Does all that sound foolish and futile? Have you ever lost yourselves in a waking dream, continued it day after day, come to it from the work-a-day world, as to a mother's lap, and then—lost it?'

Malvers and I spoke no word; we did not wish to turn aside a story so strange and delicate, but Hellmund saw in our eyes that we knew and understood.

"My friend and I," he continued, "did not meet upon the next evening, nor on the next. She was confined to her room by a cold that threatened to turn into influenza, and I wandered about with a sense upon me of an irrevocable loss. I went out into the thunder of the traffic to forget. But I could not escape the loss of half-obliterated visions. The clouds upon our Northern skies were like barriers within barriers of gray, impregnable stone; the pitiless sleet fell sharply, the poor folk who direct the traffic of the great

city were hoarse and irritable and seemed sick at heart. Not so sick at heart as I who had lost my refuge and my dream.

"One evening she summoned me. I hastened to her, and though there was a feverish light in her eyes, she seemed stronger and more alert.

"It is not the cold," she said hesitatingly, 'but my heart is not strong.'

"And is there nothing I can do?"

"Nothing."

"We strove, both, piteously, as it seems to me now, to take up and continue our broken music. But a visible and painful constraint rested upon her. What struck me, then, as strangest of all was that, in spite of her constraint; in spite of her wandering thoughts, she would speak of nothing but these memories of hers, would not permit me with words of help or healing to approach her immediate troubles. She forbade my unselfishness and seemed almost, in her gentle way, to resent it.

"I felt that I could not long endure this new state of affairs. It was, in truth, 'wandering between two worlds,' and how hopelessly! Yet for some few more days, during which she seemed to lose rather than gain strength, I tried with my own power of vision to fortify her feverish attempts. She would speak of those lost and sun-filled days, but without conviction or delight. And then her voice would gradually fade into a painful silence. It was during one such silence, which seemed to grow tenser with every moment, that I ventured upon a direct appeal to her.

"Why do you speak of these things if they tire you?"

"Do you not care to hear?"

"But if it gives you pain—as it seems to do?"

"She looked at me wistfully with pride and humility at once, and clasped her small, thin hands.

"I have no friends now," she said. "Can you blame me for not wishing to lose you?"

"But why should you?" I asked.

"Because these memories are all I have to offer you, all that can interest you. Has it not been so from the first?"

"At first, perhaps," I answered, 'but surely we are now true friends—for other reasons.'

"She shook her head sadly and then drew herself up.

"Every evening we have been together," she said, 'has been almost pure pain to me. I never cared to talk about those things—to you. But I had nothing else, no other offering to bring you. No doubt I am a foolish and absurd old woman, but the War came upon us before I was old enough to be touched by any of the great things in life, and ever since I have been waiting . . . waiting . . .'

"I took her hand in both of mine and she let it lie there.

"Do you despise me?" she asked.

"For answer I kissed the frail old hand that lay in mine.

"She laughed—a low, broken, tragic laugh.

"You are the first man who has kissed my hand, but," she went on, 'I must not let my frankness stop halfway. I have a picture of you, and'—she laughed again—'a coat-button that you lost. May I keep these things?'

"I kissed her hand once more and for the last time.

"It was dear of you," she said, and turned away from me.

"I went, and after that had only fleeting glimpses of her. She grew worse and certain relatives from the far South came to her aid. She was taken back to her home-land, not to recover, we both felt sure, but to die at peace under a clearer heaven. . . . I have not seen her grave."

"The thing's too perfect to be true," I said.

He glanced at me.

"I have told it to you as it happened."

"May I use it?" I asked.

Hellmund looked thoughtful.

"Why not?" he said. "She is dead, and so is my self of those years. What would you call it?"

Then Malvers, smiling queerly, answered for me.

"A Sentimental Story," he said, looking at Hellmund.

And Hellmund understood.

FABLES OF THE FUTURE

THE FOLLIES OF AGE

By Harold Eyre

THE young railroad president sat in his study, busily writing, when a knock sounded at the door. "Come in," he called, and his father entered.

Despite an assumption of jauntiness the old gentleman's manner betrayed an agitation which the keen eyes of his son did not fail to perceive.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" inquired the young man irritably. "You haven't been getting into debt again, I hope."

The old man's face flushed. "It is not of money matters that I wish to speak to you, but something much more important."

His son smiled scornfully. "How impractical parents are! As if anything could be more important! However, out with it! What have you been up to?"

As if uncertain how to begin, the father did not reply, and to cover his embarrassment drew a cigarette from his case and lighted it deliberately. The young man eyed the proceeding with evident disapproval.

"I wish, dad," he remarked, "that you would not smoke so many cigarettes. If you think it makes you look young and boyish, you are mistaken. It is an obnoxious, effeminate habit, and extremely bad for the nerves."

"Oh, dash it all!" exclaimed his parent. "You young people are always preaching. A fellow must have some little pleasures."

"Granted. But you should let me be the judge of what form those little

pleasures should take. You are not young enough to know what is best for you. Meanwhile, I am waiting to hear what you wish to say to me."

The father took a long breath and squared his shoulders. "The fact is, my son, I am in love."

His son started. "The deuce you are! And with whom?"

"With the dearest creature in the world," was the beaming response.

"Of course. That goes without saying. But your description is vague. Would it be indiscreet for me to inquire the lady's name?"

"Mrs. DeKayd."

"Good heavens! That antiquated frump!"

The parent's face grew white with anger. "Take care," he cried hoarsely. "Do not compel me to forget the respect which is due to my son. The lady I have mentioned is in every way estimable and worthy, and I intend to make her my wife. When you come to know her better I am sure that my choice will have your approval."

"And if my approval be not forthcoming?"

"Then," was the firm reply, "I must dispense with it."

"Father," said the young man solemnly, "do you realize what you are saying? Am I to understand that you mean to defy my authority?"

"You may call it that if you will. I cannot allow even you to come between me and the woman I love."

"Love! Fiddlesticks! I understand such things better than you can.

Nothing is more unstable and fleeting, more hopelessly impractical than the romantic infatuations of the aged. You think today that you are in love, but in a few short months you would discover your mistake. You are far too old to know your own mind. As for Mrs. DeKayd, she must be a sexagenarian, at least. How can a woman so advanced in years have any knowledge of the world?"

"It is true that she is fifty-eight," admitted the lover, "but under favorable conditions she looks much younger and she has the intelligence and common sense of a woman of half her age. Besides, she has been married twice."

"That speaks well for her perseverance, but it proves nothing. Still, there may be extenuating circumstances. Has she any means?"

"Not at present, but her prospects are excellent. Her daughter is rich——"

"Ah, that is more to the point."

"—and in feeble health."

The young man groaned. "Then it is hopeless. People in feeble health invariably outlive everybody else. Come, be reasonable. Let us discuss this matter sensibly. You cannot accuse me of having been a harsh or exacting son. You have had a generous allowance, and when by your extravagances you have exceeded it I have paid your debts without a word of reproach. Even your escapades I

have winked at, for I know one cannot put a young head on old shoulders, and when a man has left behind him the restrictions and responsibilities of youth it is natural for him to sow his wild oats. But this is an entirely different matter. You must abandon your foolish project, for I cannot consent to such a marriage. If you insist, you may take the consequences: I shall disown you, and you need not look to me for further support."

The old man regarded his son with an agitated but determined countenance.

"So be it!" he exclaimed. "Much as I dislike to offend you, my happiness means more to me than your approval. I am strong and can work to support myself and my bride. Some day you may regret your cruel words. Money-making and business are not the only things in the world, and we cannot all be young and prudent."

Left alone, the young man paced angrily up and down the room.

"This," he said, "is my reward for working night and day to provide him with every advantage in life! I don't know what parents are coming to nowadays. They are beginning to think they know as much as their children, and have no longer any respect for the counsels of the young."

"But after all," he concluded, lighting a fresh cigar, "I like the old chap's spirit. Perhaps at his age I might do the same myself."



VAN SANT—Why, I don't believe they even know who their grandparents were.

BENDER—Some of us would be happier if we didn't.



CHOLLIE—Do you keep a running account at your tailor's?

CHAPPIE—I did until it took to chasing me.

THE SOUL OF BEAUTY

By Sara Hög

THERE was a group of us at the club. We had huddled our chairs together for a smoke after dinner of a May evening, congenial souls ready to fling our wits broadcast, our friendship of half-a-dozen years or more not having taken the keen edge from our enthusiasm for one another. We had sat there and talked and smoked for many a season. Now and then absences of some of us would lessen the number, it is true; but wherever in the world we were wandering we always kept in touch. Some of us even had married, but we had not forsaken the club on that account.

Hamilton was the Adonis among us. He was the most delightful man, as well. Somehow we always found him the nucleus, the hub around which we circled eagerly. He was the youngest of us, too, and youth, when not disconcerting, is stimulating. Hamilton was like a tonic. He was rendering his prologue of life, and we, alas! were starting out on the main book of our existence. He was full of that blithe, unquestioning assurance that is the invariable running-mate of adolescence. Life beckoned him alluringly and beauty was his god (or goddess), for he was an artist—an inconsequent vocation, thought we poor plodders in more prosaic paths, longing wistfully, nevertheless, for a profession so full of romance, joy o' life and mysticism.

Our artist, though so thoroughly one of his kind, was, however, considerate of our feelings. He was not flagrantly of his kind in appearance. The eternal soft black hat and the

flowing scarf of tradition he left behind him in his Quartier Latin, realizing with incomparable foresight that these things are out of harmony with Manhattan. He was faithful to the conventions in dress, and patronized a tailor that none of us could question and some of us envied.

To realize that so real and ardent a disciple of Art, with a capital A, was thus masquerading among us in our own sartorial trappings endeared him the more to us. But though he gave up the glaring habiliments of the artist, he never lost sight of his goddess for a moment. He seemed always in pursuit of her, so great a worshiper of beauty as to leave us breathless and wondering.

We sat looking out upon the square, deliciously content, enjoying with indolent bliss our first mouthfuls of smoke, ungarnished by disquieting speech, Hamilton in the midst of us.

I saw Smithers looking at him musingly, steadily. After a little while Smithers spoke.

"I say, Hamilton, why haven't you married? You ought to; you're just fitted for it—good to look at, persuasively agreeable, well off in finances and hundreds of women in love with you."

Hamilton lifted his head slowly and blew the smoke out of his pursed-up lips in a dense cloud. He looked extraordinarily handsome as he did it.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've been hunting for a beauty. I could never marry any but a rarely beautiful woman."

"*Hunting!* Why, good Lord, Hamilton, they're lying all about and every

one of them ready for your choosing," said Smithers.

"Well, they're not my kind of beauty. I must find something extraordinary or I could not fall in love. Beauty is the supreme thing in my life; no matter how good or how lovely a woman might be in nature and character, I could never love her without the grace of beauty, and rare beauty, at that."

"Oh, come now, that's youth and the artist talking. Love makes a woman appear beautiful even though she's not," I put in for the sake of argument.

"But love could never come to me without the inspiration of beauty," said Hamilton.

"But beauty is skin deep," was the banal speech of Woden.

"It's soul deep to me," said Hamilton softly. You could hear the worship in his voice.

"But a woman loses her beauty with her youth—there's where the skin-deep comes in," Woden went on doggedly, "so if you found your beauty and married her and gave her all the mad love of your heart, then the horror of growing old would come with the years and you would get to hate her."

"Well, my kind of beauty wouldn't lose with age. I told you I was looking for something extraordinary."

"Oh, these artists, these artists!" cried Smithers lovingly, "what creatures of ideas you are."

"Well, that's why they charm us," said Woden, "but I think that Hamilton will fall in love just like any of the rest of us low-down human beings. You pursuers of beauty always give your heart away to some little homely thing who hasn't a peg of beauty to hang it on."

"I am an exception," said Hamilton. "Anything but beauty is impossible to me. I haven't even a vulnerable heel for Cupid's arrow unless beauty comes with him. But I am always looking, always waiting for my beauty. I look deep and search long."

"But you'll spend your life pursuing,

and when you're old, and perhaps find your beauty, she will have none of you. The years go fast after twenty-eight. A man must commence to consider, especially one like you who needs love and affection and a *coin de feu*," said Smithers.

Hamilton smiled that adorable, inscrutable smile of his at the ceiling and blew rings of smoke into the air languidly.

"I shall find love and beauty of a sudden some day: I feel a surety about it that is convincing," he said.

"But I say, Hamilton, be reasonable. You don't go about despising every plain woman, do you?" said Woden.

"Not a bit of it. I have found a great many caricatures of God's own image to be right good company."

"There you are! You like 'em, don't you?—really like 'em, even if they are not beauties," cried Smithers.

"I surely do."

"Well, like turns the corner of Love's lane just as easy as winking." Smithers continued gleefully.

"There is no corner to turn in my lane," said Hamilton.

"Oh, well, you're incorrigible, dear boy, so go ahead after your *beauté extraordinaire*." And Smithers lighted another long cigar.

"That's just what I am going to do. And I shall find her."

"Oh, the divine faith of artists," said Woden with a weary gesture.

"Nothing like it, is there?" said Hamilton, laughing out with a ringing clarity—the laugh that had won us to him when he first appeared at the club, a youngster of twenty-two, on one of his visits home from Paris.

He stood up, tossed the ashes out of his stubby little pipe and put it lovingly in his pocket.

"Well, so long, good friends; here I go after Her," and he went out into the lighted Square, the soft twilight having been eaten up by evening and the electric lamps. We all stirred and rose and went our several ways.

That Summer we betook ourselves to the four corners of the earth for our

chosen pastimes, and after happy wanderings up and down the scarred old face of the world we rounded up from the far places at the club, glad to get back, overjoyed to see one another, and rich in tales to tell.

We looked longingly for Hamilton. Every voice raised an inquiry for him, and then Smithers came and gave us news of him. They had been together at the same place, a little town in the Connecticut hills where Hamilton had gone in pursuit of beauty of landscapes and with a nether eye open for beauty in woman—the beauty.

We clamored for news of him.

Smithers looked sad. "He's engaged, you know," he said.

"Engaged!" we shouted as one man, and came to intense attention.

"I suppose she's the most beautiful creature that ever breathed air outside of paradise," said Woden eagerly.

"It's a tragedy, that's what it is," said Smithers vaguely. "It makes me sick to think of it. I'm all broken up."

"Why, what's the matter?" some one of us said.

"Oh, it's awful. He's engaged himself to the ugliest, most awkward and unattractive female you ever saw."

We fell silent. We didn't even smoke.

Then Woden stirred on the leather of his chair and said dismally, "Tell us about it, Smithers."

"We were at Blanford together," Smithers began, "that's a little town folded in among the Connecticut hills. I didn't know where to go for the Summer, and Hamilton said 'come along,' and so I went inconsequently and in a don't-care sort of way, but sure of entertainment along with Hamilton. We put up at the hotel of the town, a great rambling white inn with miles of piazza and turf like green velvet leading down to the four cross-roads. I was enchanted and looked forward to an ideal Summer of peace and laziness. Hamilton went out to paint morning, noon and night, and he let me go along whenever I wanted to. For the first three weeks we lived in bliss. I was never so happy in my

life. Then we commenced to get acquainted with the people of the place.

"Judge Loring, the concentrated wisdom and dignity of the town, lived next door to the hotel. He was a fine, white-haired old chap, all manner and intellect, a real gentleman of the old school, and a Yale graduate, which fetched me more than anything else. He was somewhat narrow in his views, an inevitable result of an unbroken existence at Blanford, but we got on famously and he took a great fancy to us, inviting us to his fine old house, to his library and to his table.

"But the judge had a daughter—twenty-six years old and a typical old maid if ever there was one. Awkwardness, bad carriage, ill-fitting gowns, half-closed eyes, made up an ensemble to ward off any man. And she couldn't or wouldn't talk, but had the habit of sitting in long, unbroken silences. Oh, Lord, she was awful! I couldn't bear the sight of her.

"I said to Hamilton one day, 'I like the judge; he's an interesting old fellow, a fine intellect gone to seed in a corner; but his daughter—isn't she a holy sight? I can't see what a woman like that is born for.'

"'She's born to be loved,' Hamilton said, and smiled a little—you know that way of his. I had expected him to go me one better and express himself strongly, about her ugliness, but he just said that—'She's born to be loved,' in that soft voice of his that he uses when he's pleased.

"'She's my beauty—I've found her.'

"I just fell back in my chair. I felt as if I'd had a blow on the chest. I couldn't speak for a moment, and then I said feebly and hopefully, 'You're fooling, Hamilton.'

"'I certainly am not. I'm going to marry Miss Loring,' he answered calmly.

"I couldn't say a word. I was reduced to primitive man, and I got up and uncivilly left him. I don't think it would have affected me so if Hamilton hadn't talked so much about extraordinary beauty. I had built up in consequence a bewildering image of

loveliness that I had begun to adore myself. I believed in his phantom, and I wanted Hamilton to find her. Then again, if he had selected a woman of ordinary unattractiveness it wouldn't have been so staggering; but Lydia Loring—good Lord!

"Hamilton was just the same as ever. I mustered up courage and congratulated him and said things I shall have to answer for in the hereafter, and then I made an excuse to leave Blanford. I went over to Narragansett Pier and plunged into the gaiety there. I was no longer a dreamer; things were not what they seemed, and here I am a disillusioned civil engineer carrying around an awful pity for Hamilton." And he flung up his lean arms despairingly.

We didn't see Hamilton again for over a year. He was married in the Autumn and took his wife abroad. We were all invited to the wedding and some of us went, including brave old Smithers. All the men brought back the same hopeless story that Smithers had told.

We gathered together at the club as of old and read aloud Hamilton's occasional letters that revealed the same adorable fellow we had known. He was perfectly happy, that we knew; witty, youthful, content. He spoke often and adoringly of his wife.

"Strange," said Woden, "how true that old saying is, 'Love is blind.'"

"Ghastly strange," said Smithers.

We were a bit saddened by the loss of Hamilton, a little less young without him, but we never lost hope of having him back again in the midst of us some day.

During the Winter we drew a new friend into our circle—Austin, his Christian name of Herbert being of no account with us. He was "a man of parts," as they say in the eighteenth-century novels, and had been the wide world over. He knew men and cities and was a product of the finest culture. We prided ourselves on his friendship and looked up to him, though he possessed the simplest manner, betokening the greatness of his nature.

We liked him mightily, especially Smithers, who stood the merest bit in awe of him, and swore by his opinion even though it were to the effect that black was white.

We fell to talking of Hamilton soon after Austin came to us, and found that he knew our admirable comrade well. Almost his first question of us was, "Have you seen his wife?"

"Yes," said Smithers, "God forgive me."

Austin looked at him as if he did not quite understand; then he continued:

"What a devotee of beauty John Hamilton is! He is forever seeking beauty, an endless, continuous, joyous pursuit of it, and he certainly found a wonderful demonstration of it in his wife. She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"What!" we cried in amazement.

Austin turned quickly and looked us over as if we had all gone mad.

"Why, what's up? You must think her beautiful; you can't help it."

"*Beautiful!*" cried Smithers with fine scorn, completely forgetting his awe of Austin. "Beautiful! Why, I never saw an uglier woman in my life, and I've been a student of woman for more years than I care to tell."

"Then he's married again," said Austin, decisively.

"No, he isn't," replied Smithers, "for I have a letter here in my pocket which I got this morning, and in it Hamilton speaks longingly of seeing Blanford where he met his wife, and she is quite indifferent about returning there. You were hypnotized, Austin."

"No, I heard of her beauty from others long before I saw her—she is famous for her beauty; everybody who knows her talks of it."

"Why, you're crazy. I went to the wedding and saw her. There were four of us there," sweeping his hand toward us, "and we all saw how hopelessly ugly she was in that glaring, glistening, white satin gown, drawn across her stooping shoulders and poor flat chest, her hair strained straight back from her poor sallow face and

no more grace than a cow." Smithers groaned.

"Did Hamilton think her beautiful?" asked Austin in a dazed way.

"No," said Smithers.

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"Told you so!"

"Yes; that day, just before they went away, he came into my room. I was all broken up. He looked at me searchingly. 'You think her hideous, don't you?' he said.

"Why, my dear boy, why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I know you do; I do myself."

"You *do*!" I wailed.

"Yes, but she's a closed gentian; *le beau dans l'horrible*."

"Beauty hidden away," I said with sarcasm. "What is the use of that? You want to see beauty. That's your mission; you have drummed it into us like a creed."

"Yes, but you can breathe on the closed gentian and it will open and reveal its beauty. It seems even lovelier then than if the beauty were all laid out to your sight at first."

"Then that's it," said Woden. "He's made her beautiful; he's breathed on his closed gentian."

Some months later Hamilton and his wife came home. His aunt gave a great reception in honor of his wife and their home-coming, and we were invited. It was indeed an event for us in many ways. We got ourselves into our shining best, consumed with curiosity and overflowing with delight. We were really going to see Hamilton's wife. Smithers fairly trembled.

"I'm frightened," he said when I dropped in for him. "I'm trembling like an aspen leaf. If she is beautiful, I shall die of the shock. I never was so excited in my life."

"Nor I," I admitted. "Although I've never seen her, I have pictured her ugliness out of your graphic descriptions."

Hamilton's aunt lived in one of those imposing mansions in upper Fifth

avenue, and was a star in the social firmament of New York. Hamilton was her fortunate heir and she was as rich as a princess of the Indies.

The house was like fairyland—flowers and lights and splendor. A fine, discriminating taste pervaded everything, and I realized by what right Hamilton possessed his distinction. We pressed our way to our hostess through polite crowds of great people and then—we saw Hamilton's wife! Well, we certainly did look an awkward lot. I never felt so *gauche* in my life. I became red and white by turns and my tongue went thick. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and though I can't boast, with Smithers, that I have been a student of the fair sex for a multitude of years, I do know grace and loveliness when I see them shining forth.

There was something wonderful about her, her beauty was intangible, baffling analysis and description. You could no more describe *how* she was beautiful than you can make clear in words a delicate harmony or the aroma of a fine old wine. She had fascinating half-closed eyes that she would suddenly open upon you in a surprising way, and her soft hair was piled fluffily over her forehead. Her conversation was delightful and she laughed in the most fascinating way, all of which is the feeblest effort to describe the wonder of her.

Hamilton presented us with laughter in his voice. It was a huge moment for him. His eyes frankly made game of us, but as it was our Hamilton, we forgave him willingly, and let our admiring, wondering gaze follow his wife quite openly and unabashed.

Later, when we were in the dining-room taking a glass to brace us up after the ordeal, we encountered Austin. He was too polite to say "I told you so," but he looked as if he would like to utter the words, and helped us to champagne; and Smithers answered the look by whispering stagily:

"I say, that must have been an awful blast he breathed on that gentian!"

A CANINE CONSPIRATOR

By Elliott Flower

THE man with the dog strolled along the shore, occasionally sending the dog into the water after a stick. The dog was large and heavy—a St. Bernard—but he enjoyed the sport as much as the man. It is possible that he enjoyed it more, for he had a trick of getting as close to the man as possible when he shook himself, after coming from the water, that seemed to indicate the existence of a canine sense of humor. The man would back away quickly, and the dog would follow and shake himself again. Thereupon the man would chide the dog, which would retort with something resembling a bark of joy. Anyhow, whether thoughtlessly or by design, the dog succeeded in liberally sprinkling the man's white duck trousers and white negligée shirt. His loose, short coat also suffered, but, being darker, did not show the damage so plainly.

"Bill," said the man to the dog, "this sort of thing won't do. It may be fun for you, but I'm scheduled for a game of tennis with a lady this afternoon, and I don't want to look as if I'd been in swimming. I think we'd better rest awhile."

He found a comfortable place on the bank, lit a cigarette, and looked out over the lake. The dog, philosophically accepting this decision, shook himself once more for luck, and then lay down at the man's feet.

Directly in front of their resting-place a narrow pier extended some distance out over the waters of the lake, broadening at the end to accommodate a small shed for fishing-tackle. On this pier there were a number of boys and men, some fishing and some await-

ing the arrival of a launch that put in there two or three times a day.

The eyes of the man with the dog, roving idly from one object to another, finally rested on this pier, and some vagrant fancy that came to him there-with seemed to divert him greatly.

"Bill," he finally remarked to the dog, confidentially, "if you happened to take your big, clumsy self to the end of that pier in a hurry, those people would just naturally slide off into the water, wouldn't they? That pier isn't wide enough for a big dog like you, bent on business, to pass without crowding those pretty men into the drink, and you never stop to worry about catapult effects when the interest of the moment lies beyond."

The dog looked up at his master inquiringly, but the master's imagination was then busy with amusing pictures of water-soaked men.

"There's Torrens," the man went on. "I owe him one, anyhow, and it won't make much difference to the others."

He finished his cigarette, chuckling joyously to himself, and then looked around for a stick to throw. There was, however, no suitable stick available. It was quite a long throw, and neither a light nor an unwieldy stick would do. Finally, the man picked up a nice round stone.

"It's a shabby trick to play on you, Bill," he said to the dog, "because the thing you go after won't be there when you get there, but it's such bully sport for me that I'm sure you won't mind."

The dog, expectant, was on his feet, and the man hurled the stone straight out beyond the end of the pier. The dog followed instantly, choosing the

pier as affording the easiest method of covering most of the distance. The man settled back to laugh.

It all happened very much as expected. The men and boys on the pier slipped more or less gently into the water as the dog went by. They couldn't help it. The dog charged into none of them directly, but he was in a hurry and he brushed them off. It was just splash, splash, splash, with an occasional swear-word or other exclamation, and then—

The man checked his paroxysm of mirth so suddenly that it jarred his system, for a girl stepped forward behind the shed at the end of the pier. She was intent upon something in the water and did not see the dog, and the dog was too busy to give much attention to her. The man tried to shout a warning, but the damage was done before he could get his mouth open: the dog had swerved a little but not enough to avoid her entirely, and they had gone into the water together.

The others, being reasonably busy with their own ablutionary affairs, had not seen the girl, but the man rushed for the pier with all haste.

"Fetch!" he shouted wildly, pointing to the struggling girl; "fetch her, Bill!"

Then, reaching the end of the pier, he plunged in.

The dog, finding that the particular object of his chase had disappeared, was quite ready to fetch the girl as anything else, especially as his master's excited command and outstretched hand had made it clear that this was what he wanted.

"I wish," spluttered the girl angrily, when the man reached her, "that you'd call that brute off. Every time I get my feet on the bottom he upsets me."

The man was swimming bravely—like the dog—but this brought him suddenly to a realization of the fact that the water here was only a little more than waist deep, and that there was no chance for a gallant rescue. He called off the dog, got his own feet on the bottom and he and the girl looked at each other.

The men and boys who had been

topped over were climbing back on the pier, incidentally making picturesque remarks about dogs and their fool owners, but the man had no time to enjoy this diverting spectacle. His own predicament was even more ludicrous. He was face to face, in the water, with an angry maiden, for whose plight he was primarily responsible, and he could not recall that he had ever seen any book of etiquette or newspaper advice column that gave a rule covering such an emergency. He thought she might need support, but she ordered him not to touch her.

"Won't you let me help you?" he asked.

"Where?" she inquired.

"Back to the pier," he exclaimed.

"Before all those men!—in this plight!" she cried.

"They're in the same fix," he urged.

"But they're only men," she declared.

"I'll get a boat," he offered desperately.

"Do you expect me to stand here and wait?" she retorted. Then, despairingly, "But I've got to go ashore."

She moved toward the shore with difficulty, being much impeded by her clinging garments.

"Let me help you," he urged again.

"If you touch me," she said, "I'll scream."

The men on the pier were now cognizant of her plight, and began calling to her to come to the pier and they would help her up, but that only led her to sheer off so that she would reach the shore some distance away. The man followed meekly after, feeling very ridiculous.

"I'll get the dog to help you," he said maliciously. "Here, Bill!" he called.

The dog responded promptly, and, at his master's command, was about to renew his gallant rescue efforts, but the girl turned on the man so fiercely that the latter hastily repented.

"Do you think it's funny?" she demanded.

"No," he answered penitently. "I

thought it was going to be, but I don't think it is."

"Oh, you sent the dog in purposely!" she cried.

"I didn't know you were there," he explained apologetically, "and I owed Jim Torrens a grudge."

"There never was such a mean thing!" she declared. "It's bad enough done thoughtlessly, but this—it's contemptible!"

"It is," he admitted meekly, "and I am doing penance."

Before she could reply, the men on the pier announced the approach of a boat, and her heart was gladdened by the sight of a small rowboat manned by a boy—not a man but a boy. She did not care so much how she appeared before a little boy, and it was a relief to know that she would not have to go ashore in the sight of those men. In her clinging garments, with her hair straggling and wet, that would be horrible; she would "look like a fright," and to drown were preferable. That was why the man's prank was so absolutely unpardonable.

But the boat seemed to offer no solution when it arrived. To clamber into that was quite as serious a matter as wading ashore, and the boy could give no assistance. In this emergency the man acted without any preliminary discussion; he simply picked her up—no light load in her wet garments—and put her in the boat. She made a wild protest, and even struck him, but she was deposited in the boat just the same.

"I'll wade ashore," he said.

In spite of her anger, she found time to be thankful for that evidence of consideration and delicacy, for she was mainly interested in escaping the eyes of all possible people.

The boy rowed her to the hotel landing, a half-mile away, and there she found her small brother awaiting her with a mackintosh that served to cover her dripping garments.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Mr. Watlin," answered her brother. Mr. Watlin was the man with the dog.

"Oh!" she said, glad to have this evidence of consideration; "he must have run all the way."

"He did," returned her brother. "He had to. The other men were after him with clubs and stones."

"Anyhow," she persisted, "he was considerate enough to send you here instead of coming himself, when I'm looking like this."

"Had to," said the boy again. "A lot of waterlogged men are guarding every entrance to the hotel, and they're talking about committing murder."

So there was only the mere thoughtfulness of giving notice of her predicament for which he was entitled to the slightest credit, and surely that was little enough in view of his responsibility for all that had happened. There was not even a reasonable excuse for forgiveness, and everyone knows that a girl finds it easier to forgive a man for putting her life in jeopardy than to forgive him for making her "look like a fright." Further, whenever she sees the man who has seen her in such plight she is reminded of the fact that she did make a spectacle of herself and that he may be inwardly laughing over it, which is annoying.

In time the anger of the other victims of his prank cooled, and Watlin was able to emerge from his room without running the risk of bodily injury. He sought the girl at once. She was looking as pretty and as fresh and cool as if she had never known what it was to be unceremoniously bumped into the lake. She did not seem to favor the society of any of the men who had witnessed her impromptu bath, however, and her coolness approached frigidity when Watlin appeared.

"Miss Kendall—" he began.

"Sir!" she interrupted.

"Won't you let me apologize?"

"No," she said.

"I am truly sorry," he persisted. "Won't you forgive me?"

"What you have done," she declared, "is unpardonable."

"Won't you ever forgive me?" he pleaded.

She was about to reply hastily, but

checked herself. It was, she thought, a time to be exact and dispassionate.

"I don't think so," she said deliberately.

"How shall I know, if you do?" he asked.

She considered this a moment, thoughtfully.

"It will not be difficult," she said at last, "for me to find you and speak to you whenever I am able to forgive you for what you have done."

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "I'm to back off and wait for you to come to me. Why, say——!"

But she turned abruptly away to greet a man who was approaching them. "I'll give you that game of tennis now, Mr. Whitman," she said.

"My game," muttered Watlin, as the two walked away; "the game she promised me for this afternoon."

There being, apparently, no appeal from her decision, he took his dog and went for a gloomy stroll. It was very awkward to have this happen; he told the dog all about it.

"Bill," he said, "you big, clumsy brute, you've certainly done the business for me this time; you've put me in a thundering mean fix. Why couldn't you be a bit careful? It was all right to dump Torrens into the wash, but you ought never to treat a lady that way. It takes the curl out of her hair and makes her clothes hang sort of awkward: you get a good deal more of the girl and less of the clothes than you do at other times. Of course you and I don't mind, Bill, but she does. We'd take her any old way we could get her, but she's got to be done up in the right kind of package or she won't play. I wish I didn't have such a violent sense of humor, Bill; I've joked myself into the discard, and I don't see how I am going to get back into the deck. You couldn't fix it up, could you, Bill?"

The dog gave every evidence of sympathetic interest, but neglected to offer any satisfactory advice. So Watlin moodily continued his aimless stroll until a little rustic bench invited him to rest, which invitation he accepted. The dog sat opposite him, in the path,

and looked up into his face inquiringly, apparently anxious for some further explanation of the trouble. Noting this, Watlin proceeded to a further consideration of the subject, emphasizing his remarks with an upraised forefinger that the dog regarded doubtfully.

"You see, old man," he explained, "she's put me back about forty rods behind the starting-post, and I was right up with the leaders before. I've got to keep away until she comes and tells me there's room on the track for me. Now, isn't that a nice outlook? Wait for *her* to come to *me*! I'd like to have a picture of her hunting me up to say that I'm no longer *persona non grata*. It would sell high as a curiosity—oh, fabulously high! So what are we going to do about it, Bill? You got me into this trouble; now, how are you going to get me out of it? It's up to you, Bill."

The dog did not seem to be able to solve the problem, although he displayed a willingness to do anything specifically asked of him.

"You couldn't bring her to me, could you?" Watlin asked. "Probably not, old fellow, but I'll bet you'd try awful hard, if I gave you the job. Well, we'll have to think this thing over."

Thought, however, seemed to accomplish nothing except to emphasize the unpleasantness of the situation. The girl ignored him completely. She seemed to avoid, so far as possible, all who were guilty of the crime of being present when she took her involuntary and humiliating bath, but Watlin was the only one of whose existence she was, apparently, wholly unaware. The others, at least, were not practically barred from her presence, and were treated with courtesy when they were of the same party. But Watlin could not well be of the same party, for it was quite evident that his presence would mean her absence.

"And that isn't fair, Bill," he told the dog. "Now, she might punish me in any ordinary way, and I'd take it like a soldier, but I can't stand this

sort of thing. We've got to do something, old fellow, or else we've got to pack up and go away, and I tell you frankly I don't want to go. What's your advice?"

Of course this consultation between man and dog ended in the customary way—that is, without definite result, and Watlin was just returning his attention to the task of rolling a cigarette when the girl appeared. She was not coming toward them, however, although it was evident that she would pass within hailing distance of the rustic bench that had become his lounging place since she had relegated him to outer darkness.

"There she is, Bill," Watlin announced. "We've caught her alone, but what are we going to do with her? She won't come to *me*, and that's the only test. Couldn't you get her over here, Bill?"

He waved his arm in the direction of the girl, who seemed to be wholly unconscious of their presence.

Now, whether the dog remembered that he had twice been ordered to "fetch" this particular feminine package, only to be called off at the last moment, and deemed the time propitious to complete the job, or whether he considered the gesture toward her a new order, cannot be definitely stated, but it is nevertheless a fact that he started joyously for the girl. It may be confessed as well, that Watlin, grasping the purpose of the dog, sent a low but earnest "Fetch her, Bill!" after him.

Bill obeyed orders. She rebelled, but that did no good at all. At first he tried to make his purpose clear by bounding toward her and then back toward his master, meanwhile extending such verbal invitation as lay within his power. This brought to her attention the fact of Watlin's presence in the vicinity. Perhaps she knew all the time that he was there, but she now had to let him know that she knew it. Except for a glance in his direction she endeavored to ignore both man and dog, however; they were reminders of the fact that she had "looked like a

fright" and that they had been responsible for it.

Finding his thoughtfulness and consideration misinterpreted, the dog resorted to more heroic measures; he fastened his teeth in her gown. It was evident, even to her, that this was not done with malice, but merely in the line of duty; he was "fetching" her, as he would "fetch" anything else for which he was sent, with as little damage as circumstances permitted. Of course, if he had to drag her or carry her, and the gown would not stand the strain, that was no affair of his; but he wished to be gentle.

"Go away!" she ordered indignantly.

He went, and, perforce, she went with him. It was evident that he proposed taking her skirt along, and she did not feel that she could afford to be separated from it.

"Let me alone!" she cried angrily.

That, however, was wholly contrary to the dog's idea of duty. So she went along. It was almost as humiliating as falling into the lake.

"You've come at last!" exclaimed Watlin. "This is the sign of your forgiveness."

"You know very well it is not," she retorted.

"But you've come," he argued.

"You've been brutal enough, I think," she said icily. "Will you please order your dog to release me?"

"Drop her, Bill," he ordered, and the dog released his hold on her gown. Somehow this seemed to her more humiliating and insulting than anything that had preceded it—to be ordered dropped like a stick that had been retrieved.

"I wish," she said, "you'd keep that brute away from me. He's as mean and—and—disagreeable as you are."

"Don't slander my dog," he returned with an aggravating smile, for he knew that she said this only to show her displeasure with him. She had always admired the dog.

"It is a slander," she said cuttingly. "The comparison is unfair to the dog. He means well, but he doesn't know any better."

"Won't you give me as much credit?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "You ought to know better. May I hope that you will at least have the courtesy to let me go now?" She was making a very fair effort at dignity, but the knowledge that she had been "fetched" by a dog made it difficult.

"I'll do my best with Bill," he replied, "but he's a mighty devoted dog and it's almost uncanny the way he knows on what my heart is set——"

"You're unbearable—insolent!" she cried, turning abruptly away.

"Please—a moment," he pleaded, and she paused but did not turn back to him. "I'm awfully sorry for what I did the other day," he went on, addressing her back. "It was inexcusably thoughtless, but it ought not to condemn me forever. And this wasn't premeditated, either, but—but——" (She was moving away without a word of reply). "But the next time it will be," he added desperately.

She went on, holding her head high and giving no backward glance. He followed her with troubled eyes, in which there was also some evidence of amusement.

"I don't think, Bill," he said; "I don't think she's as mad as she thinks she is. It stands to reason that one little bath isn't going everlastingly to chill a warm heart, and her heart was warm, Bill, before the bath. I guess I know. She let me learn that much, and we'd be engaged right now if there hadn't been so much water hereabouts. We ought to have met on a desert. But anyhow, Bill, we can't stand this sort of treatment; we've tried to explain and apologize, and now we've got to show that the job of ignoring us isn't one to be undertaken lightly. Wait until she goes in swimming, Bill."

It is more than likely that the dog did not understand this, but he had learned to be patient.

The bathing at this resort was usually done in the morning, and Miss Kendall was one of the most regular in the enjoyment of this sport. She could swim a little, but only a little. Watlin

had been acting as her swimming instructor previous to her unexpected plunge; since then he had avoided the beach during the bathing-hour.

The morning after this conference with the dog, however, Watlin appeared on the beach. He did not go in, but, finding a comfortable place, watched the others. The girl, as usual, ignored his presence, although the way he talked to the dog and occasionally pointed to the bathers made her somewhat nervous. Several times the dog seemed anxious to plunge in, but Watlin restrained him. Then the girl, in the excitement of discovering that she could swim better and farther than she had expected, forgot about him, and presently she found herself alone and in shallow water, the group of bathers being some distance away.

"Fetch her, Bill!" Watlin whispered to the dog, releasing him at last.

The girl saw the dog coming and tried to order him back; then she splashed water at him; then she gave a frightened little scream. The dog sheered off a little but was not diverted from his purpose.

The situation proved most amusing to the others, when they discovered what the dog was trying to do; they laughed and shouted with glee. The girl protested, and they laughed the more; the girl yielded to the dog's persuasion, and they were fairly convulsed with merriment. The dog's task would have been more difficult had he been obliged to do much swimming, but she had been caught in shallow water. Anyhow, he took her ashore, and she was so fiery hot that you could almost hear the water boil. There was no pretense of dignity this time; dignity in a bathing-suit is always difficult.

"I hate you!" she declared fiercely.

"That's good," Watlin returned calmly; "that's better than indifference. When a girl cares enough to hate, there's always a chance for a fellow. Drop her, Bill."

"I—I'd like to kick that dog!" she cried.

This diverted attention to her feet, encased in bathing-slippers, and one

could not well see the feet without noting that they were attached to legs, and— Well, she had no reason to be ashamed of them, for they were shapely and had been seen on the beach every day, but, somehow, this was different. She wished her bathing-skirt would grow.

"If you'd only give a man a chance," he pleaded.

"I won't!" she said.

"You said, you know, that when you came to me——"

"I didn't," she interrupted; "anyhow, I didn't mean this way."

"Well, Bill and I want to be nice, but we've got to show that we count for something besides ciphers when we try to apologize——"

"Oh, that dog!" she broke in.

This served to recall the desire she had expressed a moment before, which again directed attention to the feet, and then—why, then, blushing furiously, she turned and ran for the bath-house.

Watlin and the dog went back to the rustic bench, where Watlin took occasion to commend the dog highly for what he had done. The exact words used in this commendation may not have been understood, but it was certainly made clear to the dog that he had done a meritorious act. As he had also been commended for "fetching" the same girl on the previous occasion, it was not unnatural that he should decide this to be an act that would always find favor with his master.

When they returned to the hotel the girl was standing near the main entrance. She hastily went inside, which may have been fortunate, for the dog betrayed a lively interest in her movements. It was quite evident that, to the ordinary diversions of life, she was now to add the excitement of dodging the dog. All of which proved amusing to such of the other guests as knew anything of the circumstances: they watched and joked and laughed.

Twice during the early afternoon the girl deemed it wise to retire to the friendly protection of the hotel, owing to the appearance and apparent ambition of the dog. She endeavored to do

this with dignity, but the reason was so very evident that dignity availed little. The situation was quite intolerable. Watlin was not trying to annoy her, but there was always the anxiety as to when the dog would appear and what he would do.

"I believe," she said, startled by the thought; "I believe that dog would follow me right to my room, if told to do so—and drag me out. I must be careful about the door. Why—why, I'm just a plaything."

Later, however, Watlin and the dog disappeared in the direction of the rustic seat, and then she ventured out on the lawn. She took a book with her, but she gave it scant attention, being principally interested in considering what she ought to do in these extraordinary and distressing circumstances.

Watlin, meanwhile, was doing a little speculating himself, and preparing to take a chance. He thought he knew what would happen after he left, but he gave her ample time to lose something of her watchfulness. Then he sent the dog after her.

"Fetch her, Bill!" he ordered; "fetch *Her!*"

Bill's recent experiences, including the petting he had received for his last two exploits, had impressed upon his canine intelligence that there was only one thing to be "fetched" these days, and he went after it.

Presently the dog reappeared with the girl. She was beating his head with a clenched fist, to which he paid not the slightest attention, and she was weeping—yes, actually sobbing, as if she never had known the meaning of the words "pride" and "dignity."

"Drop her, Bill!" ordered Watlin, springing forward.

The dog released her, and she sank down in a little heap beside the path.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she wailed; "to be made a joke! It is cruel!"

He dropped on his knees beside her, crying that he was a brute; that he didn't mean it as a joke; that he simply couldn't drop out and be forgotten.

"And—and—I was going to forgive

you and speak to you that first time," she sobbed.

"Won't you forgive me now?" he pleaded.

She shook her head.

"I don't deserve to be forgiven," he said penitently; "I know that. I've been a brute and a fool, but I had to break down the barriers some way—I couldn't let you forget. Don't you think you can forgive me?"

She shook her head again, but not so vigorously.

Then, in something less than a minute, they awoke to the fact that she was doing her sobbing within the comforting protection of his arms. Neither knew exactly how it happened, but it certainly did happen, and in a little time the sobbing ceased.

"You're mine!" he declared, merely to put into words a fact already demonstrated.

"Yes," she answered, smiling up at him; "Bill won't permit anything else."



IF THE SONG BE SWEET TO HEAR

By Louise Dutton

IF the song be sweet to hear,
Down the valley lilting free
Why should I entice it near?
Questioning the melody?

If her hand has touched my hand
Shall I draw her nearer, I?
I will laugh and understand,
And look back as I go by.



THE CHANGE OF LUCK

A DESPONDENT Dyspeptic who Had Been Given Up by Six Specialists betook himself to a Sanatorium, where by Subsisting on clam juice and Sleeping out of doors he hoped to Make His Last Days endurable.

He met a Charming Girl there whose Life also had been Despaired of by her Physicians and Who was Restricted to a Diet of Eggs beaten in Sherry Several Times a Day. They fell Violently in Love and Eloped one Evening during Prayer Hour, making for the Nearest Parsonage, after which Bright Lights, Birds and Cold Bottles.

MORAL—You Never Can Tell When Your Luck Will Change.

THE DOMINANT STRAIN

By Montague Glass

YOUNG Charles Gilson's temperament was determined away back in 1870 when his father, having accumulated a competency in farm mortgages, came to New York for a month's holiday.

Cyprus, Pa., afforded Gilson, Senior, small entertainment beyond that provided by the religious congregation of which he was deacon, and after two days' sojourn in the metropolis, he fell from grace. Three weeks later he returned to Cyprus, and the person who accompanied him carried in her valise an engrossed paper certifying to the due solemnization of their marriage.

Gilson, Senior, had no clear recollection of the affair, but accepted it in good grace and installed the lady in his large frame dwelling—the largest frame dwelling in Cyprus.

For two years Mrs. Gilson scandalized the entire village with her foreign ways. No one possessed definite information of her antecedents, and if there had been misdeeds, she made partial atonement by her death, which occurred three days after young Charles was born.

The elder Gilson survived his wife by almost a quarter of a century. His one indiscretion had cemented anew the bonds of respectability, and when he died an ugly brick church testified to his piety. The farm mortgages had long since given way to railroad bonds yielding a generous income, which in the nature of American things propelled its new owner to New York.

"Where under heaven," said a public curiosity uptown, "does young Gilson get his criminal taste in waistcoats and ties?"

Downtown, the entire financial district swore a blue streak. He seemed intuitively to know how the market was going.

Gilson's man-of-all-work in the apartment on Thirty-fourth street shook his fist every morning behind his departing employer's back.

"Tight wad!" he ejaculated. "Mucker!"

But waistcoats and cravats are not necessarily indicative of a damning heredity. What really identified the strain was a sickening imported perfume which he used on his handkerchief, and occasionally he burned pastilles in his bedroom.

There was another circumstance. Gilson's education had been procured in a sectarian college whose curriculum included a smattering of modern languages, the chair of French language and literature being held by a Cape Cod man. Nevertheless, Gilson's French was exceptionally good.

"You speak it," said an acquaintance, "as though it were your mother tongue."

Whereat the tight-lipped pallor of Gilson's lengthy face grew suddenly crimson, and he plunged immediately into the comparative safety of financial topics.

By way of final description, Gilson was tall and narrow-chested. He adhered to his college mode of arranging his hair, which he wore rather long and parted in the middle. For the rest, his eyes were a trifle watery and set close together, accentuating his attenuated nose.

It was his knowledge of French that brought him the acquaintance of Bec-

querel, who precedes a hyphen in the nomenclature of the famous Becquerel-Roux automobile. To Becquerel it seemed incomprehensible that thirty thousand a year should lack an automobile to give it tone. Therefore he applied himself to the task of selling one to Gilson.

To this end he contrived little suppers at Paillard's for his proposed customer. Gilson ate them with a relish, drank sparingly of Becquerel's favorite brands and smoked the choice of Becquerel's cigar-case; but he bought no automobile.

Then Becquerel had recourse to feminine wiles, and he assured that the women of his acquaintance were as beautiful as his wide experience, added to the attraction of his automobiles, could procure. But the trait that prompted Gilson Senior's one indiscretion, had not been handed down to his son, and again Becquerel's scheme fell short of fruition.

Then Becquerel grew angry.

"This man," he said to his associates at Paillard's, "is without doubt a petty shop-keeping brute with the spirit of a mongrel cur and the parsimony of a second-hand-clothes dealer."

He swore a picturesque oath and brought his hand down on the table with a bang. It was the hour of the aperitif, and half-a-dozen tumblers of diluted absinthe slopped over.

"He will not buy my automobile, perhaps," he declared, "but he shall spend his money, nevertheless."

Paillard's has the insinuating faculty of becoming well-nigh indispensable to its habitués. Gilson went there once. He liked it and went again, and before he was well aware of its beneficent influence, eleven o'clock invariably found him at the middle table on the left-hand side as you go in from Broadway.

It was here that Becquerel, primed with his decision of the afternoon, discovered him and saluted him noisily.

"Ahi, Gilson!" he exclaimed. "You're the very man I want to see."

Gilson smiled—he did it with his nose rather than with his lips—and made

room for Becquerel on the padded bench against the wall.

"We are a party to visit Lachaume's," said Becquerel.

"Who is a party and what is Lachaume's?" Gilson asked.

"Yourself, myself, Roux and Ducrocq is the one," he replied, "and *rouge et noir* is the other."

He spun an imaginary wheel.

"Pst! Click! *Va banque!*" he concluded, and in pantomime raked in the stakes.

Gilson shook his head.

"Not for me," he said shortly.

Becquerel protested vigorously in a species of whining exclamation.

"We counted on you," he said, "and if you don't want to play, why——"

He shrugged his shoulders by way of rounding out the sentence.

"I've never been in a gambling house in my life," Gilson declared.

"So much the better," said Becquerel. "You shall go now."

The upshot of the matter was that an hour later Gilson and the others mounted the stoop of a brownstone residence near Fifth avenue, whose massive bronze doors swung open to receive them without the formality of ringing the bell.

They were welcomed effusively by the volatile proprietor.

"Some wine, eh?" he said and clapped his hands. "*Dis donc?*"

A bent old man responded.

"Some wine," Lachaume commanded, and after the bottle was consumed he led them to the roulette-table on the next floor. Becquerel and Ducrocq each bought a quantity of ivory chips and Gilson stood by and watched the play. They won and lost alternately for half an hour, but their varying luck provoked no sign on their impassive faces.

It was Gilson who grew red and white. He licked his parched lips nervously and clasped and unclasped his hands, while his eyes were glazed with desire.

"I'll try the blue chips," he said at length.

For the first hour he won, and then, with all his gambling instincts aroused,

he plunged and lost. Again and again he plunged and signed check after check, until even Becquerel became frightened.

"Enough," he cried, "enough for one night."

He tugged at Gilson's sleeve.

"Do you want to ruin yourself?" he continued.

At length Gilson was brought to a realization of his losses. He turned to Becquerel.

"How much have I spent?" he said huskily.

Lachaume stood by the *croupier* and made rapid calculation on a tablet.

"Fifty-five thousand dollars," he said, in answer to Becquerel's uplifted eyebrows.

Gilson was the color of gray blotting-paper. He fingered his collar, which draped itself around his neck like a wet rag.

"Something to eat before you go," Lachaume exclaimed, and conducted them to the dining-room on the lower floor. Becquerel and the others were hungry and unaffectedly said so. There were cold chickens and an excellent brand of champagne, and during the hearty discussion of these viands, Gilson wandered unnoticed into the hall.

"Where is my hat?" he said to the bent old man.

"Your hat, m'sieu'?" the servant replied. "Certainly, m'sieu'."

He brought the hat from the rear of the hall.

"M'sieu' has had bad luck?" he went on.

"Fifty-five thousand dollars," Gilson muttered.

The old man clucked in sympathy.

"Roulette is a bad game," he declared.

"What do you know about it?"

Gilson interrupted roughly.

"Pardon, m'sieu'," said the old man, "I know it for my utter destruction these fifty years past. It killed my wife, ruined a prosperous business and forced my only child, my poor Lucie, to—to——"

He paused and shook his head.

"I cannot say it, m'sieu'," he croaked. "She came to this country and I followed to find her if I could." He shrugged his shoulders piteously. "God grant she is dead," he concluded.

There were sounds of hearty laughter in the dining-room adjoining.

"Some more wine," Lachaume insisted. "Bruneau—where is that infernal man? Bruneau—Bruneau!"

"Coming, m'sieu'," the old servant called, and Gilson let himself out into the half-light of an early April morning.

"Bruneau—Bruneau," ran through his brain in neurasthenic confusion with the monotonous "*Va banque*" of the *croupier* and the thrilling revolution of the ivory marble. At length "Bruneau" distinguished itself from its concomitants and Gilson came to a conception of its import with a start that almost threw him from his feet. He paused for one brief moment and then he ran toward his apartment like one pursued.

He let himself in with his pass-key and went immediately to a safe in the corner of his bedroom. With trembling fingers, he revolved the combination lock and when at length the door swung open, he seized a drawer and took it to the window.

From beneath a bundle of old letters, he drew a yellow sheet of paper. It was a printed form, filled out in faded brown handwriting.

"This is to certify," he read, "that I have this day united in the bonds of matrimony, Charles Gilson, single man, and Lucie Bruneau——"

The paper dropped from his limp grasp and he sank helplessly into a chair. Two hours later his man entered the room and found him still sitting there.

"Bring me some coffee," he said abruptly, and pounced on the yellow sheet of paper. As soon as the door closed behind the astonished servant, he went to the fireplace. Very deliberately he struck a match and holding the marriage certificate by one corner, he applied the flame. In less than half a minute it curled into ashes, and

simultaneously Gilson heaved a great sigh of relief.

When his man returned with the coffee he was shaving himself with a firm hand.

"Call a cab for half-past eight," he said.

In person and before ten o'clock, he had made the round of his three banks and given most explicit directions to stop all cheques. At eleven he entered Paillard's and ate a hearty breakfast.

Becquerel came in for his morning cognac just as Gilson was midway in the consumption of a big steak.

"You ar-r-re a true sport," he said in English.

Gilson looked up innocently.

"Why?" he inquired.

"To eat so heartily, after losing so much," Becquerel continued. "Think of it—fifty-five thousand dollars!"

Gilson touched him on the arm.

"Excuse me, not so loud," he said. "Only five hundred was in cash."



STARS

By Charles Charles L. O'Donnell

THE foolish virgins ye, your lamps
Through all the waiting night ye trim,
But when the Bridegroom Morn is nigh
Ye wither at the kiss of him.



HOLT—What is the most pathetic sight you ever saw?
REESE—Miss Antique singing "Make Me a Child Again Just for Tonight."



"MACK—You remember Dyer, don't you?
WYLD—Remember him! Why, I loaned him money!



"HAVE you ever noticed how few women stutter?"
"My dear boy, they haven't time."

HIS PRESENT POSITION

"DURING much of my life I have been dodging hobgoblins," philosophically remarked the Old Codger, "dreading calamities to come, and the ominous ogres and frightful phantasms lying in wait for me around the next turn in the road.

"When I was a small boy I was appalled by the fact that according to the best authorities I was liable to be President some day, and dismayed by the approach of the millennium, because in either case I shouldn't know how to behave. For a good while after I first heard of them, and, indeed, until I discovered that there never were any such things, I lived in more or less acute fear of hoop-snakes and mind-readers. Until it at last dawned on me that I never had anything to say that was really worth saying, I shuddered at the thought of having the lockjaw. I remember sitting out on the porch pretty nearly one whole afternoon, watching a man, who was the father of a large number of small children, painting a steep steeple just across the street, and, knowing that he had taken several drinks of hard cider, dreading the task of breaking the sad news to his wife and little ones. P. S.—He never fell.

"At times, despite my lack of the required wealth, I have anticipated nervous prostration. Although it has never happened to me yet, I have often thought how I should hate to be called a 'wag.' Upon occasions I have apprehended a general uprising of the blacks, and regarded with alarm the encroachments of the Mormons. I pondered unavailingly over the future of a nephew who emerged from an E-flat college in a menacing green-and-red-striped sweater and went around with his hair shagged over his eyes till he didn't appear to have, and really didn't have, as much sense as a frog, till he suddenly cut the Gordian knot by catching the measles, big as he was, and it, or they, as the case may be, killed him. Every Spring for a long time I worried over the grave danger threatening the people living in the lowlands along the Mississippi River, until it eventually struck me that if they didn't like it 'twas their blessed privilege to move out.

"And so I have gone on year after year, anticipating all sorts of calamities that as a rule never happened, or, if they did, carried their own remedies with them, until I finally reached the conclusion that thereafter I would postpone my groaning until I was hurt. So nowadays I stand firm in the face of all mysterious noises. A prognostication, no matter how terrifying, must approach so near that I can see the whites of its eyes before I do any shuddering. I even decline to bow to the inevitable until it has been fully identified and properly introduced."

TOM P. MORGAN.



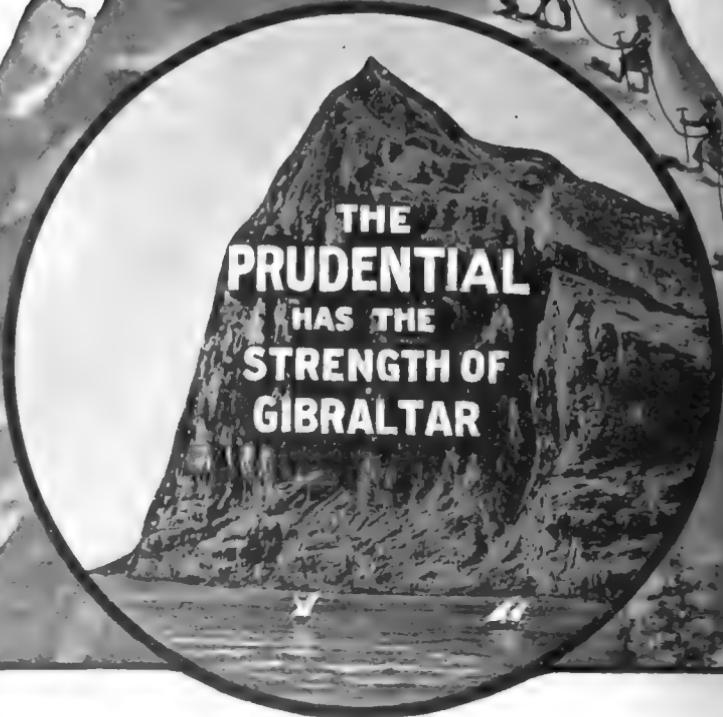
SOMETHING TO BE AVOIDED

SHE—Do you believe in long engagements?

HE—Indeed I do not. Why, a friend of mine was engaged to a girl seven years, and then failed to get out of marrying her.



Doctor Foster went to Gloster
Wearing his tile and frock:
To patient ill he brought no pill-
But a bottle of pure *White Rock*



**THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR**

Has Your Family the Saving Rope

of Life Insurance Protection? As Mountain Climbers tie themselves together for protection, so Life Insurance Strengthens Family Ties and lifts the Burden from the family when the Father is gone. Let us tell you the best plan by which you can give your family full protection. Write To-day, Dept. 16

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

Write for Booklet, by Alfred Henry Lewis—Sent Free.

Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

Strength
Vigor



For the Anaemic

Pale-faced individuals, listless and with no apparent ambition, have often enlisted your deepest sympathy. You may have been brought even closer to face with such a condition in your own family, or perhaps right now you are reading the symptoms of your own case, the cause of which you have been trying in vain to discover. Chances are it is anaemia, often brought on by worry or overwork. The blood has become impoverished and is not furnishing sufficient strength to the system. This happens frequently with young people, caused by too rapid growth or overstudy. At this critical stage the best reconstructive agent is

Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

combining the rich, tissue building elements of barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, retaining all the food value of the barley grain in predigested form, and carrying in it muscle, tissue and blood making constituents. The nourishment thus offered is readily assimilated by the system, being rapidly transformed into rich, red blood and absorbed by the tissues and nerves, making the recovery of health rapid, quickly restoring the boy or girl to youthful activity, and giving men and women strength and energy to fight daily battles.

Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

vitalizes the nerves, makes rich, red blood, rebuilds wasted tissues, restores the tired brain. It builds up the convalescent, refreshes the overworked, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.
U. S. Serial No. 1921.

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT DEPT. G. Milwaukee, Wis.

25c at all Druggists
Insist Upon the Original

Jersey City, N. J.
I recently prescribed The "Best" Tonic for a young lady who was very anaemic and run down, with the most gratifying results. I can, therefore, and do recommend it where the circumstances permit me to do so.
Leonard G. Stanley, M. D.



MOST
DELICIOUS
OF ALL
CORDIALS

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Known as Chartreuse

At first class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



The A B C of Travel

The Abel & Bach Co. are leaders in the manufacture of unique and useful articles of traveling equipment. Every article made in the A B C factories has a distinct place in the world of travel.

The above cut shows our number 1012, a patented tray fixture trunk. It is so made that the tray raises with the top. Is canvas covered, has the finest brass plated steel trimmings, fully covered tray and an extra dress tray. All securely riveted and lined throughout with cloth. The 36-inch size retails for \$18.

Write for our book, "Tips to Travelers," showing many new and novel articles manufactured by us. Sent free.



This mark guarantees quality and service.

Abel & Bach Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Largest makers of traveling equipment in the world.

Chicago Salesrooms: 46-48 Adams St.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

S. W. Corner Broadway at 54th Street



Ideal Location. Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park.
Fine Cuisine. Excellent Food and reasonable Prices.

New, Modern and Absolutely Fireproof

Within one minute's walk of 6th Ave. "L" and Subway
and accessible to all surface car lines. Transient rates
\$2.50 with Bath and up.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

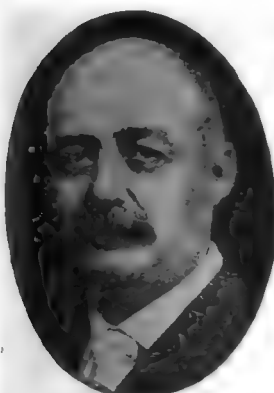
Under the Management of
HARRY P. STIMSON GEO. L. SANBORN

Let Me Prove That 10 Acres ^{this} Irrigated Land

Can **\$250.00** A
earn **Month** For You

I Will Sell It To You For \$2.50 a Week

Irrigated, under
cultivation, ready
to earn at least
\$250 a month



E. W. SHUTT, President
Rio Grande Land, Water & Power Co.

YOU know, or can easily learn from United States Government Reports, that irrigated lands in the Great Southwest, in selected crops, are made to net \$300 to \$1,000 a year per acre over and above the entire cost of cultivating them.

Anyone who knows the country will tell you that absolutely the surest, safest way in the world to gain a large and permanent income for a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of irrigated land in the Great Southwest.

But always before it has required at least a few hundred dollars and it has been necessary for the investor to live on the land and develop it. Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest irrigated land in the world if you can save \$2.50 a week.

You can go and live on it—absolutely assured that it can be made to earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 every year without fail.

Or you can remain in your present position and add almost that much to what you earn.

For my company will cultivate your property for a small share of the crops.

You don't have to know a thing in the world about farming.

Now, I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your land can be made to net from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year above all cost of cultivating it."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

I will deliver to you at once a Secured Land Contract for ten acres of irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

You must pay my company \$2.50 a week or as much more as you like.

Instead of your having to pay interest on deferred payments, I agree, for my company, to pay you 5% per annum on the money you pay in.

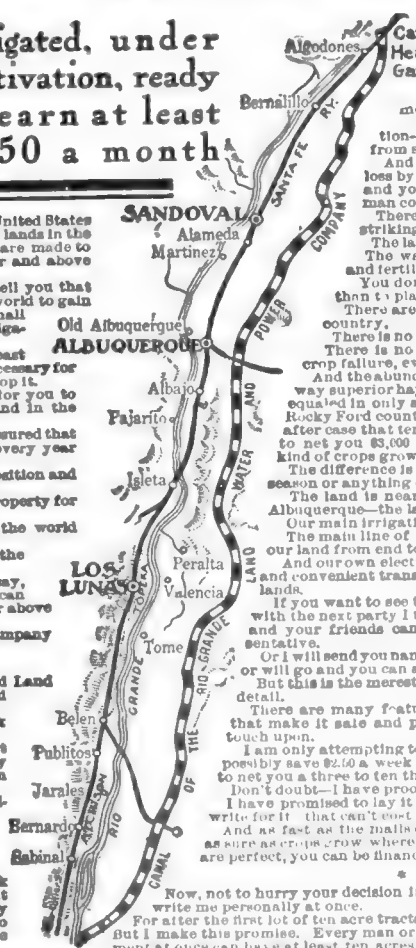
I also bind my company to fully irrigate your land and turn it over to you under full cultivation whenever you desire to mature your contract. \$2.50 a week will mature your contract in 10 years.

But after you have paid \$2.50 a week for three years, or the same total amount in a shorter time, I agree and bind my company to lend you enough money to make all future payments and mature your contract.

Remember, the land will be fully irrigated and completely under cultivation, so your first year's crop should net you enough over and above the cost of cultivating it to fully pay your loan.

You would then own land outright that can be made to net you \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Can you hope in any other way as safe and sure as this to have so large an income in a few years?



Not in all the world have I ever heard of so good an opportunity for men of small means.

In this small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to safeguard your money in every way.

This is investment—not speculation—yet you get returns equal to those from successful speculation.

And all the while you are secured against loss by the finest farm land in the world, and your interest in water-rights that no man could buy for a million dollars.

There is no question like finding gold or striking oil about this property.

The land is there for all time.

The water is there for all time to nourish and fertilize it.

You don't have to dig in the ground deeper than to plant seed.

There are no insects that destroy crops in this country.

There is no chance for drought.

There is no chance known to man for a single crop failure, ever.

And the abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hays, grains, vegetables and fruits are equalled in only a very few favored spots, such as the Rocky Ford country. But in going to prove by case after case that ten acres of this property can be made to net you \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year, according to the kind of crops grown.

The difference is not according to location of land or season or anything of the kind.

The land is near a prosperous and growing city—Albuquerque—the largest city in New Mexico.

Our main irrigation canal to run through the city.

The main line of the Santa Fe Railroad runs through our land from end to end.

And our own electric line is to supply additional cheap and convenient transportation to every section of these lands.

If you want to see the country for yourself, you can go with the next party I take to look at the property. Or you and your friends can band together and send a representative.

Or I will send you names of prominent men who have gone or will go and you can ask them what conditions they find.

But this is the merest outline of what I will show you in detail.

There are many features of this Secured Land Contract that make it safe and profitable which I haven't space to touch upon.

I am only attempting to make it clear to you that if you can possibly save \$2.50 a week you can buy land that can be made to net you a three to ten thousand dollar income in a few years. Don't doubt—I have proof.

I have promised to lay it before you. All you have to do is write for it—that can't cost you a cent more than postage. And as fast as the mails can carry, I will send you proof that as sure as crops grow where climate, soil and water conditions are perfect, you can be financially independent in a few years.

Now, not to hurry your decision in the least, but to protect the price, write me personally at once.

For after the first lot of ten acre tracts is contracted for we will ask more. But I make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least ten acres on these terms unless, of course, all our land should be already contracted for from this one advertisement.

Now, write at once. I can say nothing more in this advertisement except that, if I could, I would not tell you all you can confidently expect from this investment. For you would not believe it without the proof which I cannot put in an advertisement. Address me personally, and believe me sincerely,

E. W. SHUTT, President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co.
628 Houser Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Spring
Needle

"The stretch that goes back."

Spring Needle Underwear

is in a class by itself. It is original, exclusive, unlike any other. It has imitators galore; competitors none.

Cooper's Underwear has, aside from its great durability, a peculiar elasticity, which is the source of the utmost comfort and satisfaction.

It has "the stretch that goes back."

The wonderful Spring Needle fabric is the foundation of the Cooper superiority. This fabric is exclusively knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture, and the secret of its remarkable elasticity and durability is known only to us.

Every genuine Cooper garment bears this

TRADE MARK



You should wear Cooper's. It is the underwear of character and quality.

Made in union and two-piece suits in all the various sizes, weights, and colors — silkateen, cotton and wool.

For Sale by best dealers.

MANUFACTURED BY

COOPER MANUFACTURING CO., Bennington, Vt.

PETER'S

"GALA PETER"

THE ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE

The daintiest of confections, yet among the most sustaining of foods. Satisfies but never surfeits.

"GALA PETER"

The World's Favorite Chocolate

Lamont, Corliss & Co.
Sole Importers
New York

HAIR DESTROYER

The Great Syrian Remedy,

BEYARA

For the relief of those who are troubled with superfluous hair on face, neck, arms, or other parts of body, *Bevara* is the only substitute for Electrolysis. The first person from each community who writes us can obtain **FREE** a large treatise on superfluous hair and a

Full Size Package of Bevara FREE. Don't delay in writing. Be the first from your locality. Attractive terms to Agents. Ladies only.

\$1000 Forfeit Up
Bevara Never Fails

The BEYARA CO., 225 Albany Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Self and Sex

The information in these books will insure marital happiness and save mankind untold suffering.

The Sex Series

The only complete series of books published on delicate subjects. Written in a manner understood by every person and information given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by medical authorities everywhere.

Four books to boys and men: "Young Boy," "Young Man," "Young Husband," "Man of Forty-Age."

Four books to girls and women: "Young Girl," "Young Woman," "Young Wife," "Woman of Forty-Age."

\$1 a copy each, post free. Table of contents free.

Vlr Publishing Co 1088 Land Title Bldg Philadelphia Pa

COIFFURE AND TOILET MIRROR



Is indispensable to all well dressed ladies as a coiffure mirror. It shows a full view of the Front, Sides, Back and Top of the coiffure. Can be carried in a suit case. No woman should go to the country without one. Would like to send one to your home for demonstration. Write for Booklet No. 7.

THE COIFFURE MIRROR CO.,
40 West 33d Street, NEW YORK.

LIQUIDERMA

AN
ABSOLUTELY
PURE



A
STRICTLY
SAFE

LIQUID ROUGE

This preparation is the result of years of research by a celebrated dermatologist. It is not only free from injurious properties but its use acts as a positive benefit to the skin. Its greatest charm is in the extreme delicacy with which it may be applied. A very slight application will impart a flush of roddy health to the cheeks so naturally that it cannot be detected.

Many ladies who have heretofore refrained from using a rouge are now enthusiastic patrons.

For sale at the best stores throughout the country. Or by mail in sealed package. Postage prepaid. Price 50c. a bottle.

POWDERMA. (The Perfect Face Powder) renders the skin delightfully fresh. It removes the unwelcome shine from nose and cheek. (Flash, White and Brunette.) Price 50c. a box.

SAVODERMA. (The Perfect Soap) beautifies the skin, making it clear and as soft as velvet, thoroughly cleansing the pores. Box of 3 cakes, 50c. Refuse dangerous imitations.

Order by name.

THE DERMA CO., (Inc.) 7 East 17th Street, New York City



GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
HEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip*

CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Maytime Flowers

are not more welcome, after Winter's cold and snows, than is **Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder** to the tender raw skin, roughened by the wind of early Spring, of the woman who values a good complexion, and to the man who shaves. In the nursery Mennen's comes first—the purest and safest of healing and soothing toilet powders.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sample Free

Gerhard Mennen Co.
Newark, N. J.



Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.





I am a grandmother with grandchildren going to school. Kosmeo has kept my skin youthful and my complexion clear, therefore I know that it will make your complexion clear and youthful.

Mrs. **Kosmeo** Creates a Graham's Perfect Complexion

In a healthy, natural way Kosmeo cleanses the pores, stimulates the glands, increases the blood circulation and feeds and nourishes the skin tissues, thereby keeping the skin free from flabbiness, wrinkles, chapping, pimples, blackheads, and all ordinary blemishes. It protects the skin from tan, freckles and sunburn. For men's use after shaving it promptly allays all irritation.

Price 50 Cents. At all first-class dealers, or by mail postpaid.

A Sample Box and Kosmeo Book Free

Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1473 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



MODENE

**HAIR ON
FACE
NECK
AND
ARMS
INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN**



IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It Cannot Fail. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis

Used by people of refinement and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Dept. 25, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Every Bottle Guaranteed.

☞ We Offer \$1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POW-DERS, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Trial Package FREE. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.**

[Mention this magazine.]



101 RANCH

offers a delightful vacation on the Largest Ranch in the World.

Real Ranch Life, riding, roping, polo games, out-door exercise. Horses, saddles and outfits with private room and comfortable accommodation furnished. For beautiful booklet (if ordering through curiosity enclose 10c)

Address: **MILLER BROS., 101 RANCH, BLISS, OKLA.**

SONGPOEMS WANTED

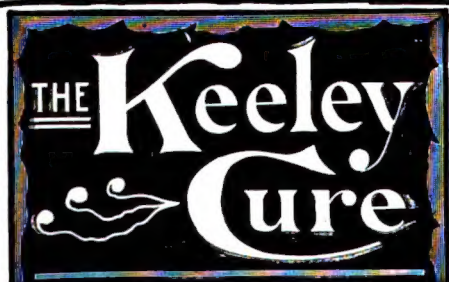
also Musical Composition. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We compose and arrange music Free of charge. Established 1863. Send us your work.

GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO.
203 W. SEVENTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

OPIUM MORPHINE AND LIQUOR

Habits Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Sanatorium Established 1875. Treatment can be taken at home. Write

THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. V5, LEBANON, OHIO



For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
211 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
288 So. College Ave.

St. Louis, Mo.
2803 Locust St.
Omaha, Neb.
Cor. Cass & 28th Sts.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O.
1087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 First Avenue
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Toronto, Ont.
London, England

A Vital Issue Clearly Presented

**Medical Experts Agree
That Acetanilid Properly Used
and Properly Balanced Becomes
a Most Useful and Safe Remedy**

This fact clearly presents the whole aim and success of the Orangeine prescription, now so widely published and attested from 15 years of widest possible use. The "proper use" of this "valuable remedy," so skillfully balanced with the other remedies composing the

Orangeine

FORMULA

secures a wonderful range of pure remedial action, without trace of depressant or drug effect.

The testimony of prominent physicians and individuals all over the country, who have known Orangeine for years, proves that Orangeine promptly and safely reaches the cause of

**"Grip," Colds, Headache,
Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nervous-
ness, and Brain Fag**

Prevents much sickness.

Fortifies the system against disease attack,
"Saves days from worse than waste."

FROM MANY TRIBUTES

MR. EDWARD MURRAY, a well-known lawyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have been using Orangeine for the past six years, and my experience has led me to believe, in spite of sensation mongers, that it is infallible. My mother, now in her 86th year, finds Orangeine very beneficial, and any effect, other than benefit, would certainly make itself felt in a person of her years. I conscientiously recommend Orangeine to all my friends and acquaintances."

DR. H. R. GOODALL, Memphis, Tenn., writes: "It is four years since I commenced using Orangeine, and my regard for it as a therapeutic agent has constantly increased; that it gives prompt and pleasant relief in sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, indigestion, lassitude, and the majority of minor ills, there can be no doubt. I consider it both a luxury and a necessity."

Our Formula Since 1892:

"Minimum Dose, in Perfect Remedial Balance."

ACETANILID	2.4 Grs.
Soda Bi-Carb.	1
Caffeine	.6 "
Homeopathic Trituration of Nuxvomica, Blue Flag and Nux Vomica	1 "
Total only	5 Grs.

25c Package FREE For Honest Test

Send postal for prominent experience and testimony, with 25c PACKAGE FREE FOR HONEST TEST. Orangeine is sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders); 25c package (6 powders); 50c package (15 powders); \$1 package (35 powders).

The Orangeine Chemical Co. 15 Michigan Ave. Chicago

PIMPLES BLACKHEADS

Prevented
by



Cuticura SOAP

To treat Pimples and Blackheads, Red, Rough, Oily Complexions, gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and bathe freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokyo; South Africa, Lennons, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. 5c Post-free, Cuticura Booklet.

DISSOLVENE RUBBER GARMENTS

FOR THE PREVENTION AND THE REDUCTION OF SUPERFLUOUS FLESH



Do not wait until your figure becomes fleshy and burdensome. Commence wearing Dissolvene Rubber Garments *now* and retain the natural beauty and symmetry of figure which is the envy of all women. If you have allowed superfluous flesh to accumulate, begin *at once* to wear these wonderful Garments and regain your natural appearance.

Our daintily illustrated Booklet will be of interest to any woman who has sufficient pride and self respect to care for her personal appearance.

DISSOLVENE CO., 20A West 34th St., (Opp. WALDORF), NEW-YORK.



CATALOGUE
FREE

D.M. TUTTLE CO. 8 West St. CANASTOTA, N.Y.

GASOLINE ENGINES & LAUNCHES.

REDUCE THE FLESH

By using
Dr. Jeanne Walter's

Medicated Rubber Undergarments

The Original and Only Genuine. Will positively reduce flesh exactly where desired. Endorsed by medical authorities. Worn with comfort. For both women and men.

Write for Booklet S.

DR. JEANNE WALTER
(Patentee)

55 W. 33d St., New York
Agencies in large cities.



Corsage for
Bust, Waist and Hips

THE SMART SET

BOUND VOLUME 19

Comprising the numbers for May, June, July, and August, 1906, containing the following Novelettes:

THREE OF A KIND,
By BARONESS VON HUTTEN

THE HESITATION OF GISELLA,
By EDITH MACVANE

THE PURPLE BORDER,
By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

THE WHITE CAT,
By GELETT BURGESS

SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF
PRICE, \$1.50

The Ess Ess Publishing Co.,
452 Fifth Ave., New York

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A LIAR

By MRS. WILLIAM ALLEN

In graceful, appealing and ardent epistles, an American Girl is wooed by an American man. These "Letters" are a record of that wooing.

No similar book can compare with the style and cleverness of this delightful series. Do not miss the pleasantest of hours in reading these LETTERS.

Prettily printed on thick deckle-edge paper, and bound in flexible imitation leather.

PRICE 50 CENTS, POSTPAID

BLUE TOP

PERRIER JOUËT BRUT

CHAMPAGNE

U.S. AGENTS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD.
19 BROADWAY, N.Y.
ARTHUR J. BILLIN, U.S. MANAGER

BLACK and WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY IS ALL RIGHT

GUARANTEED UNDER THE PURE FOOD LAW.
SERIAL NO. 2110

WRITE A SONG for us today. It may make you famous and be worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. WE WILL COMPOSE THE MUSIC.
HAYES MUSIC CO., 308 Star Bld., CHICAGO

PERFECTLY DEVELOPED FORM



I assert and will prove to you that my new, perfected, natural method of treatment DEVELOPS THE FORM quickly, naturally and perfectly. Thin cheeks, scrawny neck and arms made plump and beautiful. My new book, containing "before and after" illustrations and information how to develop yourself at home will be sent you FREE. DELMAR ASSOCIATION,
24 EAST 23D STREET, Dept. C2 NEW YORK



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, neck, arms, etc., FOREVER. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information, I send it sealed. FREE. Address HELEN L. DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St. New York

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:
Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

THE 101 RANCH of Bliss, Oklahoma, has just issued a beautiful little booklet, illustrating a summer's vacation on a Western Ranch. A copy can be had by addressing, Miller Brothers, Bliss, Oklahoma.
(Enclose 10c stamps.)

Largest Dealers and Brokers in New and Second Hand AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD

Automobiles bought for spot cash; cash always secures bargains, and we have them. Over 500 Automobiles on our sales floors, including nearly every Standard make, ranging in price from \$500 to \$5,000. No matter what you want, we have it at a decided saving from what you would pay elsewhere. Complete list of Automobiles on hand sent on request.

Write to-day for Bargain Sheet No. 137

The Times Square Automobile Co.

New Main Entrance 1599-1601 Broadway,

Connecting with 215-217 West 48th Street

NEW YORK CITY

TO ADVERTISERS

ONLY high-grade advertisements of thoroughly reliable firms are solicited for this magazine. No better medium is offered this class of advertisers.